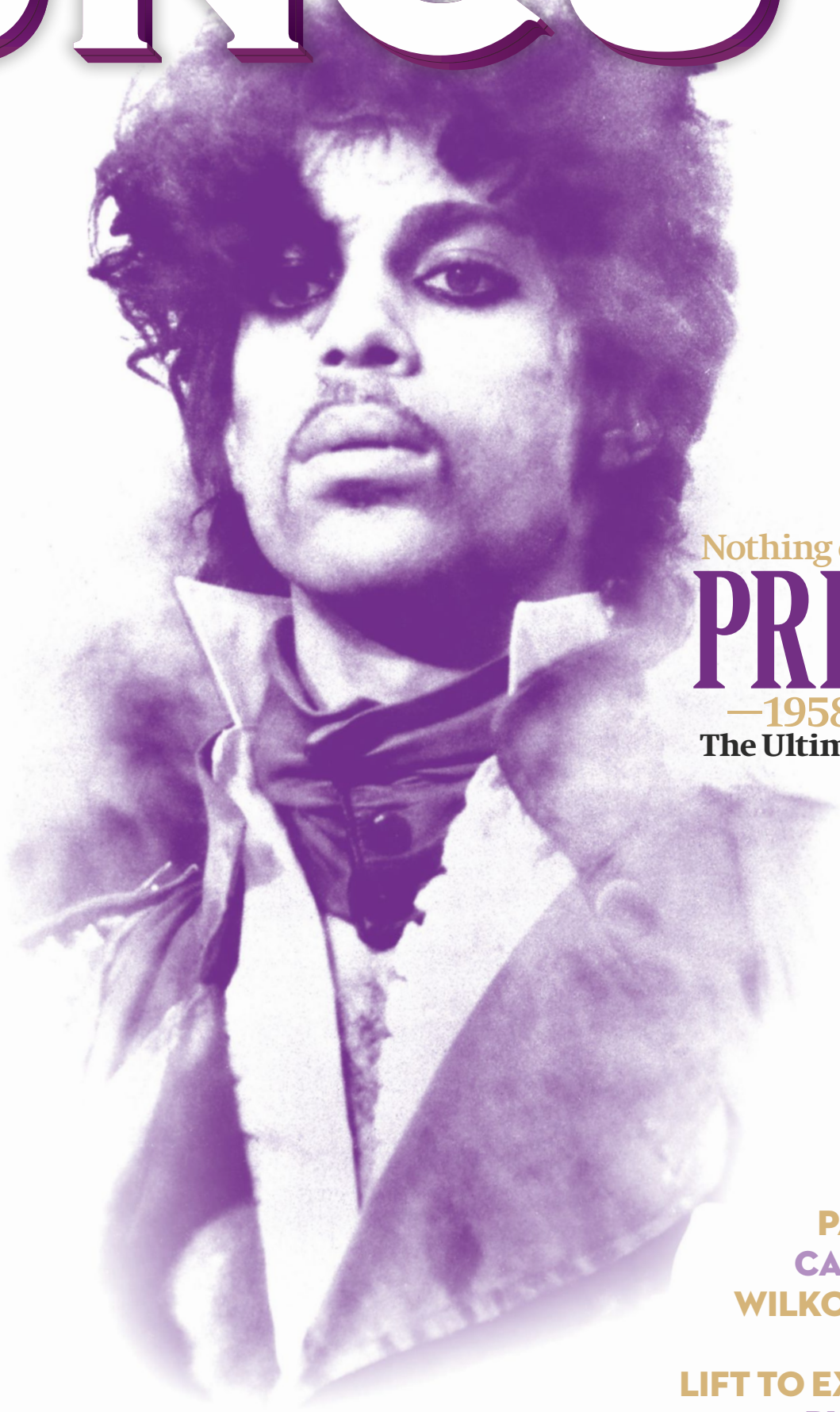


"Everybody's looking 4 the answers/Everybody wants to know how the story started/And how it will end"

POP LIFE: THE PRINCE SPECIAL

UNCUT



Nothing compares...

PRINCE

—1958-2016—

The Ultimate Tribute

PLUS

PAUL SIMON

CAROLE KING

WILKO JOHNSON

IGGY POP

LIFT TO EXPERIENCE

DYLAN! NEIL!

40 PAGES OF REVIEWS!



PAUL SIMON

STRANGER TO STRANGER

THE NEW ALBUM
OUT 3RD JUNE

FEATURING THE SINGLE
“WRISTBAND”



PAULSIMON.COM



4 **Instant Karma!**

Lift To Experience, William Bell, Allen Ginsberg, Whitney, Belly

14 **Laurie Anderson**

An audience with the American pioneer

18 **Carole King**

As the singer prepares to play her masterpiece in Hyde Park this summer, we reveal the secrets of *Tapestry*

26 **10cc**

The making of 1973 hit "Rubber Bullets"

30 **Prince RIP**

A 15-page special tribute to the Purple Priest Of Pop, with the lowdown from his close collaborators

46 **Wilko Johnson**

Album by album with the former Feelgoods guitar legend

50 **Paul Simon**

The master songwriter on his new album, Woody Allen, baseball, and the lasting legacy of Simon & Garfunkel

56 **case/lang/veirs**

Uncut talks to a very special Americana supergroup

40 PAGES OF REVIEWS!

63 **New Albums**

Including: Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Steve Gunn, Swans

85 **The Archive**

Including: Ryan Adams, Kris Kristofferson, Grace Jones

98 **DVD & Film**

Alan Clarke, The Rolling Stones

102 **Live**

Iggy Pop, Lush

117 **Books**

Paul McCartney, Wilko Johnson

118 **Not Fade Away**

This month's obituaries

120 **Letters...**

Plus the *Uncut* crossword

122 **My Life In Music**

Guitar explorer William Tyler

Are we rolling?

WITH EVERY DEATH of a hero now, there are new rituals to undertake. A trip to Youtube for a favourite song, a quick link across social media channels so that, as was the case with David Bowie a few short months ago, Twitter and Facebook become emotionally curated greatest hits streams. On April 21, a little stunned, I went on such a quest, ostensibly in pursuit of "The Ladder", a song from my favourite Prince album (*Around The World In A Day*) which seemed sentimentally apposite for the moment. Like countless others, I was confounded: it was as if Prince had somehow erased his records from the internet's sharing platforms, just as Radiohead made themselves disappear for a day or two at the start of May.

The death of Prince and the arrival of Radiohead's ninth album, *A Moon Shaped Pool*, have acted as strange bookends to another momentous four weeks in music history. It would be a stretch to try and find much of a unifying theme here. Prince's life deserves to be celebrated in depth, and Radiohead's new music deserves to be considered over time – hence our decision to let David Cavanagh write the sort of definitive memorial at which he is becoming all too sadly adept, and to wait a month until we wrestle with the complexities of *A Moon Shaped Pool* in earnest.

Still, there is an odd and poignant connection between the two. Prince's assiduous policing of his music on Youtube might have meant that his studio work was hard to find on April 21. But a few live clips came to the surface there and were shared enthusiastically, none more so than a film of him performing at the Coachella Festival in 2008. The song is not one of his myriad classics but a cover – Radiohead's "Creep", transformed into a kind of slowburning blues anthem, unlikely kin of "Purple Rain".

It is, to put it mildly, a weird fit: a genius, who never had much practical use for modesty, reciting the ur-text of self-pity. "In real life," David Cavanagh writes, "Prince never allowed himself to be viewed as a loser. Not once."

If he wanted to, of course, he could present himself as anything, could do anything, untethered by the stereotypes of genre, gender, race, faith and whatever other rules we might have tried – and failed – to apply. As our interviews this issue with his close collaborators prove, Prince played all day and all night, insatiably. He'd beat all-comers at basketball by 20 points. He'd visit the Netherlands, and want to buy a windmill. And he left behind some of the most extravagant, enduring music of the last 35 years. "I referred to Paisley Park as the playground," soundman Cubby Colby tells us. "The purple dove was in the cage, the coffee pot was on. It was a special time..."

John Mulvey

John Mulvey, Editor. Follow me on Twitter @JohnRMulvey



ON THE COVER: ULLSTEIN BILD VIA GETTY IMAGES THIS PAGE: GETTY IMAGES

SUBSCRIBE AND SAVE UP TO 35%

Subscribe online at
www.uncutsubs.co.uk/25D
 Or call 0330 333 1113, quoting code 25D
 For more information, visit page 96



I|N|S|T|A|N|T|K|A|R|M|A|!

THIS MONTH'S REVELATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF UNCUT

Featuring WILLIAM BELL | ALLEN GINSBERG | BELLY | WHITNEY



SEE YOU LATER, ELEVATOR!

Drink, drugs, death, divorce, boots in the mail, and hot yoga...
After 14 years, LIFT TO EXPERIENCE rise again!

“MAN, IT REALLY is a trip. The whole thing has brought up so many emotions in all of us. It kinda feels like we’re kids again, learning to rock for the first time.”

Josh T Pearson, songwriter and singer-guitarist with Texan cult heroes Lift To Experience, is warily excited about the band’s forthcoming reunion. The trio broke up in 2002, a year after the release of sole album *The Texas-Jerusalem Crossroads*. A searing epic loaded with Biblical portent and dense religious metaphor, suspended between shoegaze and symphonic noise-rock, it was an end-of-days concept album that posited Texas as the promised land.

The record has taken on an almost mythological status, its reputation only deepening with time.

Now, however, Lift To Experience have agreed to get back together for next month’s MeltDown festival. “It’s something I never thought would happen,” admits bassist Josh ‘The Bear’ Browning. “About seven years ago I was pushing Josh to get the band going again, but he didn’t want to. After that I just kinda let go, but it was something I was always open to.”

Pearson, who was so disconnected from Lift’s legacy that he had to relearn the songs by playing along to old Youtube clips, has led something of an itinerant life since the band folded. He describes the last decade as “a spirit walk” that

led him to Berlin and Paris while making sporadic appearances with My Bloody Valentine, Dirty Three and Bat For Lashes. It was a rootless period in which he underwent a painful divorce and dived further into a bottle. The only product to emerge was 2011’s *Last Of The Country Gentlemen*, a stark solo album of shattering intensity. “I was kinda lost in the world,” Pearson, now 42, says of his wilderness years. “It took a real uphill climb, but I’m in a much healthier state now. And I’m having this wonderful mid-life crisis. I started dancing a couple of years ago, two-steppin’ at honky-tonks in Austin. I got a haircut and beard cut and, after the dust settled on my divorce, I took up Bikram Yoga, which is the fuck-you hot yoga. It sounds silly, but I think it saved my life. ➔

Risen again: Lift To Experience
on the release of *The Texas-
Jerusalem Crossroads*, 2001
—(l-r) Josh Browning, Josh T
Pearson, Andy Young



➔ I still have depressions, the highest highs and the lowest lows, but diet and exercise gets you going pretty good."

Like Pearson, Lift To Experience drummer Andy 'The Boy' Young is the son of a preacher. Their mutual trials of growing up in the South not only forged a bond, but also fed directly into the apocalyptic prophecies and feverish visions of *The Texas-Jerusalem Crossroads*. "I was raised as a Baptist, which was more reserved than Josh's Pentecostal thing," says Young. "But we both had this upbringing that said God is to be feared, both in the epistemological and the very real physical sense. Beauty and fear become intertwined in that kind of environment, along with the idea that if you don't get it right you're going to end up as kindling for the rest of eternity. And that's pretty fucking scary, especially for kids. *The Texas-Jerusalem Crossroads* was really a statement of life and proof of existence, rather than a statement of belief or unbelief. Then people started dying and self-medicating and we had to just trudge through it. That all came out in the live shows and it just got better and better until it couldn't sustain itself anymore. There



were just a lot of dark periods in different members' lives. And a lot of grief."

Young's dad died immediately prior to the recording of the album. By the time it was done, the drummer was hooked on drugs and Pearson was drinking heavily. The final tragedy came on the eve of the European tour that was set to break the band on a wider level, when Browning's wife suddenly passed away. Lift To Experience cancelled everything and flew back home. Pearson later sacked Young from the band via a letter in the mail, complete with the symbolic 'gift' of a boot ("That was at the height of everybody's individual madness," recalls Young. "I sold it on eBay for \$350 and paid my rent with it!").

No-one knows if there'll be new Lift To Experience music anytime soon. For the time being at least, Meltdown is the prime focus. "It'll be a real celebration," says Pearson. "It's definitely with fear and trembling that we put our hand to the plough. But I wouldn't do it if I didn't think we could do that music justice. It was so special and so sacred. I'd rather burn that shit to the ground than taint the waters."

ROB HUGHES

Lift To Experience play the Royal Festival Hall as part of **Guy Garvey's** Meltdown on 10 June. A reissued version of **The Texas-Jerusalem Crossroads** is due this autumn on Mute

STAX OF SOUL



FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Welcome back **WILLIAM BELL**, a soul legend returning to his old home of Stax: "Music was a refuge and the studio was our sanctuary"

"I WAS BORN IN Memphis in a different world," William Bell sings on the title track of his new album, *This Is Where I Live*. In part it's an observation on the changes he's seen in a life that began 76 years ago under Jim Crow laws of racial segregation; a life in which he never expected to be singing at the White House to a black president, as he did in 2014. But it's equally a reflection on a shifting musical landscape in which Bell stands as one of the last soul survivors. After signing to Stax in 1961, Bell was a stalwart of the label throughout its glory years, writing and recording soul standards "You Don't Miss Your Water", "Private Number" and "I Forgot To Be Your Lover". His compositions were covered by his close friend Otis Redding and Albert King, and by rock acts from The Byrds to Rod Stewart.

Now, more than 40 years after his last release on the label, Bell is back on the resuscitated Stax imprint with his most high-profile release in decades. Speaking to *Uncut* from Atlanta – where he moved in '73 shortly before Stax went bankrupt and shuttered its legendary Memphis studio – he explains that the new songs are marinated in hard-won experience. "I've always written songs from a personal situation, and

now there's a lifetime of perseverance and reflection to draw on," he says.

Emphasising the country-soul sensibility that characterised the likes of "You Don't Miss Your Water", many of the tracks on the new LP were co-written with Roseanne Cash's husband John Leventhal, who also produced. The Stax sound, Bell points out, "was rooted in gospel, but with a mixture of blues, jazz, rockabilly and country."

At its height, Stax operated like a family. "We caught some flak because the team was racially mixed and we stuck together, black and white," he recalls. "We were ghetto kids and Stax kept us out of trouble. Music was a refuge and the studio was our sanctuary. Stax nursed us and we

thought it would never end."

But by the mid-'70s the label was in crisis. "It wasn't because we didn't have hits – we had records on the charts when Stax went into bankruptcy. It was political. We could see the writing on the wall, and we knew Stax wasn't going to make it. When it fell apart, it was like a bereavement. We realised we'd have to move on and earn a living elsewhere."

After a three-year hiatus, Bell signed to Mercury for 1977's *It's Time You Took Another Listen*. The title turned out to be misleading; it was his last LP for a major, followed by a handful of sporadic low-key releases on his own label as he concentrated on producing other artists. "We live in a different world to the one I grew up in," he concludes. "But who'd have thought this music would still have such resonance 50 years on?" **NIGEL WILLIAMSON**

This Is Where I Live is out on Stax on June 3. **William Bell** plays London Union Chapel on July 9

HOWL, HOWL, ROCK'N'ROLL!

Nixonian protest jams! Gay blues! CIA conspiracy boogie! Dylan and fried clams! **ALLEN GINSBERG's** lost album of songs, rediscovered!

IN A NEW YORK recording studio, the poet Allen Ginsberg is singing and chanting, while a man shouts abuse at him, brandishing a plastic toy digger. A younger man wearing a green suit nods along, attempting to make some sense of the situation on guitar. Another plays whatever comes to hand. It is 1971.

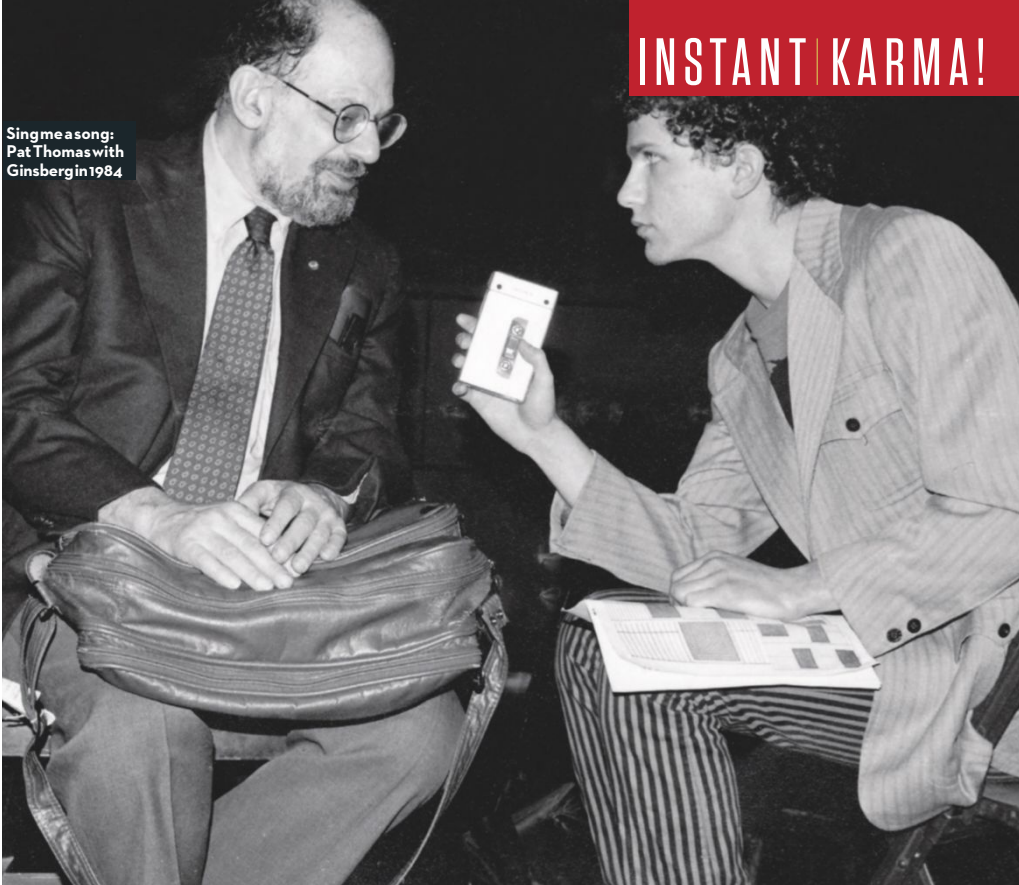
This is a representative scene from the recording of *First Blues*, a 1983 double album of songs by Allen Ginsberg, now reissued with a third disc of extras by Omnivore Records. The multi-instrumentalist is David Amram, a former musical collaborator of Jack Kerouac. The guy with the toy is the poet Gregory Corso. The guitarist in the green suit, meanwhile, is Bob Dylan. "He must have wondered what the hell he was doing there," Amram recalls.

The forthcoming release contains music recorded by Ginsberg between 1971 and 1984, in company with various collaborators, including Dylan, his Rolling Thunder Revue guitarist David Mansfield, Amram, and even a young Arthur Russell. The original album was released on his own label by legendary Columbia A&R man John Hammond – the man who signed Dylan and Springsteen to the label, and it contains a fun mix of Nixonian protest jams, gay blues and CIA conspiracy boogie. Archival research has yielded an extra hour of compelling, if more abstract music, like the stellar "Jessore Road".

The Ginsberg estate has welcomed the interest of curator/Ginsberg enthusiast Pat Thomas. "They get a thousand calls about Ginsberg the poet," Thomas explains, "but only me calling about Ginsberg as a singer..."

It's also a lesser-known Dylan story. "Bob's always been into social protest," says Thomas, "but here he is singing and playing on Gay Lib songs, on Vietnam War protest songs..."

Singme a song:
Pat Thomas with
Ginsberg in 1984



*"Ginsberg thrust
a guitar into Dylan's
hand, and said,
'Key of G...'"*
DAVID AMRAM

Evidently, there was foment in the New York air again. "The 1971 sessions capture this time when Lennon has just moved to New York," says Thomas. He was hanging out with yippie activist Jerry Rubin. There was talk of a super tour, which would feature Lennon, and Yoko, and Rubin. Dylan has been hiding out in Woodstock, and now he's back in Greenwich Village. The genesis of these initial recordings is the last cry of the '60s..."

Key to unlocking the sessions was David Amram. One night Bob Dylan called him

and suggested they attend a poetry reading by Corso and Ginsberg. The pair went to say hello after the reading, and Ginsberg prevailed on Amram, a buddy from as far back as the filming of "Beat" film *Pull My Daisy* in 1959, to introduce him to Dylan. Amram obliged, and the pair were invited back to Ginsberg's place. Amram and Dylan stopped off to pick up some fried clams, but then made their way to Ginsberg's. They were still clutching greasy seafood parcels when Ginsberg opened the door. "He thrust a guitar into Dylan's hand," remembers Amram, "and said, 'Key of G...'" If Dylan was bemused by Ginsberg's attempts to parlay their meetings into media events (there was apparently a bizarre summit on a cable TV show called *Free*, of which no footage survives), he gamely contributed to early sessions.

"It all came round full circle," says Pat Thomas. "Dylan as a teenager reads Kerouac's *On The Road* and is inspired by Ginsberg's 'Howl'. The first time Ginsberg hears Dylan he supposedly starts crying because someone has fused poetry and popular music. It's a circle of influence."

JOHN ROBINSON



THE CLASSIFIEDS

THIS MONTH: The Mod Revival Special - Secret Affair, The Merton Parkas, The Mods, The Purple Hearts and Sta-Prest. Taken from NME, July 7, 1979

marquee
90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

Thurs. 8th July (Adm £1.00)
WARM JETS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri. 6th July (Adm £1.00)
LITTLE BO BITCH
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat. 7th July (Adm £1.00)
SCREENS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sun. 8th July (Adm £1.25)
SPECIAL NIGHT WITH SECRET AFFAIR
Plus guests & Mandy H

Mon. 9th July (Adm £1.50)
TERRA NOVA
Featuring Two Ex-Madras Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE
Tue. 10th, Wed. 11th, Thur 12th July
Heavy Rock Special

IAN GILLAN BAND
Plus Guests & Ian Fleming
Advance Tickets to members £1.75
Non-members at the door £2.00

READING FESTIVAL

PANIC PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
ERE WE GO AGAIN
MODS MODS MODS MODS MODS
at THE NOTRE DAME
LEICESTER PLACE, OFF LEICESTER SQUARE
(next to Prince Charles Cinema)

**THE MERTON PARKAS
THE MODS
SPEEDBALL**
+ SUPPORT
MONDAY 9th JULY
Doors open 7.15pm. Now new bars till 11pm. Adm £1.25
WHY PAY MORE?

ROYAL COURT THEATRE
Staines Square SW11 0L730178
From 4 July

ROCK IN STUDIO 2
THE BLUES BAND

SOUTHALL KIDS

FRI 13th JULY
THE POP GROUP
MISTY
THE RUTS
PETE TOWNSHEND
THE RAINBOW TICKETS £3 FROM THE BOX OFFICE
ARE INNOCENT
BENEFIT FOR SOUTHALL DEFENCE FUND AND PEOPLE UNITED

SAT 14th JULY
BONGO DANNY
ASWAD
THE MEMBERS
THE CLASH

BERND WEBER AND THE LAST RESORT
rock the
Windmill, Acton
50 High Street
FRIDAY JULY 6th
9.15pm

STA-PREST
Thurs 5th: SCAMPS, Southend
Fri 6th: NEW RIVER ARMS, Tordoff
Mon 9th: VESPERS, Charing Cross
Fri 13th: NEW RIVER ARMS, Tordoff
Fri 20th: DOUBLE SIX, Basildon
Sun 29th: WELLINGTON, Waterloo

ESPAS GLOBAL VILLAGE
Under the Arches,
Villiers Street, Charing Cross

Terry Draper for Engin-Ear Productions Ltd
presents **MODS** Every Monday night 8.30 pm-3 am
Monday July 9th

THE PURPLE HEARTS
+ The Mods + Sta-Prest DJ Jerry Floyd
Licensed Bars and Food till 3 am. Admission £1.50

JULY 16th Same Time Same Place **SECRET AFFAIR + BACK TO ZERO + THE LITTLE ROOSTERS**

All bookings via Will Sproule or Ronnie Scott Directions 01-426 7791

ROCK AT BEDFORDS WITH
YOUNG ONES SMALL WONDER

A QUICK ONE

➤ Fairly epochal live news this month, with the unveiling of the Desert Trip festival in Indio, California. October 7, 8 and 9 will see Neil Young, Bob Dylan, The Rolling Stones, Roger Waters, The Who and Paul McCartney all play this de facto Boomerpalooza. Weekend passes range from \$399 to \$1599. Those for whom the Californian desert is out of reach may console themselves with a) a Who UK tour (Aug 29 to Sept 7); b) vinyl reissues of the entire Floyd catalogue (starting June 3); and c) an autumn release for Ron Howard's long-awaited doc, *The Beatles: Eight Days A Week* (streaming on Hulu, date TBC).



➤ Double joy for Van Morrison fans. June 10 sees a mighty 3CD/1DVD package titled *It's Too Late To Stop Now Volumes II, III & IV*, drawing on the riches of his 1973 tour with the Caledonia Soul Orchestra. On sale now, meanwhile, is our *Ultimate Music Guide* to the great man: archive rants, all-new reviews, unprecedented levels of genius and rancour.

➤ End Of The Road's already great lineup has been enhanced by the addition of The Shins, playing their first UK show in over four years, and Stewart Lee, topping the comedy stage bill. The festival takes place between September 2-4 at its usual home in Larmer Tree Gardens...

Gut feeling: Belly are back with (l-r) Chris Gorman, Tanya Donnelly, Gail Greenwood and Tom Gorman

MUSE NEWS

BELLY UP!

TANYA DONNELLY reassembles her '90s stars to recapture their sense of "unprecedented fun"

TANYA DONNELLY IS considering what she's most looking forward to about Belly's forthcoming reunion tour. Primarily, she decides, it will be the shows themselves, with the additional benefit of catching up with "some faces I haven't seen in a couple of decades". But there are other, less appealing considerations. "I'll miss my children," she admits. "I'm not looking forward to the hours! I have a very different schedule to 20 years ago..."

Belly's return dovetails with a resurgence of interest in '80s/'90s indie bands that has gradually spiked over the last 18 months thanks to renewed activity from My Bloody Valentine, Slowdive, Ride and Lush. Overseas, meanwhile, a contingent of bands originally clustered around Boston, Massachusetts – Pixies, Throwing Muses and Breeders – have all enjoyed healthy second acts. Donnelly, a former member of the Muses and Breeders, has viewed such reunions with keen interest. "When the Breeders are here, I jump onstage with them," she says, "For some reasons, there's a lack of cynicism about these reunions; it's a pretty good vibe situation."

"We have always thought about [reactivating Belly] over the years," she continues. "We all miss playing those songs together. The offers came first and then we started talking about it. Historically, maybe every five years it comes up. But this time around, everyone was in a place to happily connect."

Formed by Donnelly in 1991 after she left Throwing Muses, Belly crafted bitter-sweet songs that wobbled between accessible pop and surreal post-punk. Their 1993 debut, *Star*, was nominated for two Grammys; but its successor, *King*, in

1995, fared less well. "We had high hopes for it," admits Donnelly. "We loved those songs. But disappointment is not what broke us up. In fact, if we had continued to tour a successful LP it may have even happened sooner!"

Explaining the band's '96 breakup, Donnelly says "part of it was just being exhausted, everything happening maybe too quickly before we'd had a chance to cement ourselves as a unit."

"There's a lack of cynicism about these reunions. It's a pretty good vibe"

TANYA DONNELLY

Donnelly admits that the lineup – Donnelly on vocals and guitar, brothers Tom and Chris Gorman on guitar and drums, Gail Greenwood on bass – have already begun rehearsals for their reunion tour at Greenwood's home in Middletown, Rhode Island. "It's been full-day events, then dinners and band meetings," she says. There is also new music in the pipeline. Donnelly reveals there are "four songs well under way and five that we've just started. It's slow going as we're doing it remotely. The Fleetwood



Mac *Tusk* era method of recording." She is hesitant to put a firm date on it, but hopes to have some new music out by "mid-June". The songs have working titles – "We named them by feel. Like, 'This one sounds dreamy so we're gonna call it 'Dream'".

At the moment, working titles are 'Punish', 'Human Child', 'Heartstrings'. But they'll change. They're very pop, for one thing, and loud for sure. Lots of guitar layers."

Currently,

Donnelly is putting the finishing touches to a comp of singles she recorded under the Swan Song umbrella – "an impossibly huge volume of work," she says – before her Belly commitments begin in earnest. "We're taking it project by project. The tour, some new songs. Then we'll see. We're not making any big, whooping decisions about what this is going to be or not going to be." More pressing, she is dealing with "way too much coffee. Full disclosure: I'm running on fumes after a night with a sick kid."

Recalling the highlights of Belly, first time round, Donnelly says, "We had a very good time, for the first year and a half or so. Unprecedented fun. We were crazy about each other in that first glow. And I'm very grateful the postscript is so harmonious and happy."

MICHAEL BONNER

Belly begin their UK tour on July 15 in Glasgow; visit www.bellyofficial.com



A 59-SONG TRIBUTE TO THE MUSIC OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD.

Curated by Aaron and Bryce Dessner from The National, profits support the Red Hot Organization's mission to fight HIV/AIDS.

Aaron Dessner · Angel Olsen · Anohni · Béla Fleck · Bill Callahan · Binki Shapiro · Bob Weir · Bonnie 'Prince' Billy · Brooklyn Youth Chorus · Bruce Hornsby · Bryan Devendorf · Bryce Dessner · Caroline Shaw · Cass McCombs · Charles Bradley · Christopher Bear · Conrad Doucette · Courtney Barnett · Daniel Rossen · DeYarmond Edison · Ed Droste · Flaming Lips · Fucked Up · Garth Hudson · Gyan Riley · Hiss Golden Messenger · Ira Kaplan · J. Mascis · Jenny Lewis · Jim James · Joe Russo · Josh Kaufman · Kodlak Blue · Kurt Vile and the Violators · Lee Ranaldo · Lisa Hannigan · Little Scream · Local Natives · The Lone Bellow · Lucinda Williams · Lucius · Luluc · Man Forever · Marijuana Death Squads · Mina Tindle · Moses Sumney · Mumford & Sons · The National · Onelida · Orchestra Daobab · Perfume Genius · Phosphorescent · Real Estate · Richard Reed Parry · Sam Amidon · Scott Devendorf · Sharon van Etten · Shura · Sö Percussion · stargaze · Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks · Tal National · The Tallest Man On Earth · This is the Kit · Tim Hecker · Tunde Adebimpe · Terry Riley · Unknown Mortal Orchestra · Vijay Iyer · The Walkmen · The War on Drugs · Wilco · Winston Marshall · Xylolus White · yMusic

OUT NOW



WE'RE NEW HERE

WHITNEY

Recommended this month: The Chicago indie kids enjoying country-rock epiphanies in America's finest National Parks

IT'S NO SECRET that many of country rock's originators were urbane city boys who didn't know one end of a horse from the other. But at least Whitney, the new rickety country-soul outfit led by former Chicago indie kids Max Kakacek and Julian Ehrlich, are making an effort to muddy their boots. "When we're travelling across America we try to stay in National Parks," reveals Ehrlich. "One night in Nebraska the wind was so crazy we had to tie our tent to the van so it didn't blow away. We were in the middle of nowhere, shivering in the tent. But we roasted some hot dogs on coals and everything was OK."

Whitney are only in their mid-twenties, but they've already been around the block a couple of times. Ehrlich was playing drums for Unknown Mortal Orchestra while still in his teens, before joining guitarist Kakacek in scrappy indie romantics Smith Westerns, who released three moderately well-received albums before splitting in 2014. Suddenly the pair found their lives crumbling around them: without jobs, girlfriends or homes of their own, they began pouring their energies and emotions into the new songs they began writing together.

"At that point, it was the only thing we were holding on to while everything around us was faltering and changing," says Ehrlich. Drawing on heartbreak, confusion and loss – but also the excitement of setting out on a new path – Whitney's debut album *Light Upon The Lake* revives traditional '70s singer-songwriter strategies, inspired by Jim Ford, Gene Clark and Nashville Skyline. "The place we were in and the emotions we

wanted to convey seemed to match the sound of the music we were making," says Kakacek. Appropriately, when Ehrlich started singing, it came out as a wobbly but soulful falsetto reminiscent of Neil Young and Kurt Wagner.

A simple rule was applied: "No irony or tongue-in-cheek weirdness, we had to write from their heart," says Kakacek. So closely does the album's narrative cleave to this pivotal year in Whitney's lives that you can hear the seasons changing on the record: the sad songs such as "No Woman" and "Follow" were written in winter in a cabin

in the Wisconsin woods, while the balmy title track, explains Kakacek, "was recorded in Chicago in August with all the windows open. In the chorus you can hear cicadas chirping."

Light Upon The Lake is buoyed by relaxed, confident musicianship, particularly from trumpeter Will Miller, whose recent credits include albums by Chance The Rapper and A\$AP Rocky. Miller is now part of Whitney's permanent six-piece set-up, who – if Instagram photos of skinny-dipping and tree-toppling are anything to go by – are having a blast on tour. "We basically formed the band so we could hang out with our friends," Ehrlich. "Our last situation [in Smith Westerns] was more dramatic and intense, so we definitely made a point of surrounding ourselves with dudes that are a little more easygoing. Although," he adds quickly, "everyone still works their butts off." **SAM RICHARDS**

Light Upon The Lake is out on June 3 on Secretly Canadian. Whitney play London Oslo on June 14 and Manchester Gullivers on June 15

I'M YOUR FAN

"Whitney plays against every low-hanging-fruit move the music industry encourages. They're tying their fate to their craft as a kind of protest against frills and bullshit"

**RUBAN NIELSON,
UNKNOWN
MORTAL
ORCHESTRA**



THE UNCUT PLAYLIST

ON THE STEREO THIS MONTH...

RADIOHEAD

A Moon Shaped Pool XL

Old songs, new songs, ravishing orchestrations, innovative launch campaigns... The only thing missing from Radiohead's masterful ninth, perhaps, was a hyphen in the title.

NEIL YOUNG & THE PROMISE

OF THE REAL Revolution Blues YOUTUBE

Moving on from *Earth*, Neil and the Nelson boys arrive in Texas, April 2016, and dust down this vituperative classic for the first time in 29 years!

THE CHRIS ROBINSON
BROTHERHOOD

Narcissus Soaking Wet SILVER ARROW

Optimum-strength psych-funk from Robinson's fabulous freaks, recorded deep in the Grateful Dead's Marin County domain.

BEYONCE

Don't Hurt Yourself PARKWOOD

One of the many highlights from the month's other surprise album; a rockist's entry point, complete with "When The Levee Breaks" samples and a full-blooded cameo from Jack White.

IDRIS ACKAMOOOR
& THE PYRAMIDS

We Be All Africans STRUT

Underground cosmic jazz legends of the '70s recommence their Afro-Futurist quest. Sun Ra fans should definitely tune in.



PSYCHIC TEMPLE

Plays Music For Airports JOYFUL NOISE

In which an LA collective turn Eno's minimalist fugue into a levitating, Miles-style jam. Mike Watt's on bass.

HANS CHEW

Unknown Sire DIVIDED BY ZERO

Country ballads, New Orleans flurries and flaming, primitive rock'n'roll from New York's answer to both James Booker and Jerry Lee Lewis.

THE IMPRESSIONS

The Best Of: The Curtom Years

VARESE VINTAGE/RHINO

Beyond *The Young Mods' Forgotten Story*: Curtis Mayfield's neglected last songs with his original group.

RHYTON Redshift THRILL JOCKEY

Dave Shuford's latest project flits from free jams, via Greek village knees-ups, into elevated takes on American heartland boogie, of all things.

PRINCE The Ladder PAISLEY PARK

"The steps U take are no easy road/But the reward is great/4 those who want 2 go..."

For regular updates, check our blogs at www.uncut.co.uk and follow @JohnRMulvey on Twitter

new music



gold panda
good luck and
do your best
27/05/2016

album of the month



jessy lanza
oh no
out now



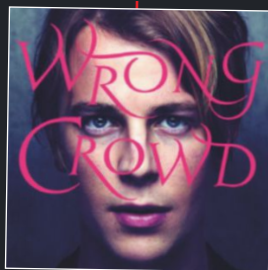
public service broadcasting
the race for space / remixes
17/06/2016



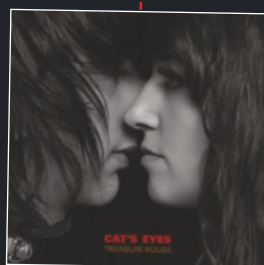
jake bugg
on my one
17/06/2016



tom odell
wrong crowd
10/06/2016



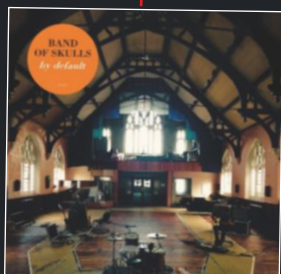
cat's eyes
treasure house
03/06/2016



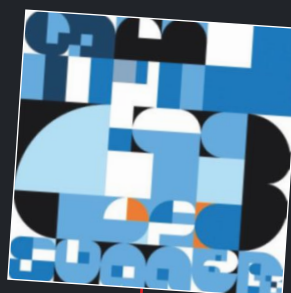
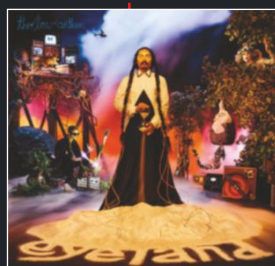
the kills
ash & ice
03/06/2016



band of skulls
by default
27/05/2016



the low anthem
eyeland
17/06/2016



holy fuck
congrats
27/05/2016



malcolm middleton
summer of '13
27/05/2016

mala mirrors
24/06/2016

the fopp list

get the lowdown on the best new music
in this month's edition of the fopp list,
free magazine in-store now

while stocks last



foppofficial

#gettofopp

fopp.com

fopp stores

bristol college green
cambridge sidney st
edinburgh rose st
glasgow union st & byres rd
london covent garden
manchester brown st
nottingham broadmarsh
shopping centre

**the
fopp
list**

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Your guide to this month's free CD

1 COLVIN & EARLE

Tell Moses

Roots aficionados rejoice! The pairing of mutual fans Shawn Colvin and Steve Earle, who toured the US together a couple of years ago, has finally been consummated on record. Produced by Buddy Miller, there are echoes of Robert Plant and Alison Krauss in this harmony-rich, mandolin-driven pilgrimage to a promised land where milk and honey lie in wait.



2 ROBERT ELLIS

How I Love You

Mutable singer-songwriter Robert Ellis is fast becoming one of America's keenest talents. Having largely dispensed with the overt country stylings of his earlier work, his latest album finds a roof for R'n'B, baroque pop, Randy Newman-ish reflection and even some avant-jazz. This yearning tune, written by Delta Spirit's Matthew Vasquez, sees Ellis picking up the pieces of a broken heart.

3 JACKIE LYNN

Alien Love

The alter ego of Circuit Des Yeux's Haley Fohr, with Cooper Crain of Cave and Bitchin Bajas as trusted accomplice, Jackie Lynn tends to favour sinister electronica over her usual knotty folk experiments. This throbbing little number is motored by a stark bassline and an insistent drum machine, which serve as a fitting vehicle for Fohr's icy, slightly Teutonic vocal timbre.

4 WHITNEY

Built around a core duo of guitarist Max Kakacek and singing drummer Julien Ehrlich, Whitney (see p10) evoke a lost era of languid country-soul, replete with spry guitars and warm brass. On this evidence, the brittle falsetto of Ehrlich, who has prior form with Unknown Mortal Orchestra, also carries more than a whiff of early Neil Young.

5 ALLEN TOUSSAINT

Mardi Gras In New Orleans

Written by Professor Longhair and covered by everyone from Fats Domino to The Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the late pianist distils the rowdy parade of the Crescent City original into a stately meditation with a wonderfully lyrical melody. It's one of six piano instrumentals on Toussaint's final batch of recordings, cut in two separate sessions with producer Joe Henry.

6 BRIGID MAE POWER

It's Clearing Now

The epic curtain-raiser to an album that already seems certain to bother the higher reaches of *Uncut*'s year-end list, this folk gem is given added dazzle by the Irish singer-guitarist's delicate intonations and lovely phrasing. With minimal layers of violin and producer Peter Broderick on drums, the nature of Power's ethereal charm brings to mind both Liz Fraser and Sandy Denny.



7 WILLIAM TYLER

Gone Clear

Described by Tyler as "a love letter to what we're losing in America", *Modern Country* attempts to hitch the rhythms of rural America to the smoother motorik of Neu! and others. "Gone Clear" is a neat example of this instrumental dexterity, taking a variety of subtle gear changes and turns without sacrificing his experimental edge.

8 THE FELICE BROTHERS

Plunder

Another terrific outing from the Catskills' favourite renegades, who continue to issue records at an alarming rate of knots. Twelfth LP *Life In The Dark* is fit to bursting with alluring tales, not least this wild blast of spidery folk-blues whose opening gambit is hard to top: "I had a dog named Archibald/The biggest dog in town."

FREE
CD!

9 FIONA BRICE

Berlin

You might well recognise Brice's name from the album credits of John Grant, Anna Calvi, Midlake and Roy Harper, to cite just a few. Now the classically trained arranger and violinist has struck out alone, fashioning a cinematic set of instrumentals inspired by her worldly travels. Or, as she calls them, "musical selfies". "Berlin" is a standout, as elegantly descriptive as it is mournful.

10 CASE/LANG/VEIRS

Atomic Number

The debut album from this singing super trio (see feature starting on p56) is never less than sublime. Strings and gently rolling textures provide the folksy backdrop to this sumptuous tune, allowing their combined voices to dovetail front and centre.

11 HOLGER CZUKAY

Cool In The Pool

"Let us get hot on the dancing spot!" It might be hard to reconcile the rigorous approach of Can with this louche, disco-friendly pop tune from their ex-bassist, but Czukay was happily experimenting with form once he left for a solo career in the late '70s. French horns parp, organs tinkle and operatic shrieks get sampled on this delightfully daffy classic, just reissued.

12 THE LOW ANTHEM

In The Air Hockey Fire

It's been way too long since we last heard from Ben Knox Miller's Rhode Island troupe. They've been pretty busy in the interim, though, creating a conceptual work whose central theme – the traumatic dream life of a bunch of children following a disastrous air hockey table fire – is echoed in this gorgeous avant-folk ditty. Unique subject matter, it's fair to say.

13 TONY JOE WHITE

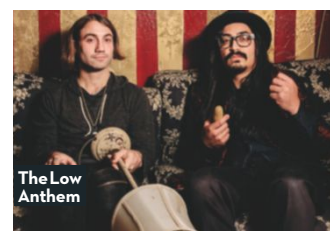
Hoochie Woman

Proof that White remains the undisputed king of swamp groove, laying down murky blues riffs while essaying a tale of bewitchment that plugs directly into Southern mythology. Now aged 72, with his voice a pleasingly low growl, it's remarkable to note he's in his most prolific run of form since the turn-of-the-'70s heyday that produced classics like "Polk Salad Annie".

14 SWANS

When Will I Return?

A pressing question indeed, given Michael Gira's declaration that *The Glowing Man* will be the last album from Swans' current iteration. An intensely beautiful and involved thing it is too, as exemplified by this tune, written specifically for his wife Jennifer to sing. "It's a tribute to her strength, courage and resilience in the face of a deeply scarring experience she once endured," says Gira.



15 MY MORNING JACKET

Mahgeetah

What better way to sign off this month than with an extraordinary mini-epic from MMJ's reissued 2003 classic, *It Still Moves*. The twin guitars of Jim James and cousin Johnny Quaid drive the song toward a euphoric climax, conjuring visions of Crazy Horse at their most animated. The album was this lineup's last great hurrah before James rang the changes for its follow-up, *Z*.

new music



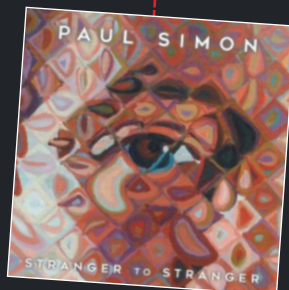
dexys

let the record show:
dexys do irish &
country soul
03/06/2016



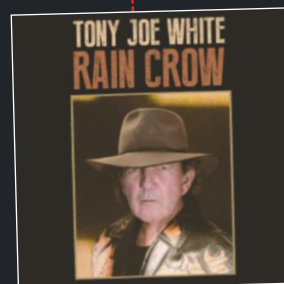
paul simon

stranger to stranger
03/06/2016



tony joe white

rain crow
27/05/2016



steve gunn

eyes on the lines
03/06/2016



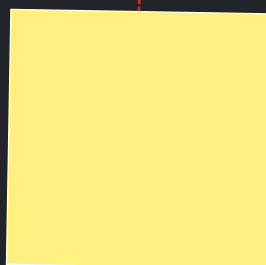
laura mvula

the dreaming room
17/06/2016



cat's eyes

treasure house
03/06/2016



billie ray martin

the soul tapes
out now



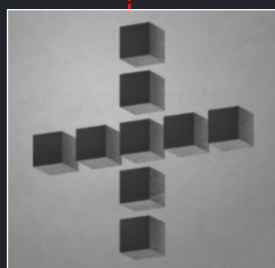
death in vegas

transmission
27/05/2016



minor victories

minor victories
03/06/2016



alexis taylor

piano
10/06/2016



whitney

light upon the lake
03/06/2016



the temper trap

thick as thieves
10/06/2016

the fopp list

get the lowdown on the best new music
in this month's edition of the fopp list,
free magazine in-store now

while stocks last



foppofficial

#gettofopp

fopp.com

fopp stores

bristol college green
cambridge sidney st
edinburgh rose st
glasgow union st & byres rd
london covent garden
manchester brown st
nottingham broadmarsh
shopping centre

the
fopp
list

Interview: Michael Bonner
Portrait: Tim Knox

Laurie Anderson

The artist, author and musician shares her memories of Lou, Bowie, Burroughs, Eno, and punching Andy Kaufman. “David said: ‘I think you can read minds...’”

T

HESE DAYS, I'M the Artist Who Does Concerts For Dogs,” says Laurie Anderson. It is mid-morning in New York, and Anderson is considering this recent unexpected twist in her eventful career. Inspired by her latest project – an album and film called *Heart Of A Dog* – she has been performing a 20-minute piece specifically designed for the canine ear. “The only problem is it’s so much fun!

People tell their dogs all week, ‘We’re going to a show just for you! You’re going to love it!’” She held the UK premiere in early May at this year’s Brighton Festival, where she was guest director. She also hosted another event there: *Lou Reed Drones*, an installation of her late husband’s guitar and amps in feedback mode. “Lou used these guitars in his live shows,” she explains. “It was about setting a pulse and atmosphere, a weird harmonic structure; they would fade in and out of the shows. We did it at first as a part of a memorial for Lou in a gallery. Since then, we’ve done variations on it. It’s developed. People have brought their instruments along. When we were setting it up in the Park Avenue Armory in New York, John Zorn came by with his sax. We’ve had Iranian bagpipes, clarinets and violins, a cello, some ballet dancers. I learned from this experience... never underestimate the audience.”

and we’ll fax our drawings to each other.” The first time I did it, a drawing came into the fax machine and it looked like mine. What are the chances of two people drawing a bush in the foreground, a house and on a second storey a post coming out and a man hanging from it? The chances are zero. They’re zero. I have 20 of these drawings. I’m probably going to make a book from these, a mind-reading book. David helped me understand *Lulu*, Lou’s last work, which was filled with anger. David said, “Nobody ever understands Lou. This is his greatest work.” I was really afraid of the anger, because I thought at the end of your life you should try to have some peace. Instead there’s Lou like it’s Lear. Of course, I saw what David did around his death. It was an amazing accomplishment. It just tore my heart out. What a person, what a magnificent person.

some really good things to do with it so we’re still sorting through it. Does it go back before The Velvet Underground? Oh yeah. It’s his life’s work. He spent the last three months of his life remastering stuff from the Arista era. It’s about 25 CDs. It’s so beautiful and to see how excited he was about it, about using technology from now to make that stuff sound like its true self. It’s not about smoothing it out, it’s about roughing it up sometimes. There’s always different criteria. The energy of that music comes zooming out in a way that is almost terrifying. It’s really exciting.

STAR QUESTION



Where is the most interesting place on earth to listen to music?
Philip Glass

So he’s limited it to the planet? First of all, the answer is inside your head. That’s the best place to really hear it and understand it. If I were listening outside, I would choose a mesa in New Mexico. A very, very flat top-of-the-world kind of thing, a perfect blend of sky and land. That’s not very realistic, because I can’t imagine a sound system on top of the mesa. It’s pretty theoretical. But let’s leave it at inside your head and Mexican, a mesa in Mexico. In New Mexico. Or Mexico. All the Mexico is also good.

You played “Always Crashing In The Same Car” at the Bowie

tribute concert. Do you have a favourite memory of David?

Erik Davidkov

David called me in the mid-’90s and said, “I think you can read minds.” I replied, “You know, I’m pretty sure I can’t.” He said, “I want to do an experiment. I’m going to call you every day at different times. Have a piece of paper next to the fax machine. Then put down the phone and we will each make a drawing

What are your plans for Lou’s archive?

Doug Cropper, Fairford

There’s a million different things in there. Eight hundred hours, it’s massive. We’re trying to think of

STAR QUESTION



What is your favourite colour and what are the five things your favourite colour reminds you of?
Anohni

I just did some maroon and brown paintings and found that maroon is quite an interesting colour. But OK, my favourite colour today is white. It almost never is white, but since you’re asking me right now, it’s because I associate it with white skies and today we have one here, so I’m really excited about it. It’s a luminous white sky, a beautiful spring sky. I’m looking at a white door as we’re speaking now and it’s pretty good. I’m going to open a painting show in Naples. There’s some very big paintings there that were the result of being really enthusiastic about white canvases. My friend Julian Schnabel is my painting teacher. I was feeling down maybe four years ago and



Star men: Laurie with David Bowie, Bono and husband Lou Reed, New York, April 2007



“Bowie helped
me understand
Lulu, Lou’s last
work, which
was filled
with anger”

➤ he said, "OK, here's the brushes, there's some canvases, go make a painting." I said, "I hate painting, I don't want to go and make a painting." They were big white canvases. Just to defend myself, I started to paint and I really couldn't stop. Another thing: I like really pale faces. I like white socks.

How did you become involved with the Nova Convention?

Shereen McDonald, Glasgow

It was to celebrate William Burroughs, who'd just returned to live in New York. Keith Richards was supposed to be there, but he had cancelled quite early. I was MC and my job was to keep the ball rolling so people wouldn't ask where Keith was. I kept introducing other people like Patti Smith and people were yelling "Keith! Keith! Keith!" It was a lot of punk kids who wanted to meet Keith. Anyway, finally Burroughs came out and banged his briefcase to his desk and sat down with this pork pie hat on and he said, "OK, then." He started talking about sex and drugs and murder and these punks were going, "Grandpa! We love you!" It's really interesting to do cross-generational things in the art world, because generally they tend not to be like that; so that was a really wonderful moment when the punk kids got to meet Uncle Bill.

What's your favourite memory about working with Brian Eno on the *Bright Red* album?

Karl Hunter, Brent

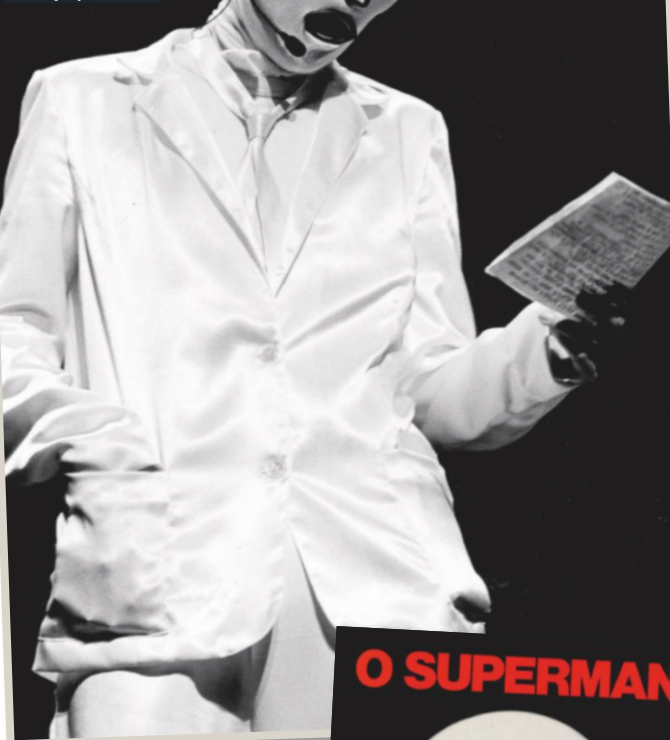
We had this idea of looking at the water while we were listening to the music. The Hudson is right outside my studio window. The music seemed to go with the river no matter what. If it was rhythmic and the river was really glassy, it seemed to work as a counterpoint, or if it was choppy, it seemed to magnify the rhythmic elements. Sometimes you'd play the music and the river would look a little boring. Our slogan was, "If it goes with the river, it goes on the record". Then they built this Trump building in front of my windows and right against the walls so I see nothing anymore. I've got a big painted wall now so I could theoretically make paintings anyway. It's a sad story.

How does your childhood in Glen Ellyn, Illinois influence your art and music?

Allan Lee, Springfield, Illinois

I went back a couple of summers ago for a small reunion with some of the people in my school. We walked around the town. I had been so afraid that it had been turned into some kind of condo, but it was even sweeter than I remembered it. This

White out: Laurie Anderson on stage, circa 1984



is in *Heart Of A Dog*, but there's a guy who lived there who worked in the trees and pretended he worked for the phone company, or he imagined he did. If it was 2016 he would've been in an institution. But in that small town in the '50s, people went, 'He's not hurting anyone. If he thinks he's living in the trees and pretending he's doing work for the phone company, it's fine. Let's just thank him for it.' So they did.

You were an underground artist when "O Superman" became a hit. What were the pros and cons of that success for you?

Lisa Parsons, London

I was part of a really cool New York scene, but I didn't see it as underground at all! I didn't have any interest in the pop world. We were really snobbish. We thought that pop world was idiotic, built for 11-year-olds. So when I got calls about doing this record, I thought it odd, but I decided to do it. I got a lot of criticism from other artists but I saw it not as selling out but crossing over. I was determined very early on not to take it



seriously, so I think for the most part I didn't. My ego probably got entwined a little bit, but for the most part it was a really interesting experience. I'm glad I did. The brevity of that kind of success is pretty well known – you're in and then you're out. But it was cool, too, to do it for a bit. I liked it a lot.

STAR QUESTION



Why aren't you running for president?

Stephen Merritt, Magnetic Fields

Oh, I am running for president.

Didn't I mention that to him? OK, that's pretty undercover. Probably for the same reasons he isn't, because who wants to have their flaws exhibited to the world? I just feel great. I just can think of so many times somebody would say things that I did wrong or that were stupid or not very generous and it would really make me feel bad. So I guess it's just that I don't feel like I'm too proud to do it, but maybe I'm too private. I just don't really like that aspect of it.

When you inducted Lou into the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame, you talked about your three rules of living. How did you and Lou arrive at those three rules?

Peter Speller, Torquay

Trial and error! Rule one was, don't be afraid of anyone. Rule two was, get a really good bullshit detector. And three, be really, really tender. They really worked for us. What they didn't address is that sometimes as an artist it's hard to keep working. Sometimes you think, isn't it better to just live and look at the sky or meditate than to keep making things?

What do you remember about that '70s New York art scene?

Neil Clarke, Bristol

Quite a lot, because my life was very shaped by the group of people that I worked with at that time. Theresa Brown, Gordon Matta-Clark, Jene Highstein the sculptor, Richard Cera. We lived in SoHo and we all saw each other every day. No one thought they would ever make one cent from their work so there was a kind of crazy egalitarian thing that was happening. Men and women were completely equal. We all wore this kind of workers' outfit. It was a lovely time and we were really snobbish and we were really hard-working. Then gradually we began to work in Europe, mostly in Italy and Germany, and we became expats. That's when that scene gradually got broken up.

You worked with Andy Kaufman. Did his brand of performance art influence you?

William Merrin

Yes, but I was never anywhere near as out there as Andy, no-one ever was. I saw him at a club in Queens when no-one had heard of him. He was playing the bongos really pretty badly and crying while he was playing. It made you cringe, but it was also really hilarious. So then I was his plant for a while. I would go to clubs with him and he would go into character as this guy Tony Clifton. He was a real jerk who'd say things like, "I hate women, I don't respect them, I'll respect them when a woman can come up here and knock me out." So I was supposed to go up onstage and knock him out. He would really fight, and I would try to punch him. He kind of let me win, but not really. I had a great time with Andy. ☺

Heart Of A Dog is released by Nonesuch; the film is in cinemas now



UNCUT.CO.UK

Log on to see who's in the hot-seat next month and to post your questions!

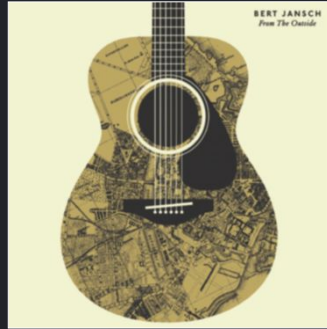
CARGO COLLECTIVE

AN AMALGAMATION OF RECORD SHOPS AND LABELS DEDICATED TO BRINGING YOU NEW MUSIC



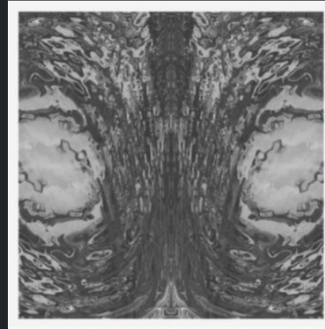
PUBLIC SERVICE BROADCASTING THE RACE FOR SPACE: REMIXES

TEST CARD RECORDINGS LP / CD
New from PSB, 12 tracks that tell the story of the USA & USSR's battle for supremacy in space. Remixes by Field Music, Boxed In, Vessels, Dutch Uncles, Robert Babicz, Maps, Copy Paste Soul, Psychemagik, Blond:ish, Petar Dundov & Kauf.



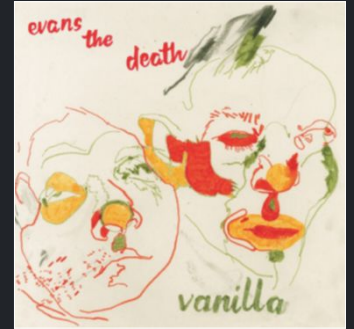
BERT JANSCH FROM THE OUTSIDE

EARTH RECORDS LP / CD
A bold second album from Jessy Lanza, self-assured and joyful with a sparse additive bounce, laced with cascading arpeggios, crispy drum machines and breezy songs, oscillating between languid slow jams, low slung 808 grooves, and infectious upbeat boogie.



NECRO DEATHMORT THE CAPSULE

ROCKET RECORDINGS LP / CD
Maps out a rhythmic terrain somewhere amidst krautrock groove and techno relentlessness, into dreamlike extrapolations that call to mind Mica Levi's Under The Skin soundtrack.



EVANS THE DEATH VANILLA

FORTUNA POP! LP / CD
A dark, howling, ragged storm of an album, their most ambitious and experimental to date. Eschewing more traditional pop structures, Vanilla is aggressive, extroverted and raw.



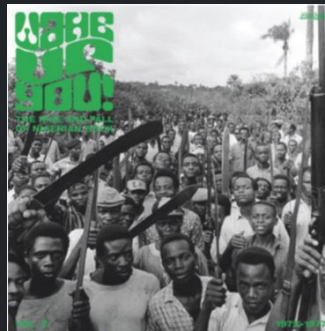
MARIA USBECK AMPARO

LABRADOR LP / CD
Debut album from former front woman of Celebrities.
Produced by Caroline Polachek of Chairlift it's fleshed out in full sonic color on the marimba, xylophone, quena flute, piano and harp.



HAVOC & THE ALCHEMIST THE SILENT PARTNER

IHIPHOP CD
The Silent Partner brings together one-half of Mobb Deep with the group's favorite producer. Album features Method Man, Prodigy (of Mobb Deep) & Cormega.



VARIOUS ARTISTS WAKE UP YOU! (VOL. 2): THE RISE & FALL OF NIGERIAN ROCK MUSIC (1972-1977)

NOW-AGAIN RECORDS LP / CD
Wake Up You! tells the story paying homage to these now-forgotten musicians and their struggle, bringing to light the funk and psychedelic fun they created as they wrested free of the ravages of the late 1960s creating thrilling, original Nigerian rock music throughout the 1970s. Vol 1 also available on CD.



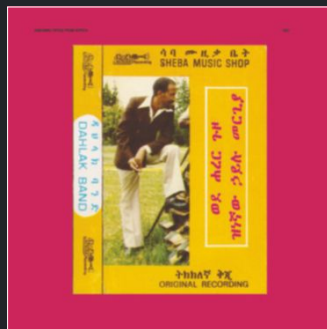
PEACE

BLACK POWER
NOW-AGAIN RECORDS LP / CD
Essential garage Zamrock/Soul/Funk: Zamrock came to embody the economic despair that followed the 1973-1974 oil crisis, which flung Zambia into recession and exacerbated a wide range of social tensions.



WEIRD DREAMS LUXURY ALONE / FANTASY IMAGE

TOUGH LOVE RECORDS LP / CD
Second album from Weird Dreams, inspired at different points by the work of Daido Moriyama, Robert Ashley, Ryuichi Sakamoto, Eliane Radigue and Broadcast.



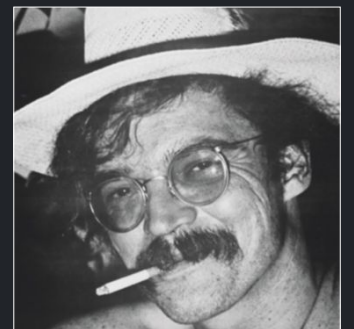
HAILU MERGIA AND DAHLAK BAND WE DE HARER GUZO

AWESOME TAPES FROM AFRICA 2LP / CD
Hailu Mergia & Dahlak Band's smoky, soulful rendition of Ethiopian traditional tunes arranged by the legendary keyboard and accordion maestro sound like nothing you've ever heard.



WILLIAM TYLER MODERN COUNTRY

MERGE RECORDS LP / CD
The fourth full-length album by guitarist and composer William Tyler, featuring an ensemble backing group consisting of Phil Cook, Darin Gray, and percussionist Glenn Kotche.



TERRY ALLEN JUAREZ

PARADISE OF BACHELORS LP / CD
The definitive, deluxe edition of the songwriter/visual artist's violent 1975 masterpiece, with original artwork and extensive booklet. "9/10: A thing of intense beauty" - Uncut

IRELAND: BELFAST - HEAD SCOTLAND: EDINBURGH - VOXBOX / EDINBURGH - UNDERGROUND SOLU'SHN / GLASGOW - LOVE MUSIC / GLASGOW - LP RECORDS / PERTH - CONCORDE WALES: ABERYSTWYTH - ANDY'S RECORDS / CARDIFF - HEAD / CARDIFF - SPILLERS / NEWPORT - DIVERSE / SWANSEA - DERRICKS NORTH: WEST: CHESHIRE - A & A DISCS / HANLEY - MUSIC MANIA / LIVERPOOL - PROBE / MANCHESTER - PICCADILLY RECORDS / PRESTON - ACTION RECORDS / WINSFORD - THE ELECTRIC CHURCH NORTH-EAST: HUDDERSFIELD - VINYL TAP / LEEDS - CRASH / LEEDS - JUMBO RECORDS / NEWCASTLE - BEATDOWN RECORDS / NEWCASTLE - J G WINDOWS / NEWCASTLE - REFLEX / RIPON - FENLAND RECORDS / SHEFFIELD - BEAR TREE RECORDS / SHEFFIELD - RECORD COLLECTOR / STOCKTON ON TEES - SOUND IT OUT MIDLANDS: BURY ST.EDMUNDS - VINYL HUNTER / CAMBRIDGE - LOST IN VINYL / CAMBRIDGE - RELEVANT RECORDS / LEAMINGTON SPA - HEAD RECORDS / LOUTH - OFF THE BEATEN TRACK / NOTTINGHAM - RISE / OXFORD - TRUCK / STOKE ON TRENT - STRAND RECORDS / WITNEY - RAPTURE / WORCESTER - RISE SOUTH: BEXHILL ON SEA - MUSIC'S NOT DEAD / BRIGHTON - RESIDENT / BROMLEY - HEAD / DEAL - SMUGGLERS RECORDS / EASTBOURNE - PEBBLE / FOLKESTONE - HOT SALVATION / GODALMING - RECORD CORNER / LEIGH-ON-SEA - FIVES / LONDON - CASBAH / LONDON - FLASHBACK / LONDON - INTOXICA / LONDON - THE LP CAFE LTD / LONDON - ROUGH TRADE ASD - LONDON - ROUGH TRADE TALBOT RD / LONDON - SISTER RAY / ROMSEY - HUNDRED RECORDS / SOUTHDOWN ON SEA - SOUTH RECORDS / SOUTHSEA - PIE & VINYL / ST ALBANS - EMPIRE RECORDS / WIMBORNE - SQUARE RECORDS / WINCHESTER - ELEPHANT RECORDS SOUTH WEST: BRISTOL - RISE / CHELTENHAM - BADLANDS / FALMOUTH - JAM / FROME - COVERS VINYL / TAUNTON - BLACK CAT / TOTNES - DRIFT MAILORDER AND INTERNET ONLY STORES: BOOMKAT.COM / NORMANRECORDS.COM / SPINCDIS.COM / BLEEP.COM

CARGO
RECORDS

17 HEATHMANS ROAD, LONDON SW6 4TJ - WWW.CARGORECORDS.CO.UK - 0207 731 5125

THE EARTH MOVES...

LA, January 1971. CAROLE KING makes an intimate, emotionally mature solo album: *Tapestry*. Forty five years and 15 million sales later, as King prepares to play the album in London's Hyde Park, *Uncut* reveals the making of a masterpiece... How a fêted songwriter found herself, surrounded by candles, incense and the gifted community of Laurel Canyon

Story: Graeme Thomson

Photo: Jim McCrary/Redferns

IF THERE IS a moment when the wave generated by California's growing ranks of singer-songwriters rises to a natural crest, it comes during the first days of 1971. In A&M's Studio B on the corner of Sunset Boulevard and La Brea in Hollywood, Carole King is recording what will shortly become the most successful album ever made by a female artist. Across the hall in Studio C, Joni Mitchell is making *Blue*. Seven blocks away, at Crystal Sound on Vine Street, James Taylor is putting together his No 1 album, *Mud Slide Slim And The Blue Horizon*. The friends sing and play on each other's records, and use many of the same musicians, including guitarist Danny "Kootch" Kortchmar. "We were all hanging out together, everybody knew everybody else," says Kortchmar. "We all recorded with each other, but it was spontaneous. Joni or James would pop in and it was, 'Let's go!' It was a utopian way of making music."

Of the three, King appears the least sure of where she is heading. At 28, she is struggling to transition from being one half of the peerless husband-and-wife writing team Goffin & King to becoming a solo artist. She has already made two albums, neither of which have made much impact. Nobody really expects her third attempt to buck the trend. "The tunes were extraordinary, there was no question about that, but the tunes on her previous two albums were extraordinary, too," says Kortchmar. "We just thought, 'Yeah, this is Carole. She writes great songs, that's what she does!'"

"At one point making *Tapestry* I went into the control room, and Carole said, 'Do you want to hear the single?'" recalls David Campbell, who played violin and cello on the record. "The song was 'It's Too Late'. She said, 'Well, I hope we can put out a single at least!' There was no expectation of it doing much. Of course, not long after that, it all blew up. All the forces came together." 🎵

Carole King at her
Appian Way home,
September 1971



IN A TIME of what King calls “generational and cultural turbulence,” the 12 songs on *Tapestry* fed a hunger for unaffected intimacy. Deploying “a new kind of personal poetry” and a loose, organic tilt at pop, rock’n’roll and soul, *Tapestry* is defined by a funky, heartfelt mood of longing. It was the record that helped explain the baby boomer generation to itself, as their need for personal freedom and self-expression rushed headlong into the responsibilities of marriage, parenthood and citizenship. It continues to cast a powerful spell. In America, it has accumulated a total of 313 weeks in the *Billboard* Hot 100. In Britain it spent 42 consecutive weeks in the chart immediately following its release, and has since spent a further two years in the top 100. “Every time there’s a new way to access music, *Tapestry* takes a big bump in sales because everybody wants to continue to listen to it,” says its producer, Lou Adler.

Coming 45 years, four months and 23 days since its release, King’s forthcoming performance of the album in London’s Hyde Park on July 3 is one of the most anticipated live events of the year. Even in the exhilarating days of January 1971, Lou Adler sensed it was a work that would cut deep. “The feeling was not that it was a big hit, but how much meaning it had,” he says. “People felt that it told a story that they understood. It was different from a so-called hit. It was more than that. That’s why it has endured. That was my feeling right away, that it was very, very special. I still feel that.”

CAROLE KING ARRIVED in California in March 1968, following the breakdown of her marriage to Gerry Goffin. They had married in 1959, when she was just 17, and formed a songwriting partnership in which King set her husband’s words to music and melody. Living in suburban New Jersey, they raised two children and wrote some of the greatest pop songs of the ’60s or any other era. “Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow”, “Chains”, “Up On The Roof”, “The Loco-Motion”, “(You Make Me Feel Like) A Natural Woman”, “Goin’ Back”, “Pleasant Valley Sunday”, “Wasn’t Born To Follow” and scores more. To date, King has written or co-written 118 songs that have appeared on the *Billboard* charts.

By the spring of 1968, however, both the marriage and creative alliance was over. Wanting her two daughters to be near their father in LA, King rented a two-bedroomed house for \$225 a month on Wonderland Avenue in Laurel Canyon. Built into the hillside, the house had pale peach adobe walls, tiled floors, and a sense of light and space. If her new home was the antithesis of the creeping claustrophobia of her native New York, similarly King’s music began to stretch out and breathe.

She was part of a widespread exodus to the west. Among the many musicians heading for the sun were two men King knew well from New York studios and Greenwich Village coffee houses: Kortchmar and bassist Charles Larkey. “It was a confluence of pals, great artists and musicians all congregating in Los Angeles,” says Kortchmar. “It was so different to New York. So open and sunny, and friendlier. Everyone lived in rented houses rather than apartments, so it was easier to have band rehearsals. That made it easier to play.”

Hooking up with Kortchmar and Larkey in LA, King decided to try her hand at being a recording artist. Her solo demos of Goffin & King songs had long been admired within the industry for the way they showcased King’s strong, natural voice and rhythmic piano. “What I found is that when I’d give demos to an artist, A&R man or producer, I couldn’t get them back!” says Lou Adler.

Soulmates: with Gerry Goffin, NYC, circa 1959; below, Carole the songwriter for hire and, bottom, as part of The City on her *de facto* solo debut from 1968



As a successful publisher, Adler had serviced Goffin & King demos through much of the ’60s, and became friendly with the couple. Relocating to LA, he founded Ode Records and was involved in the careers of The Mamas & The Papas, Spirit, Scott McKenzie and Johnny Rivers. When he learned that King had moved west, he immediately set about signing her to Ode. “I always felt she could be a solo artist,” he says, but King had other ideas. She insisted that she would only sign as part of a band, and on condition that she would not be asked

to undertake any promotion. King had had a minor hit single in 1962 with the Goffin-King composition, “It Might As Well Rain Until September”, and hadn’t enjoyed even the relatively small amount of exposure it brought. “She wanted to record but she didn’t want to be a solo artist,” says Adler. “She was shy and she didn’t want to go on the road and perform. So she put herself in the middle of this group. That was her cover, so to speak.”

Featuring King, Kortchmar, Larkey and drummer Jim Gordon, The City recorded *Now That Everything’s Been Said* in 1968. “It was really a solo album,” says Kortchmar. “She wrote all the songs, and they were all great. That was her entrée into being an artist.” Despite its merits – and it’s a fine record – the album vanished without making any discernible impact. King’s public profile was virtually non-existent, and her identity somewhat muddled. “Everyone knew who she was as a songwriter, but it took a while for her to establish herself as a performer,” says Kortchmar. “She was very against playing live at that point. She was nervous. The City were supposed to do a gig at the Troubadour and she cancelled it, she had such stage fright. We never did any gigs. It wasn’t until James [Taylor] invited her to accompany him that [she found] a way into being a performer. He introduced her to his audience.”



Like minds: With James Taylor at BBC TV studios in London, 1970

King and Taylor had begun their lives and careers poles apart, but slowly spun towards one another. She was an earthy, diminutive Jewish girl. He was the long, cool product of wealth and education. Taylor had arrived in LA following unhappy spells in New York and London, where he'd cut an overbaked debut album for Apple. He was now managed by Englishman Peter Asher, formerly of Peter and Gordon. Asher hired King as Taylor's pianist.

"I had heard some of Carole's original publishing demos, just her and a piano," he says. "I realised how great she was, as a singer and particularly as a pianist, and hired her because of that. I asked her if she would play on James's second album, and she said she would. We would rehearse at my house in Hancock Park in the afternoon, and go into Sunset Sound [to record *Sweet Baby James*] in the evening. It very quickly fell into place. She and James shared a harmonic consciousness. Still do. They'll go for the same chord changes instinctively."

Using a core band of Taylor, Kortchmar, King and drummer Russ Kunkel, all of whom would later appear on *Tapestry*, *Sweet Baby James* was recorded in December 1969 and released in February 1970. As well as launching Taylor into the mainstream, on the back of a top three single, "Fire And Rain", it offered King a route map. "She absolutely loved James's music," says Kunkel. "It was a complete mutual admiration society. It was a time in her life when she was reinventing herself, and James was very encouraging to her to do her own thing."

KING TOURED AS part of Taylor's band throughout 1970. In May she released her first solo album, the pointedly named *Writer*. "That's a really good record, but it didn't go anywhere," says Kortchmar. "I'm not sure why." The fact that King was still unwilling to promote it with any solo live performances didn't help.

Her breakthrough came in the last week of November 1970,

when King was persuaded to open for Taylor during a week-long residency at the Troubadour. Doug Weston's West Hollywood club provided not only a hip symbiosis of artist and audience, but an arena where folk, rock and country met and merged. The club made careers. Kris Kristofferson supported Linda Ronstadt there "and never had to work a proper job again"; after playing the club in 1970, Cat Stevens and Elton John became US stars almost overnight.

King's week-long stint [see panel] was less immediately seismic, but equally impactful. Backed by a string quartet –

bass, cello, two violins – her 20-minute opening set "went down brilliantly," says Kortchmar. "Everyone started to realise that this is the same woman who wrote 'Natural Woman' and all those amazing songs. That was the beginning of it."

"Before the Troubadour, people didn't know who she was," says David Campbell. "She'd had one album out as a solo artist, but it didn't get a lot of attention. So after every show people were like, 'Wow! Her songs, her presentation!' It was all very novel."

A little over a month later, filled with a new confidence, King went into A&M Studio B to make *Tapestry*. Rather than a great leap forward, King has always viewed the album as the last part of a trilogy that had begun with *Now That Everything's Been Said* and continued with *Writer*. The difference was one of emphasis. "Mostly what you hear on those [first two] albums is the song quality, but they pretty much cover Carole up," says Adler. "When we got to *Tapestry*, what I was trying to do was really put her out there, so you felt she was sitting at the piano singing to you. That was the basis of the feel I was after, which was the way that her demos sounded. I wanted it to be as if somebody listening to the LP felt that Carole was sitting at the piano singing the song for them."

The final track on *Writer* was a slow, unadorned reading of the Goffin & King classic "Up On The Roof".

"She was very against playing live. She cancelled gigs, she had such stage fright"

EYE WITNESS!

She's the bomb

King's first ever solo show at the Troubadour, November 24, 1970, goes off without a bang

DURING THE FIRST few minutes of King's debut show as a solo artist, there was a bomb scare and the MC announced that the Troubadour had to be evacuated. "From the stage, Carole made a joke about there being a bomb, 'but as long as it's not me,'" recalls Peter Asher. "She was nervous, but by the time she got back, she was brimming with confidence. I think it put things in perspective! She did a great show." David Campbell was playing with her that night. "Actually, I think it happened more than once during the run. It was a lark! The whole audience would leave the club and stand in the grass island on Santa Monica Blvd. It served to chill out the start of the evening, as the performers and the audience had spent time together before the show out on the grass. Carole always did great. I didn't get the impression she didn't like performing. She was very enthusiastic."

GIUSEPPE HANKE/ROOT/REDFERNS; RICHARD E. AARON/REDFERNS





Carole King and band: (l-r) Danny 'Kootch' Kortchmar, Carole King, Russ Kunkle, Charles Larkey and Ralph Schuckett record *Tapestry* at A&M Studio B in LA, January 1971

➤ A hit for The Drifters in 1964, this almost radically subdued deconstruction provided a template of sorts for *Tapestry*, pointing towards the home-cooked feel that Lou Adler sought. It was a trick King repeated on new readings of “(You Make Me Feel Like) A Natural Woman” and “Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow”, previously hits for Aretha Franklin and The Shirelles respectively. “Once you take everything out and slow it down, revealing the beauty of the song in that way really helped in getting her recognised,” says Kortchmar. “It gave it depth and resonance.”

King had found her metier: a soulful, uncluttered, emotionally direct form of pop music for the album age, with her voice and piano front and centre. The selected songs were a blend of three established Goffin-King classics, seven new compositions, and two collaborations with a new lyrical partner. “Carole had to make the transition from writing early ‘60s bubblegummy pop songs to being taken seriously as a singer-songwriter, although no one yet used that term,” says Kortchmar. “Instead of writing straight ahead pop songs that anyone could sing, she started writing more personal songs that were about her.”

The Brill Building prodigy had already realised that self-composing pop artists had made her role as a writer-for-hire increasingly redundant. With her proximity to James Taylor she recognised, and acted on, the new cultural hunger for what she describes as the “personal authenticity of someone telling their own story”. Attuned to the changes in her own life and an evolving cultural shift from communal exuberance to confessional intimacy, the songs on *Tapestry* speak directly to the needs, wants and fears of a modern mother and divorcée who is both independent and a traditionalist. “She’d made the separation from New York to California,” says Adler. “Her

attitudes were more of a free woman looking to express herself. She was developing into a singer-songwriter, but her primary responsibility was still as a mother.”

HAVING MARRIED HER bass player Charles Larkey, King became pregnant within weeks of *Tapestry* coming out; her third child, Molly, was born in December 1971.

“I’d hand Carole a lyric and within an hour she’d write a great melody”

David Campbell recalls his wife and baby son, the artist now known as Beck, visiting the house in Laurel Canyon many times. “She really had that Mom thing going on, that was a big part of that time period. That’s partly why the album was so hugely successful, because she had a genuineness in her voice, and in the way the songs were presented. A warmth.”

The warmth was never more evident than on “You’ve Got A Friend”, a simple, heartfelt declaration of unconditional loyalty during troubled times that she had debuted at the Troubadour in November. Watching her sound-check from the balcony on the opening night, Taylor and Peter Asher heard the song for the first time. “James loved it so much, he asked Carole if

she would mind awfully if he learned it,” says Asher. “She said she would be honoured. Then I had the nerve to ask Carole how she would feel about us recording it. And she said, great. To her credit, with incredible generosity, she basically gave away what was clearly a hit song.”

Taylor’s version of the song reached No 1 in the US and No 4 in the UK, but King’s more stately reading would become one of the central pillars of her next album. It was joined by several more powerful new songs. “So Far Away”, “Way Over Yonder” and “Home Again” acknowledged the human need to leave while aching for a place to belong, physically, emotionally and spiritually. The sentiment resonated not only for King personally, but within the group of travelling musicians she was working with, and for a generation yearning for its roots. “It so much explained where she was at the time, but also the times themselves,” says Adler. “Beautiful” was a song of optimism in the face of daily struggle, while the unabashed “I Feel The Earth Move” captured the good-bad physical tremors of sexual attraction. “Emotionally those songs go right to the heart, and intellectually they are very smart.”

There were also two songs written with her new writing partner, Toni Stern, a young LA woman with literary aspirations with whom she had started working in 1968. “I’d just hand Carole a lyric and she would come up with the musical medium,” says Stern. “We’d go to each other’s houses. I’d either sit next to her on the piano bench or stand next to her, and within an hour she would write a melody, including all those great licks and musical hooks.”

The album’s lead single, “It’s Too Late”, was created this way. Stern wrote the lyric – allegedly about James Taylor – and King quickly came up with the music and melody. “It’s personal

experiences and observation intermingled,” Stern says of the words. “Blurred lines. I wouldn’t say I wrote [it] for her specifically, as we still considered we were writing songs that could be covered by other artists, but I don’t think I’d have written anything absolutely against Carole’s grain.”

Produced with the lightest of touches by Adler, *Tapestry* was recorded in January 1971 in A&M’s Studio B. The core band was King on vocals, piano and keyboards, Kortchmar on guitar, Charles Larkey on bass and Russ Kunkel on drums. David Campbell, who had played the November shows at the Troubadour, was one of several string players. A handful of other exemplary musicians added further, subtle textural touches.

The easy, organic feel that still pervades the album today was not a construct. They were happy sessions. The band recorded live, forming a semi-circle around King and her piano, enabling everyone to see each other and the musicians to respond to her head movements and facial gestures. The studio was low-lit, the atmosphere thick with candles and incense. King’s young daughters, Sherry and Louise, would be allowed to come and go as long as the ‘Record’ light wasn’t lit red.

“It happened very quickly,” says Kortchmar. “We sometimes did three tunes in a day. Carole would write out a lead sheet and she would play the tunes maybe one time through and then we’d do a take. She’d done a lot of rehearsing with Charlie at home, working out bass parts in advance, which helped, and the rest of us just fell in. I played a couple of solos off the floor, live. They weren’t overdubs. If I’d known 20 million people were going to be listening to it, I’d have shit my pants! But I just went for it. She was very friendly, open and sweet, very New York – but she was all business in the studio. She knew what she wanted. She was never overbearing, but like all great musicians she knows what she wants and how to describe it to musicians she works with.”

“The tracks were cut in 10 days, if that,” says Kunkel. “She might run a song through once on the piano, but then we needed to play it, because we knew that it was all about early takes. She was in complete control of the arrangements. If she asked you to do something, she always did it in a very polite way, but she knew exactly what she wanted

and she had a vision of what each song would be and what she needed from every instrument.”

At the centre of it all was King’s percussive piano playing and raw vocals, stripped of any of the polite formality often expected from solo female vocalists at that time. It was the voice of a lover on the pillow, a mother at the kitchen table, a friend on the sidewalk. She was seeking not technical perfection, but emotional truth. Adler’s role was simply to let it come through. “We worked as a team,” he says. “She had so many talents that I was able to be the catalyst for, or the instigator in some cases: as a piano player, arranger, vocalist, background vocalist, vocal arranger. The musicians all bought into what we were doing.”

“Lou was the consummate producer,” says Kunkel. “He knew what to do to keep things moving, but he knew not to get in the way of the artist, which is key. He saw her amazing talent and he wanted to bring her into her own.”

IT WAS A febrile time. Laurel Canyon was the spiritual – and often actual – home to a variety of musicians, among them Joni Mitchell, James Taylor, Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne and David Crosby. A scene had developed. “People always think that in any movement the people all know each other and hang out,” says Asher. “Usually it’s not true at all, but in this instance it was. Based around the Troubadour bar, there was a sense of cohesion and something happening. It was non-competitive. We all felt there was room for everyone. And there was.”

In this atmosphere of co-operation, lovers Mitchell and Taylor popped in to add backing vocals to King’s pared-down reading of “Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow”, sitting so closely together on two stools their heads touched. King repaid the favour by singing on Taylor’s version of her own “You’ve Got A Friend”. “Carole showed up at the end to listen to it and, as I recall, she cried.”

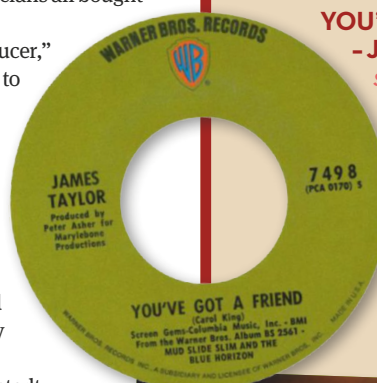
KING COVERS

Where you lead... I will follow

Five notable covers of *Tapestry* tracks

YOU’VE GOT A FRIEND

– **James Taylor** (*MUD SLIDE SLIM*, 1971): Taylor transposes King’s song of assurance from piano to acoustic guitar, smooths out every crease, and turns it into a fireside benediction.



SMACKWATER JACK

– **Quincy Jones** (*SMACKWATER JACK*, 1971): The shuffling Old West storytelling of the bluesy original is transformed into taut, funky street soul, propelled by a monster bass groove.



IT’S TOO LATE – The Isley Brothers

(*BROTHER, BROTHER, BROTHER*, 1972): A killer 10-minute reading. The slow, heavy, almost indecently funky verse yields to a tender chorus, with fluting falsetto and cascading piano. Great guitar, too.



SO FAR AWAY – Rod Stewart

(*IF WE FALL IN LOVE TONIGHT*, 1996):

The backing track tends towards

the schmaltzy, but the melody and sentiment of *Tapestry*’s most achingly lovely song prove a perfect fit for Stewart’s astute interpretative skills.



WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW? – Amy Winehouse

(*LIONESS*, 2011): The lyrical mix of sexual daring and emotional desperation is tailor made for Amy, and her vocal strikes to the heart.



Voices in harmony: with James Taylor and Joni Mitchell, recording *Tapestry*, L.A., January 1971

☛ says Asher. Taylor also played guitar on several songs on *Tapestry*, including “So Far Away”, while many of the musicians were working on both LPs at once. “Sometimes,” King felt, “it seemed that James and I were recording one massive album in two different studios.”

“Everyone was so young, yet so accomplished,” says Toni Stern, who was invited into the studio to hear the recordings of the two songs she co-wrote, “It’s Too Late” and the good-time roll of “Where You Lead”. “The playing, the writing, the professionalism was very, very impressive. I recall looking through the studio window, seeing all these young people, so focused and concentrated. It was a beautiful tableau.”

On one particular evening, when Mitchell had exited Studio C for a short time, King ducked in to use the studio’s much coveted redwood Steinway. In the three-hour window before Mitchell returned, King recorded the basic tracks for “I Feel The Earth Move”, “You’ve Got A Friend” and “Natural Woman”. She would then slide effortlessly into writing and arranging string parts. David Campbell recalls the violin and cello overdubs being recorded in a single afternoon. “It was all worked out. It reminded me of Paul McCartney or what I’ve heard about Brian Wilson. Everything is there before you even recorded, ready to show you. She was lovely, but absolutely certain about what she wanted.”

TAPESTRY WAS RELEASED with almost unseemly haste, on February 10, 1971. The cover photo by Jim McCrary showed a barefoot, dressed down King sitting on the window sill of her home, clutching a hand-stitched tapestry, as her cat Telemachus engaged in one of music’s most famous photo-bombs. “It just seemed that her sitting there, working on that tapestry with the cat around the house, so much represented how easygoing she was about everything she was dealing with,” says Adler. “I’d love to have that tapestry back! She gave it to me with a thank you, and it disappeared somewhere.”

It was a slow burn rather than a quick hit. “The first review was bad!” says Adler. “There was a review out of Long Beach that was just terrible.” The album didn’t reach the Top 20 until May 1, 1971. In mid-June it finally displaced *Sticky Fingers* at the top of the charts, remaining there for a record-breaking 15 consecutive weeks. “It’s Too Late” went to No 1 at the same time, and stayed for five weeks, swiftly followed by James Taylor’s version of “You’ve Got A Friend”.

Suddenly, *Tapestry* was everywhere. “We started hearing it on the radio every five minutes,” says Kortchmar. “It was ubiquitous. In every shop and clothing store, from cars and windows – everywhere. You could not get through a day without hearing two or three tracks of it wherever you went.” “It became one of those everybody-must-have-it records,” recalls Peter Asher. “There was a point where every self-respecting person of a certain age would have it. Exactly how that happened is hard to say.”

Songs like “It’s Too Late”, “I Feel The Earth Move”, “You’ve Got A Friend” and second single “So Far Away” entered the bloodstream of the culture and never left. Though at heart it is a gentle reckoning of all that King had lived through as a woman, and a recognition of the challenges to come, it also spoke for a generation. “She’d moved away from home, her marriage had broken up, and she was trying to find herself,” says Kunkel. “A lot of people related to that, especially women. The arrangements and music matched the lyrics so well. It was intimate and uncluttered, you could get close to it. Nothing interfered with the emotion. Any listener could imagine themselves singing those songs. It kicked off the singer-songwriter thing. *Tapestry* opened a lot of doors that are still open today.”

JIM MCCRARY/REDFERNS



Another angle:
an outtake from the
Tapestry cover photo
session, Laurel Canyon,
January 27, 1970

“She just hit it at the right time,” says Kortchmar. “There was a lot of political and social conflict going on when that album came out in the United States, and I think her music represented a kind of island of peace for people.”

Tapestry made King a star, a development that did not necessarily impress her. “Her head was not turned, let’s put it that way,” says Kortchmar. “She never talked about, ‘Oh isn’t this fabulous, it’s a hit!’ She didn’t think that way. She’d already had a million hits and No 1s that she wrote. Did she enjoy it? I’m not sure. She was not thrilled at being famous. I don’t think she’d anticipated that, and it was not her goal.”

By the end of 1971, a year of almost constant touring, King felt that “normal life was a distant dream”. The album’s success would prove impossible to outrun. When the follow-up, *Music*, went to number one in January 1972, *Tapestry* was still in the top ten. Its songs dominated her set when she played a free concert to 100,000 people in Central Park in 1973. By the mid-’70s King had headed off-grid to the wilds of Idaho. She has continued to make and release music, with decreasing frequency, as well as tour, act and write film scores, all in the certain knowledge that nothing she does will ever have the cultural or commercial impact of *Tapestry*, which has now sold north of 15 million copies.

As if to prove the point, she is performing the album in full for the first time in July. Now, as then, Danny Kortchmar will be playing guitar. He

understands what people want. Those songs, that voice, the piano. The sense that, no matter what tribulations life may throw at us, things will work out all right.

“We’ll stay true to it,” he promises. “We’re doing the whole album, probably in order, and we’ll stay faithful to the album arrangements. I always like playing those songs. Every time I play them I get a good feeling.” Him and the rest of the world. ☛

TAPESTRY: STAT ATTACK

- Over 25 million copies sold worldwide.
- Won four Grammys in ’72: Album Of The Year, Best Female Pop Vocal Performance, Record Of The Year (“It’s Too Late”), and Song Of The Year (“You’ve Got A Friend”). King was the first solo female artist to win a Grammy for the last two categories.
- Holds the record for most consecutive weeks at No 1 in the US album chart (15) by a female solo artist.
- Held the record for the total number of weeks at No 1 (15) in the US album chart by a female solo artist for 22 years, until the release of Whitney Houston’s soundtrack to *The Bodyguard* in 1993.
- Holds the record for the most time spent in total on the US album chart (313 weeks) by any female artist.
- Fifth most successful album ever, spending more than six years cumulatively on the US chart since its ’71 release
- In 2003, it was one of 50 recordings chosen by the Library Of Congress to be added to the National Recording Registry.



barclaycard presents

BRITISH SUMMER TIME

Hyde Park

A WORLD
EXCLUSIVE

SUNDAY 3 JULY 2016

FOR THE FIRST TIME

Carole King

PERFORMING

Tapestry

VERY SPECIAL
GUEST

DON HENLEY

LOUISE GOFFIN

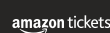
PLUS MANY MORE

BST-HYDEPARK.COM

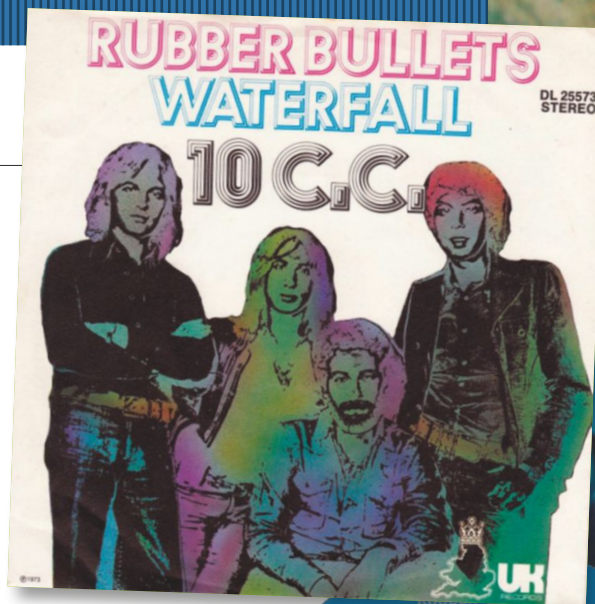
HYDE PARK LONDON



THE ROYAL PARKS



THE MAKING OF...



Rubber Bullets

BY 10cc

How four Manchester studio obsessives created their very own sonic playground and in the process came up with the band's first, somewhat controversial, No 1 hit...

WHEN THE OWNERS of a Stockport hi-fi shop turfed out their upstairs tenants in 1968, they unwittingly created one of the coming decade's most inventive British pop groups.

"I had some finance behind me then," remembers former Mindbender Eric Stewart, who regularly used Inter-City Studios, located on the floor above the shop, to record demos. "I said, 'Let's start a new studio. A proper professional studio.' We found a lovely office building and built a really serious studio, control room and offices, and that was Strawberry Studios."

Strawberry allowed Stewart, collaborator Graham Gouldman and anarchic former art students Kevin Godley and Lol Creme – all talented singers and songwriters – to submerge themselves in writing and recording, without time restrictions or outside interference from labels, producers or engineers.

"We were carrying on in The Beatles' tradition of experimentation," says Gouldman. "Without Strawberry, there would have been no 10cc."

While 10cc's debut single "Donna", a charming doo-wop pastiche, reached No 2 in the UK charts in late '72, the failure of follow-up "Johnny Don't Do It" made it clear to the quartet that they couldn't rely on pastiche or formula. From then on, anything went so long as it excited its creators. "We were all quite eager to find new

ways of doing things," adds Stewart, "and we were picking up stuff from The Beach Boys and Steely Dan. We wanted to do something different."

The public seemed to approve, with "Rubber Bullets" – its frantic rock'n'roll seasoned with Beach Boys harmonies, wry and controversial lyrics inspired by James Cagney movies, and acidic lead guitar – reaching the top of the UK charts in June 1973. It would be the first of a trio of chart-topping hits for the band across the decade, each one primarily sung by a different member of the group: "Rubber Bullets" by Creme, "I'm Not In Love" by Stewart, and "Dreadlock Holiday" by Gouldman.

"It was an open playing field back then," recalls Kevin Godley. "It was a wonderful time to be making music. We were never precious about who did what. There was no ego involved. It was about getting an extraordinary finished result."

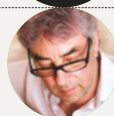
TOM PINNOCK

ERIC STEWART: I'd always wanted to get behind the desk. I'd worked in some superb studios – towards the end of The Mindbenders we'd been to studios like Olympic in London, and

KEY PLAYERS



KEVIN GODLEY
Drums, vocals



GRAHAM GOULDMAN
Bass, guitar, vocals



ERIC STEWART
Lead guitar, vocals

they'd got a Helios desk made by Dick Swettenham. The Stones recorded many of their great albums on it. So I bought about eight modules from Dick Swettenham and put them in a desk that some local electricians had knocked up for us. The sound was great. By the time we did "Rubber Bullets" we had an eight-track Scully machine using these eight Helios mic-and-line modules. It sounded gorgeous.

GRAHAM GOULDMAN:

We were learning all the time with everything we did. Eric was an engineer, so the fact that we were a completely self-contained unit was quite unusual. No-one else would be in the studio, no other engineers were necessary.

KEVIN GODLEY: It quickly became obvious that these faders, these knobs, these little boxes, are capable of providing any noise that you can think of. All you have to do is think of them.

GOULDMAN: It became apparent while we were recording "Donna" that it had that indefinable thing that we're always searching for. We were just having a good time, so it was a surprise when "Donna" did really well. We didn't have any expectations about becoming a massive band or anything.



10cc in 1973: (l-r) Graham Gouldman, Lol Creme, Kevin Godley, Eric Stewart

GODLEY: We'd had one hit, and we kind of figured, "Oh, that did well, let's try and do something similar." But we quickly realised that formula wasn't going to be our strong point.

STEWART: [Second single] "Johnny, Don't Do It" was really a take-off of a Shangri-Las song, "Leader Of The Pack", that Godley and Creme had dreamed up. It's quite a funny song, but no, Johnny didn't do it for us.

GOULDMAN: It was a bit of a disappointment when it didn't chart. But looking back, you know, it was another pastiche. I don't think we had a conversation after... I think it was just bloody obvious that we couldn't do another pastiche.

STEWART: Then Godley and Creme came up with "Rubber Bullets". It was a brilliant idea. We couldn't imagine writing a song about rubber bullets being fired at people – typical Godley and Creme. Perfect.

GODLEY: It may be true to say that "Rubber Bullets" was the next thing that we wrote after "Johnny...". Our way of writing, Lol and me, was just to accept what came out when we sat down and played and sang. So it was like, "OK, 'Johnny, Don't Do It' didn't work, let's not even think about what we do, let's just do.' Lol may have been working with a strange tuning, I'm not sure, but undoubtedly he was playing this smelly old Spanish guitar, and I'd sat down with a notebook opposite him. I think we started writing it in my parents' house, and it just came

out. It was one of those lucky songs that didn't take a fortnight to write. We knew what the feeling of this thing was, which is kind of weird because the lyric is essentially about a fictitious prison riot, taken from a fictitious black and white movie from the era of James Cagney. We were big movie buffs in those days, me and Lol, so it was one of those kind of films... you know, with a prison riot, and there's always a padre there, and a tough cop with a megaphone. It was caricaturing those movies. But the chorus talks about rubber bullets, which weren't invented until the 1970s by the British government to quell the troubles in Northern Ireland. So it didn't make any sense at all. But it just worked.

STEWART: The lyrics are great. Godley and Creme could come up with anything. They were graphic designers by trade, but they had that sort of mind that would just come up with something you'd never dream of. They did it so many times – you think of songs like "Sand In My Face", an eight-stone weakling taking a body-building course so he can fight off a guy who's trying to get hold of his girlfriend... or "Clockwork Creep", a bomb on an airplane singing just before it's about to blow the bloody plane up! No-one could come up with stuff like that. I used to look forward to going down to the studio each morning just wondering what crazy things we would get into. Godley and Creme really are the wackiest people I've ever met in the music business.

GODLEY: We didn't do demos. We'd just show up at the studio and sit around. We probably just played it on Lol's Spanish guitar or something similar. And then we'd kind of rip it up and say, "Well, I like that bit, not sure about that bit, how does that bit go again?" I can't remember whether it was a resounding thumbs-up all round. I seem to remember it was, in general, but naturally when you start recording something it changes shape a little bit along the way, because better ideas actually come out when it exists on tape... and that's probably what happened here.

GOULDMAN: Kev and Lol were wonderful songwriters, but sometimes they could go on a bit. Or they had a habit of writing one part of a song, that would only occur once, that was actually a work of genius. I'd say, "You absolutely have to repeat that part!" We acted very well as editors for each other. In the case of "Rubber Bullets", they said something like, "We need another part to it," and I said, "I'll do it." So I wrote most of the middle section... "Sergeant Baker started talking with a bullhorn in his hand..." But the very end of that was Lol – I remember that – "God will come to set you free...", and I said, "doodly doodly doodly doo"... the link back into the verse. I also wrote the couplet, "We've all got balls and brains, but some's got balls and chains." Very proud of that.

GODLEY: I think one thing that we brought to the band was the idea that the motion of the



FACT FILE

- **Written by:** Lol Creme, Kevin Godley and Graham Gouldman
- **Personnel:** Lol Creme (guitar, vocals, piano), Kevin Godley (drums, vocals), Graham Gouldman (bass, vocals, guitar), Eric Stewart (lead guitar, vocals)
- **Produced by:** 10cc
- **Recorded at:** Strawberry Studios, Stockport, Greater Manchester
- **Released:** June 1973
- **UK/US chart:** 1; 73

them, and dancing around and giving them V-signs, taunting them. Basically, the soldiers responded in kind when a brick almost downed one of them. So they started firing rubber bullets at these kids. And there was a lot of scrambling after them, as they were quite prized, apparently. They used to sell them to visiting journalists or put them on the mantelpiece at home. I don't recall it being banned, but it probably had the adverse effect, as banned things often do.

STEWART: Fortunately, "Rubber Bullets" took off in the charts and suddenly they had to play it. We did a *Top Of The*

Pops with, *ahem*, Jimmy Savile in Manchester, and it went straight to No 1.

GODLEY: Live, we extended it. That came from the idea that that's kind of what you did when you played an encore. You just kept it going and made it as wild as possible. And that song seemed to lend itself to that approach. It was fun to do. A bit knacker, though, because it was quite a long song anyway, and it was very fast – thank goodness we had two drummers onstage [*Paul Burgess joined the band live from 1974*].

STEWART: It gave me a chance to have a little blast on the solos. Of course, I had to use effects pedals live. I remember we went to Manny's in New York and I bought an XLR chorus pedal that they told me they'd just sold to Donald Fagen. I thought, 'Oh God, I've gotta have one of those.' "Rubber Bullets" opened up a lot of avenues for us, and by the time we got into [1974's] *Sheet Music* we just exploded, experimentally. That, for me, is my favourite 10cc album.

GOULDMAN: We were already freed-up to do anything, we were free from the beginning. And so, we continued to be a band that sounded different on every record we ever made.

GODLEY: "Rubber Bullets" was our first biggie. I remember when we finished it, it felt special. Sometimes when you record songs, they can sound good, but they don't always have that extra bit of fairy dust on them, but this was one of the ones that did. It was just kind of different to whatever else was out there. It had something... we all agreed on it. It wasn't like, "Oh, it's OK, it's only a B-side, it's not an album track." We all felt it could go all the way. But it wasn't the success factor so much as being able to deliver an interesting piece of music, and that's what drove us. The lesson is, don't copy anybody else, stick to what you do, and figure it out your own way. ①

Eric Stewart's autobiography is out as an ebook soon, with an anthology of his solo work also set for release. Graham Gouldman's 10cc play the Wychwood Festival, Cheltenham, June 4, and tour the UK from September 2016: see www.10ccworld.com. Kevin Godley's Spacecake e-book memoir is now available in iBooks; Hog Fever: The Ear Movie, directed by Godley, is out now

➡ song doesn't have to live in a linear place all the way through. It can jump around, it can change mood. It can go into a quiet room or a louder room or go up onto the roof, if you like, and change musical structure. I think we started the middle bit, but didn't quite know where to take it. So I imagine Graham took it to where it needed to go, because again, like Lol, he had a very intense knowledge of how chords work and where they should go and how lyrics work.

STEWART: It was pretty similar to how it ended up when they first brought it in, though they hadn't got any riffs sorted out. I was very interested in the Steely Dan drum sounds then, which were very close-mic'd.

GODLEY: Eric always managed to get a good sound out of the kit, but I found out quickly when they were mixing the kit and they soloed in on the hi-hat mic you could hear me mumbling gibberish while I played – very embarrassing. Eric had an extraordinary pair of ears that managed to capture the essence of everything we were doing in that particular space.

STEWART: I used to use Neumann U67 valve mics, which cost more than a bloody E-Type Jag, about 12 hundred quid apiece. Those sounded so good. We built an echo chamber in the stone-staircase going down to the basement. We put a speaker at the bottom and a microphone at the top, and it actually did work.

GODLEY: It probably only took a few days to record. There was no-one coming in to check on how we were doing. And there were no mobile phones ringing. So, it was like we were in there, virtually with the door locked just playing and overdubbing until it was done.

GOULDMAN: How we'd record at that point was always the same – me and Lol would play electric guitar and Kevin would play drums, and Eric would engineer in the control room.

STEWART: We were going on to an eight-track machine. That meant a lot of track-jumping to get on as many overdubs and vocals as we could, which is a bit of a risk to take because you couldn't go backwards once you'd erased a track.

GOULDMAN: The next thing we put on was a piano, which had a sort of slightly strange sound on it, slightly chorused or phased. We used to do that quite a lot, put an unusual sound on, and that would influence all the other things that we put on after. On the surface of it, "Rubber Bullets" just sounds like a straight rock track, but there are other things in there. We'd usually try and put the bass on as late as possible. Yeah, very McCartney, and I understand why. He does it for the same reason. You know the sound you get then is pretty much gonna be as it is when it gets mixed, so you might EQ the bass differently at that later stage. I had a Mustang bass, and a Gibson SG that I used at that point, and Lol had a Gibson. Eric played the lead part on his Les Paul.

STEWART: On "Rubber Bullets", I slowed down the tape and played the guitar solo again at normal key and then when the tape was sped back up I had duelling guitars there. Beautiful. One playing an octave higher and one playing the actual lead solo normal speed. I played straight through the Helios module. The first modules, if you turned up the mic amp to full it would go into the most beautiful distortion – a pure, smooth sound.

GODLEY: I think that guitar is actually the signature sound of the record.

GOULDMAN: On the opening riff, I'm playing bass through a wah-wah pedal. It was the sort of the thing we would do, just to not be the same as everybody else [*laughs*]... and it worked great.

STEWART: Our harmonies certainly on the choruses were very Beach Boys-influenced but the lyrics weren't. And it got banned, initially, by the BBC. They banned it because they thought it was about Northern Ireland. It wasn't, it was about the Attica prison riots in America.

GODLEY: This Irish journalist [*ex NME writer*] Sean O'Hagan, he told me an extraordinary story. When "Rubber Bullets" was released, he lived in Armagh, and one Saturday evening, there was a crowd of kids throwing stones at an army patrol – probably a couple of Land Rovers, and the kids started singing the chorus of "Rubber Bullets" at

TIMELINE

1968 Strawberry Studios moves to 3 Waterloo Road, Stockport

1970 Bubblegum sessions for Kasenetz and Katz of Super K Productions allows

Stewart and co to buy better equipment
1972 Without a name, Creme, Godley,

Gouldman and Stewart record enough songs for a debut album
June 1973 "Rubber

Bullets" spends a week at No 1, while their self-titled debut LP reaches No 36 a month after

You too can be in show biz all over again.

Ah yes. The Kinks, past masters of the art of biz snap and crackle, and now you you YOU can go right along with them.

"Everybody's in Show biz" their iconic double album, still splits it: half studio with some of the Kinksiest Kinks songs in an age ("Celluloid Heroes" for one, "Supersonic Rocket Ship" for another), the other half live in-concert at Carnegie Hall AND now with a whole disc's worth of bonus tracks, previously unissued studio sessions, outtakes and unheard live material!

"Everybody's In Show Biz."
The Kinks.
That's REAL show biz, kid.
Eat your heart out.



DOUBLE CD / TRIPLE LP / DOWNLOAD
03/06/16

RCA **LEGACY**

wearesonylegacy.com

hmv
in-store | online



THE SOUND MACHINE

DO YOU HAVE A VINYL RECORD COLLECTION TO SELL?

We are interested in viewing ALL quality collections of vinyl records ANYWHERE in mainland UK. We will travel to you at any time that is convenient for you.

Contact Neal or Steve, all enquiries will be promptly answered.

✉ info@thesoundmachine.uk.com

☎ 0118 957 5075 📠 07786 078 361

thesoundmachine.uk.com

Follow us on:



UP TO 30% OFF
WHEN YOU
SUBSCRIBE TODAY

TRY OUR iPad EDITION FOR FREE by visiting the iTunes App Store



OUT NOW

www.recordcollectormag.com

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING

PRINCE 1958-2016

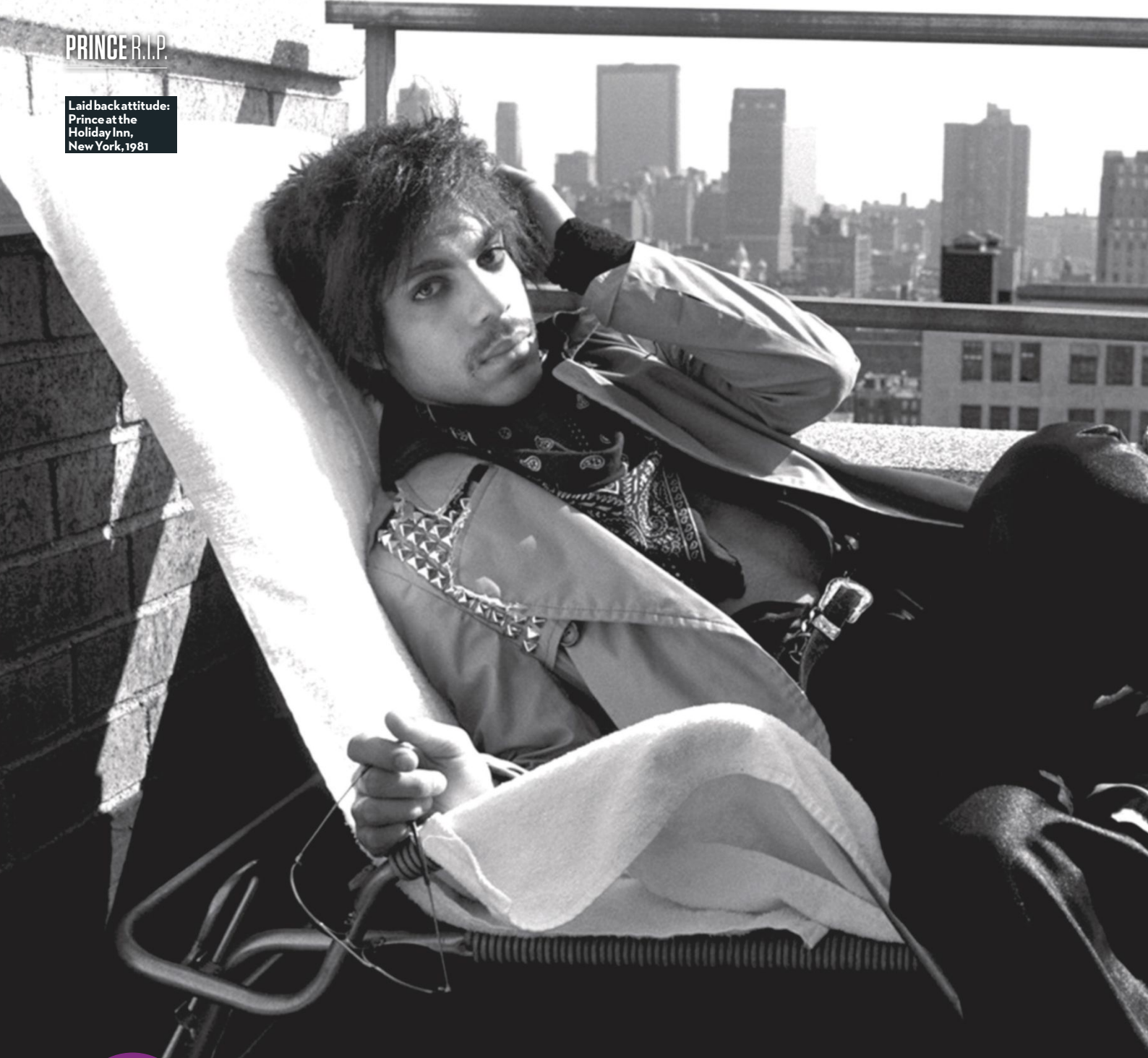
A salute to the kaleidoscopic genius of Prince Rogers Nelson. David Cavanagh assesses the seismic impact of “the most complete rock star”, while his grieving collaborators remember in detail the unstoppable creativity, 24/7 jams, wild schemes and instant parties. “It’s hard to believe that he’s not on this planet anymore.”

Photograph: Rob Verhorst/Redferns

Small man, long shadow: Prince on the Diamonds & Pearls Tour, May 27, 1992



Laid back attitude:
Prince at the
Holiday Inn,
New York, 1981



ON 7 APRIL 1978, a week before the release of the *Grease* soundtrack sent John Travolta-mania spinning into its second phase, a debut album by a new artist on Warner Bros slipped quietly into American record stores. *For You* charted at 163 on the *Billboard* charts, a fair achievement for a 19-year-old who hadn't yet done a national tour. But the startling thing about *For You*, even more impressive than the opening chorale of harmonised voices that all turned out to be the work of one person, was the amount of instruments he played. There were 27 of them. "Produced, Arranged, Composed and Performed by Prince," the sleeve notes boasted. Alone, singlehandedly. Nobody else so much as rattled a tambourine.

JOE STEVENS

The young prodigy from the Mid-West was sold to black America as the next Stevie Wonder – autonomous, multi-skilled and funky – but with so much talent at his fingertips he could just as easily have been marketed as the next Gaye, Mayfield, Hathaway, Green, Clinton, Family Stone, Isley Brothers or Gamble & Huff. And even then, the rock-educated, new-wave-loving Prince Rogers Nelson might have found the comparison restrictive. Why not target a white audience? Why not target the world? Within three years, he was the toast of rock critics. Within five, a crossover star on MTV. Within six-and-a-half, a screen idol and cultural phenomenon.

Miles Davis believed him to be a synthesis of three of the greatest entertainers in history: Jimi Hendrix, the flamboyant free spirit of the guitar; James Brown, the commander of funk who drove his band like Diaghilev; and Charlie Chaplin, comedy's epitome of pathos, but a strong-willed auteur behind the camera who demanded, and was given, full artistic control. Davis, like many others, became obsessed with Prince on hearing 1999, the double album that took a Cold War premise (we're all going to die in a nuclear war) and urged us to celebrate like the euphoric crowds on VE Day. "He's the music of the people who go out



after 10 or 11 at night,” Davis marvelled. “He comes in on the beat and plays on top of the beat. I think when Prince makes love, he hears drums instead of Ravel.”

Jon Bream, a Minneapolis writer who covered Prince’s career for 40 years, described him in a BBC documentary as “the most complete rock star there is”. Others described him as a perfectionist, a control freak, a narcissist, an inexhaustible workaholic, a consummate self-mythologist and a severe introvert with an impish sense of humour. But no description of Prince was ever more explicit, or more shocking, than the one uttered by Jim Olson, sheriff of Minnesota’s Carver County, when he addressed the world’s media on the afternoon of April 21.

Unresponsive adult male.

“Say it isn’t so,” tweeted Chris Rock and Russell Crowe within minutes of each other. The skies had started raining on a white building on the outskirts of Minneapolis. A team of paramedics, summoned to Paisley Park by a 911 call, had found a body slumped in an elevator.

“**M**OST PEOPLE IN this world are born dead, but I was born alive,” sang Prince in a 2014 song called “Way Back Home”. The majority of

STRANGE MEETING

A curious encounter with The Artist Formerly Known As Prince

“Maybe I could buy you a house...”

IN FEBRUARY 1995 there were signs that Prince was no longer the force he’d been a decade earlier. He was in dispute with Warners, who wouldn’t let him own his master tapes. He played long live sets of hard funk, ignoring all but a few hits. He was mocked for a bizarre speech at the Brits. The word “slave” was written on his cheek. And for almost two years he’d been known by a symbol, having put the death notice ‘Prince 1958-1993’ on the sleeve of his album, *Come*.

Rehearsing at Wembley Arena for his ‘Ultimate Live Experience’ tour, he met a few journalists one-to-one, to explain his stand-off with Warners. The rules were simple: no tape recorders, no notes. A bodyguard frisked me as I entered the dressing-room. TAFKAP was wearing blue lace, gold jewellery and shades. Cool air wafted from an overhead fan. He smelt delicious. “What’s happened is that the people who signed me, and the people I had a relationship with, have moved on and been replaced by people I don’t know,” he said, speaking in a deep voice. “Guys like Mo Ostin, who built the industry with Clive Davis, Ahmet Ertegun... they’re moving out and there are guys coming in who don’t understand me or music. All they know is marketing.”

I sympathised. He began impersonating the guys he was talking about, sounding like Richard Pryor in his routine about white people returning after the intermission to find black people sitting in their seats. “You know what one of them said to me? ‘So, uh, do you think this hip-hop thing is going to last?’ Ha! (Looks at imaginary watch, hails taxi) Listen, I gotta go. I can’t deal with that.”

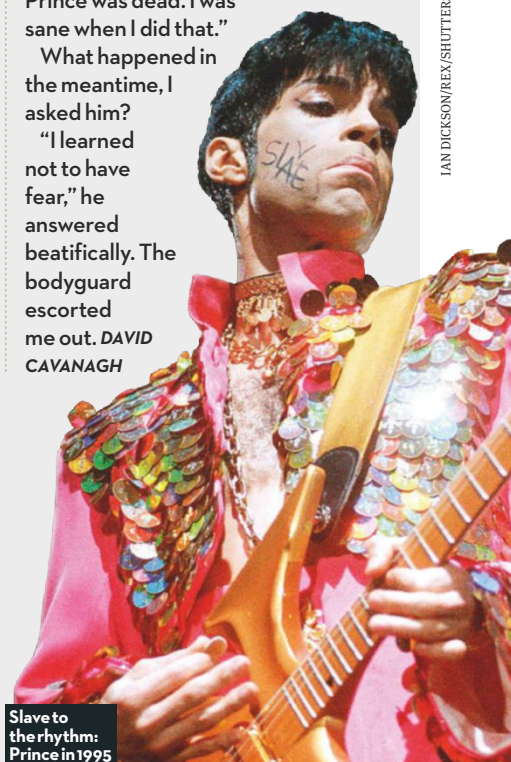
He was fast-talking, charismatic and funny. He hinted he might vandalise

Warners’ HQ in Burbank. “Now, some brothers I know, who shall remain nameless, that’s the way they do it. Haven’t seen a cheque lately? They go in, destroy the office. (Panic-stricken employee) ‘OK, OK, I’ll pay you your money! Just don’t break things!’”

When he laughed, he fell sideways on the sofa like Des O’Connor. He seemed keen to remunerate me for publicising his cause. “Maybe I could buy you a house?” he suggested, and for one wonderful moment I thought he was serious. “When I changed my name, a lot of people thought I was insane,” he allowed. “There was a point where I was very ill and afraid for my sanity, but that was before I changed my name, before this spiritual period of my life when I knew Prince was dead. I was sane when I did that.”

What happened in the meantime, I asked him?

“I learned not to have fear,” he answered beatifically. The bodyguard escorted me out. **DAVID CAVANAGH**



artists would probably have thought twice before making such a cavalier statement, but the majority of artists were not Prince. One of the most fearless and prolific stars of any era (“Way Back Home” appeared on *Art Official Age*, his 35th studio album in 36 years), he sold over 100 million records, won an Oscar and seven Grammys – including three in 1985 as the American music industry reeled under the unstoppable momentum of *Purple Rain* – and wrote over 1,000 songs for himself and others. He set a breathless pace in the 1980s, inventing and reinventing, just as David Bowie had done



IAN DICKSON/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

Pocket rocket: Prince performs at LA's Roxy Theatre, promoting second album *Prince*, November 26, 1979



➤ in the '70s. There were times when he made even Madonna look slow, and not many people did that. With their colourful Christian names, the two icons dominated the yuppie decade, but there were crucial differences in their manifestos. "Give me everything I don't have," the Material Girl pouted. "All those things you don't have? I have them," smiled Prince inscrutably. While Madonna patented the wannabe, Prince embodied the maestro, the grand illusionist.

Always prolific, he'd been tirelessly active in the last 18 months, releasing two albums in 2015 (*HitnRun Phase One* and *HitnRun Phase Two*) and taking his Piano & A Microphone tour – a series of intimate evenings with only candles onstage for company – to Britain, Europe, Australia and New Zealand. "I'm doing it to challenge myself," he explained, "like tying one hand behind my back. I'm not relying on the craft that I've known for 30 years." Reviews of the tour were fabulous. The champion had defended his title one-handed.

Then, as if shedding another layer, he told a New York audience in March that he was writing his autobiography. "Y'all still read books, right?" he grinned. Spiegel & Grau, a division of Random House that had published the memoirs of Jay Z and Nile Rodgers, were the lucky bidders. "Millions of words have been written about Prince," their press release ran, which seems awfully poignant now, "but we're thrilled to be publishing Prince's powerful reflections on his own life in his own incandescently vivid, witty and poetic voice." With a working title of *The Beautiful Ones*, the book had a provisional publication date of autumn 2017. Instead, at 9.43am on April 21, a 911 dispatcher in Carver County picked up a ringing telephone, and the millions of words written about Prince were swiftly engulfed by an avalanche of bereavement.

"Most people in this world are born dead, but I was born alive"

Pronounced dead at 10:07am, the little magician burst into focus as stunningly as he ever had when alive. Had he sensed in that last breath that he had one more illusion up his sleeve? *Most people in this world are born dead, but I was born alive.* The multitudes outside his palatial compound, unable to believe what they were hearing, reacted like the Prince audience they'd always been, rising to their feet and cheering his name to the rafters. Instant tributes streamed in from Paul McCartney ("God bless this creative giant"), Mick Jagger, Madonna ("a visionary who changed the world"), Will Smith, Spike Lee, Justin Timberlake, Elton John ("musically way ahead of any of us"), Quincy Jones and Barack Obama, an outgoing president paying his respects to an unknowable black superstar who hadn't voted for him. MTV and Google turned their logos purple for the day. NASA tweeted a purple nebula in honour. First Avenue, the Minneapolis nightclub where parts of *Purple Rain* were filmed, joined many venues across America in holding impromptu all-night parties so that grief, disbelief and non-stop music could intermingle. Hundreds of fans gathered outside Paisley Park, where the rain paused and a perfect rainbow arced across the sky over Prince's private Xanadu.



Sign of the times: A rainbow over Paisley Park in Chanhassen, Minnesota, April 21, 2016

IN BRITAIN, THE end of the purple reign made front-page headlines in *The Sun*, *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Guardian* and *Times*. One of the few tabloids to relegate it to an inside page was the *The Daily Mail*, sister paper of *The Mail On Sunday*, which saw its sales increase by 25 per cent in July 2007 when it gave away cover-mounted copies of Prince's new album, *Planet Earth*. His free gift to three million UK readers, viewed by some analysts at the time as an act of marketing suicide, is now widely regarded as revolutionary.

Around 18 million people have died so far in 2016,

"HE WAS WEARING A TOWEL AND A SHOWER CAP"

SUSAN ROGERS

(Engineer: 1983–1988)

"I'D BEEN WORKING for CSN in LA

when I heard Prince was looking for a new audio technician. I thought I'd be perfect for him. He liked working with

women. I knew all his material and had been a fan since the start.

"The first time I ever saw Prince in the flesh, he was wearing a towel and a shower cap. He was taking delivery of some new studio equipment at his house in Chanhassen, Minnesota. I'd flown out from LA to help with the installation of this console and I asked to use the facilities. 'Go into the house then go down the stairs – it's on the right.' Just as I opened the front door, this small figure came flying past me in a towel and a shower cap. He was coming from the shower upstairs. I thought, 'Oh, great. I hope he didn't see me.' I didn't want him to think, 'This is the person I've just hired! You're fired!'"

"I had a list of things that needed doing to install this new console; about a week's worth of work. The studio was downstairs across the hallway from his master bedroom. He kept a turntable in there and would play records a lot. He loved 'Karma Chameleon' by Culture Club. Right above me was the living room where his piano was. When he wasn't playing records, I could hear him playing songs, he ended up recording for *Purple Rain*. 'Computer Blue' and 'Beautiful Ones'. Lots of iterations. I could hear him rehearsing with Vanity Six. He was eager for me to hurry up and finish so he could come down and resume recording.

"When I finished, he came downstairs, didn't introduce himself, and said, 'Come back tomorrow morning and we'll begin.' It was a little set of instructions and he turned around to walk away. Something inside of me, a little voice just said 'Don't let it start like this...' As he turned to walk away, I said 'Excuse me, Prince. I'm Susan



Rogers.' I stuck my hand out to shake his hand. He got this amused look on his face. He's standing there on the stairs and he stuck his hand out. We shook hands, he did a little bow and said, 'I'm Prince.'

"In the studio, some of the arrangements were done in rehearsal with the band. 'Let's Go Crazy' started with an idea and then he would direct the band to the parts that he wanted. We recorded that basic track with the whole band at rehearsal, then they went home and he and I stayed to finish the song. We'd add overdubs, guitar solo and lead vocal.

"Other songs were worked out just on piano and then brought to the studio like 'The Beautiful Ones' and 'Computer Blue'. I think 'Darling Nikki' he did on his own in the studio, one instrument after another. He had an incredible aptitude for auditory imagery, for imagining what worked with what. That's why he could work so fast.

"Was he easy to work with? Yes and no. He was easy in that he had a sense of direction and a lot of work got done. There was money, so anything we needed we could get. We had the best equipment. That's a luxury. The difficult part was we had to stay up long, long, long hours. A typical day might be 20, 24 hours. A 12-hour day would be like a day off. There were no real days off – even Christmas, New Year and birthdays. I was happy to do that as I had my dream job. But it was physically challenging, and there were many days when I was up for 48 hours. There was one – only one! – but one where I was up for 96 hours. Yeah, that was a long day.

"He would frequently throw parties. He called them birthday parties, but it wasn't anyone's birthday. He'd bring in food to



rehearsal. There'd be a pool table set up or a ping-pong table and there'd be a turntable so we'd feed it into the loudspeakers and we'd dance. Sometimes the band would play and he would invite friends and people who lived locally, people he knew from the clubs. He'd sometimes rent a movie theatre and we could all go to the movies or roller-skating or ice-skating. Sometimes he just liked having the band over to his house. We'd have the TV on and watch MTV and just talk. Most of the socialising he did, as you might imagine, was dating. He'd go to First Avenue to dance and then he'd meet someone, be with her for a few hours and then often, when his dates ended, he'd come back to the studio and we'd resume. That was quite common.

"I'll share a story. In November '83, I'd been in his employ maybe three months. He was doing the *Purple Rain* movie. There was



Dially grind (left): Susan Rogers in a mobile truck recording the Sign 'O' The Times tour in Rotterdam, Netherlands, June 29, 1987

going be the night shoot in South Minneapolis. For some ridiculous reason, I decided he needed pie. He had a real sweet tooth. So I baked this pie and took it to the movie set. I knock on the door of his trailer, he opens it and I said, 'Prince, I've made you a pie.' I hand over this pie. He said, 'A pie?' I said, 'Yeah. A pie.' He had that same look on his face as he'd had when we shook hands when I met him, slightly amused. He said, 'Thank you. Hang on a second.' He set the pie on the table and came back with some Tic Tacs. I put my hand out and he tapped a few Tic Tacs into my palm. A reciprocal exchange. Our relationship changed after that. I think he realised I wanted to be of service. There were times when he'd ask 'What would be good right now? Chocolate chip cookies, hot chocolate or cake?' So if we were working at his home I'd take that as my cue and run to the store to get some ingredients and make him some cookies. He was an expert at reading people and understanding how to bring out the best in them. I think that pie incident went a long way. It helped our relationship."

INTERVIEW: MICHAEL BONNER



Shades of funk
punk: Prince mixes
up his styles, New
York, 1981

including over 1,000 today in the United Kingdom alone. The high number of celebrity deaths since January has jolted many a baby-boomer into fearing an apocalyptic end to the established order of their lives, yet the death toll is far from unprecedented. It corresponds almost exactly to the first four months of 1976, when the world lost Agatha Christie, Sid James, Paul Robeson, Sal Mineo, Roger Livesey, Lee J. Cobb, Carol Reed, Busby Berkeley, Luchino Visconti, Howard Hughes, LS Lowry and Field Marshal Montgomery. The pre-war and post-war generations must have thought their childhoods were evaporating before their eyes. Just as they would 40 years later, those deaths in 1976 arrived in clusters and clumps with no pattern and no symmetry, their sequence chosen as if by random from a directory of the famous.

As it happened, thousands of Britons on April 21 were still mourning the death of Victoria Wood a day earlier when the breaking news bulletins on BBC and Sky suddenly cut to a development in Minneapolis. To see Prince, like Wood, edge aside the politicians and shisha-smoking footballers on the front pages of national newspapers was a clear demonstration that television, music and nostalgia are three of the nation's most powerful emotional currencies, particularly when they overlap. Everyone is a fan of something in childhood, and even the editors of gutter tabloids began life as children. Once – and it wasn't too long ago – when a musician died, people read about it on page 11 of their daily paper. Now we steel ourselves for the sight of them, their lyrics reshaped into banner headlines, their obituaries written as rave reviews. I never meant to cause you any sorrow. The stars look very different today.

The days following Prince's death saw a bittersweet irony, however, as a saddened online population searched the usual places for his greatest hits – or an album to play in his memory – and found them nowhere to be seen on Spotify, and only sparsely represented on YouTube. The first major artist to sell an album online (*Crystal Ball* in 1997), Prince had created his own official website, NPG Music Club, in 2001, only to rail against the internet in subsequent years,

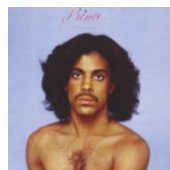
BUYER'S GUIDE | THE EARLY YEARS



FOR YOU 1978

For the first time the legend read, "Produced,

arranged, composed, and performed by Prince". *For You* was a typically bold statement from the then 19-year-old artist. He set out his stall on the debut single "Soft And Wet": synth-y disco funk, introduced by the immortal line, "Hey, lover, I got a sugarcane/That I wanna lose in you." His voice is largely a coy falsetto and the album's prevailing mood is light soul, which doesn't particularly indicate the musical accomplishments to come – though the one-man jam at the end of "Just As Long As We're Together" is a clear highlight.



PRINCE 1979

For You didn't sell as well as hoped, so Prince's second

album foregrounds polished pop songs, "I Wanna Be Your Lover" and "I Feel For You" (later recorded by Chaka Khan). But beyond the hunt for hits, Prince is still a more diverse record than its predecessor: there's the new wave jams of "Sexy Dancer", a spirited guitar solo that closes "Why You Wanna Treat Me So Bad?" and on "When We're Dancing Close And Slow" the Prince lyric in excelsis: "I want to come inside you." Meanwhile, "Bambi" pre-empt's a lot of the '80s-era jams.



DIRTY MIND 1980

The early breakthrough. The doe-eyed romantic of the

first two albums is replaced by a sexually voracious upstart. The music broadens, too, now encompassing new wave ("When You Were Mine"), funk jams ("Partyup") and soulful ballads ("Gotta Broken Heart Again"), and on "Uptown", there's a bona fide R&B hit. There are collaborators, too, with Lisa Coleman and Doctor Fink joining the party. Subjects include oral sex ("Head") and incest ("Sister"). "I wasn't being deliberately provocative," he told *Rolling Stone*. "I was being deliberately me."



CONTROVERSY 1981

"I wish there were no black and white/I wish there were

no rules..." sang Prince on the album's seven-minute title track; a moment which crystallised the album's mix of social and political critique and sexual emancipation. Certainly, Prince the playful provocateur is still evident – "Jack U Off", the eight-minute "Do Me, Baby" – but this is less sexually narcissistic than previous albums. "Ronnie Talk To Russia" and the showstopping "Annie Christian" take their cues from real world issues (the latter touches on black child murders in Atlanta, John Lennon's murder and the FBI's ABSCAM operation).

removing his music from any sites he suspected of pirating it. By 2015 his dislike of sharing and streaming sites was so intransigent that only Jay Z's subscription-based Tidal service met with his approval. His lawyers were notorious for stamping down on transgressors.

But with Amazon rapidly running out of stock as the events of April 21 unfolded, anyone wanting to hear *Purple Rain*, 1999, *Parade*, *Sign 'O' The Times* or a decent compilation had to go about it the old-fashioned way – by walking into a record shop and buying one. Shelves were quickly stripped bare. A catalogue that ordinarily sold 1,500 units a week sold 579,000 in the space of three days.

"Albums still matter," Prince had insisted in his speech at the 2015 Grammys, where he presented an award to Beck. "Like books and black lives, albums still matter."

Sadly, it took his death to prove him absolutely right.

A PRIAPIC DANDY SMELLING of incense and flowers, a salacious provocateur in a trench coat and bikini briefs, small in stature but tall in the saddle, Prince Rogers Nelson had to come from somewhere, and his 'somewhere' was a broken home on the shabby north side of Minneapolis, a city with a mere three per cent black population. A tough start in life left its mark on a quiet boy who communicated his feelings through music and who looked at the world through "Egyptian eyes" – as Joni Mitchell called them – tinged with pain. Albert Magnoli, who directed him in *Purple Rain*, characterised Prince as a blend of "extreme artistry and vulnerability, all mixed into one person".

Extreme artist he certainly was. Nobody had been quite so extreme before. Permeating his songs from almost day one were bodies soaked in sweat, moistening, grinding and writhing. The title and lyrics of his first single, "Soft And Wet", set a high bar that he proceeded to elevate with

relish the more he put his mind to it. Every generation likes to outdo the previous one in the innuendos it can get away with, from "finger pie" to "giving head", but Prince was determined to confront the taboos that other pop songwriters quailed at. Revelling in outrage and scandal, he set a new indoor record for X-rated lyricism with the full-blown hardcore porn movie that was *Dirty Mind* (1980). Having had a threesome with a girl and another man ("When You Were Mine"), he then engaged in incest ("Sister") and intercepted a bride on her way to the church before ejaculating over her wedding dress ("Head"). On the 1981 album *Controversy* – which proved unpopular with the biker community when he opened for The Rolling Stones in Los Angeles – he begged a girl to let him masturbate her



"HE USED TO STEAL MY CANDY BARS"

ROB "CUBBY" COLBY

(Live sound engineer: 1980–1988)

I WAS ASKED to bring in a stage monitor system. We set up the entire sound system in a day. At the end of the day, when we thought we were going to go home, guess who arrived? 11pm! He walked out to front of house, put in a cassette tape – this was 1980 – and listened to the sound system. Eventually, he made his way up to the stage and asked if he could play the drums. He sat down at the LinnDrum machine and programmed a beat. Then he started playing the Simmons drum kit along with the beat he'd just programmed. He moved to a keyboard rig, playing bass lines with his left hand and horn punches with his right. Then he put on the bass guitar and then he put on a guitar and he makes the rounds, playing different guitars, his included. Sets everything back down, gets back up on the drum machine, hits stop. I look at my watch: it's 3.30 in the morning.

"Prince was always in control. Orchestrating everything, every dance step, right down to the shoelaces. Everything was well organised. Even rehearsals. We started at 10 o'clock in the morning 'til six at night, Monday through Saturday. Sometimes on Friday afternoon, in the middle of rehearsal, he would ask the band to stop on the 'one'. The band would stop. 'Gimme five.' The band would punch out five hits. Then he'd say into the mic, 'Who wants to play basketball?' He'd disappear and come back with a pair



of regular tennis shoes on, go out there and beat everyone at basketball. That's when all bets were off. We'd play long enough so whichever team he was on would win by at least 20 points. Just kill ya.

"He was an absolute professional. Courteous. But if he thought for one second you were saying yes when you should have been saying no, you'd have been busted. You had to be ready. If you made a habit of being late by a few minutes, at some point he'd stop during the day and say, 'Hey, you were late for three days. I don't think that's nice to everybody. If we're here, you should be here.' There was never any kind of nonsense. He was well respected by everybody as he worked so hard. Not trying to be a perfectionist, but just to show the right demeanour. I learned so much from him. Not just about music and engineering, but how to treat other people.

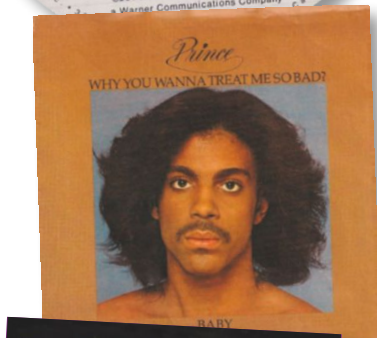
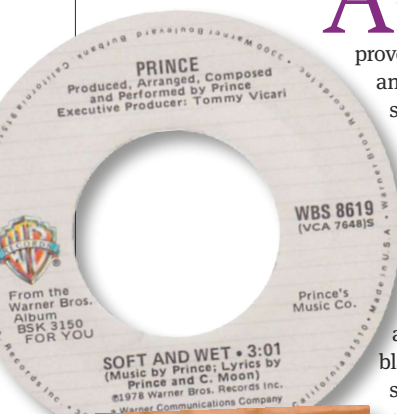
"He used to steal my PayDay candy bar off the rehearsal console all the time. I never knew who was taking it until one day I looked up and he was standing there eating my candy bar. I go over and say, 'Man, my PayDay!' And he goes, 'Payday's not till Friday.'

"I used to refer to Paisley Park as 'the playground'. It really was. It was a bustling facility back then in the '80s. The management team he had. The purple dove was in the cage, the coffee pot was on, The FedEx guy was coming and going. It was a special time." **INTERVIEW: MICHAEL BONNER**

Prince was determined to confront the taboos that other pop songwriters quailed at

in a cinema. Or failing that, in a restaurant of her choice.

When he performed live with his band the Revolution, one could have been forgiven for thinking his dazzling skills had arrived on a plate, needing no tuition. In fact, meticulous work had gone into making him look and sound sensational. A maestro is defined as 'a master of any art', and Prince, by the time "Little Red Corvette" introduced him to a worldwide audience in 1983, had mastered the recording studio, two dozen musical instruments, a host of disparate genres – including funk, new wave and heavy rock – as well as the art forms of dance and choreography, the technical aspects of costume design and hairstyling, and the finer points of image-building and media manipulation. This was the Prince who wrote and recorded the backing track of "1999" on his own in a single night after everyone else in the Revolution and The Time had finished rehearsing and gone to bed. "It's not fair," protested The Time's Jimmy Jam when Prince played him the cassette the next day. "When do you sleep?"



Both diurnal and nocturnal, he appeared to have little need for rest. After a physically demanding concert lasting several hours, he would invariably materialise onstage in a nearby club and perform an after-show gig with the energy of a teenager. Even in his fifties, his stamina was so strong that 3rdeyegirl – the trio who played on his 2014 album *Plectrumelectrum* – told stories of multiple 12-hour jam sessions at Paisley Park. Rhonda Smith, who joined the New Power Generation in 1997, once explained to *Bass Player* magazine that, although all of Prince's musicians were on a permanent state of 24-hour call, he would often play their instruments himself if he found himself alone in the studio at 3am.

Was that what happened on the night of his death? Had he been alone in the studio recording? To put it another way, did he ever stop recording?

"People have told us that there is an undercurrent of spirituality in everything that we do," Prince, writing in the plural, speculated in a 2004 email interview with *The San Francisco Examiner*. "But honestly, we are so busy making the music that there is not much time for analysis."

LETTERS IN THE archive of the Minneapolis *Star Tribune* bear witness to the athleticism of Prince Nelson as a schoolboy. He may have stood 5'2", but he was a demon basketball player if some people are to be

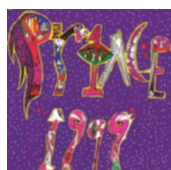


believed, shooting the hoops with his half-brother Duane who was a foot taller. In the meantime, as the guitarist in the mid-'70s Minneapolis funk band Grand Central, Prince watched and absorbed, taking it all in. He sat a course in music business studies at Central High School, learning about contracts, copyright and control. And then one day he made his move.

Signing to Warner Bros after his manager negotiated a 'full artistic control' contract, Prince was free to forge a musical identity for himself entirely on his own terms. But one career was never going to be enough for such a productive writer and thinker. Mixing R&B with synthesisers, he established a funk-propelled Minneapolis Sound in a 97 per cent white city, gathering around him a multiracial band and a talented clique of protégés for whom he was the songwriter, starmaker and stylist. The semi-autobiographical *Purple Rain* turned this coterie into one of the coolest gangs in 1980s cinema, but the precise relationships between Prince and his players were not as they sometimes seemed in the movie. For one thing, in real life, Prince never allowed himself to be viewed as a loser. Not once. Prince told the likes of Morris Day what to do, not the other way round.

A feelgood film with subtle elements of a Napoleonic revenge fantasy, *Purple Rain* allowed Prince, like Chaplin before him, to be the little

BUYER'S GUIDE | THE IMPERIAL PHASE



1999
1982
Released just as the Cold War reached terrible new

heights, 1999 found Prince mulling the apocalypse and deciding to kick back until the bomb drops – "Party over, oops!". The first album to feature the Revolution, 1999 is also Prince's first masterpiece. But Prince hasn't entirely abandoned his old ways. On "Let's Pretend We're Married", he tells the object of his affection, "I sincerely wanna fuck the taste out of your mouth". Elsewhere, "Little Red Corvette" is a compelling mix of rock swagger and funk swing, "Something In The Water (Does Not Compute)" is strange and claustrophobic, while the 10-minute "Automatic" features icy synth washes.



PURPLE RAIN
1984
By now, Prince was so prolific he was writing

material not only for his own albums but also spin-off bands The Time and Vanity 6. *Purple Rain* continued

his creative streak. "When Doves Cry" and "Let's Go Crazy" were both US No 1s. *Purple Rain* consolidated Prince's funk and R&B influences, while also pushing heavily into thrilling new directions – often in the same song. "When Doves Cry" manages to be both robo-funk and hair metal. "Computer Blue" is a club jam about technological alienation.



AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY
1985
"Open your heart and open your mind,"

sang Prince at the start of his seventh studio album. Behind a sleeve that consciously echoed *Sgt Pepper*, Prince appeared to be embracing psychedelia; but beyond the trippy, goofy pop of "Raspberry Beret" were more experimental pleasures such as the jazzy "Temptation" and jittery "Tambourine". But "Pop Life" best summed up Prince, contemplating the pros and cons of his success in the aftermath of *Purple Rain*: "Everybody can't be on top/But life it ain't real funky, unless it's got that pop."



PARADE
1986
Melancholic ballad "Sometimes It Snows In April"

took on an additional resonance in the wake of Prince's death. It's one of many highlights here, although *Parade*'s best songs are really the crisp dance tracks, starting off with the effortless and assured "Kiss", a US No 1. A soundtrack to Prince's second film, *Under The Cherry Moon* (best forgotten), *Parade* offers traces of its predecessor's psych leanings ("Christopher Tracy's Parade"), but comes into its own on the kinetic "Anotherloverholeinyourhead" and "Girls & Boys", which is capped by a honking sax solo.



SIGN O' THE TIMES
1987
A double album, partly compiled from

sessions for abandoned albums *The Dream Factory* (the last to feature the Revolution), *Camille* and *Crystal Ball*, *Sign O' The Times* clocked in at 16 tracks – a complex and restless highlight

in his glorious run of '80s releases. The sparse title track found Prince engaging in social commentary, while elsewhere the album finds riches in jazz fusion ("Play In The Sunshine"), Sly Stone-style singalong ("Forever In My Life"), gospel ("The Cross") and jams ("Housequake"). "Starfish and Coffee", meanwhile, was chosen by The Cure's Robert Smith as one of his favourite songs of the '80s.



LOVEXEY
1988
The *Black Album* should have been next; but Prince

withdrew it at the last moment. Consequently, *LoveSexy* was written, recorded and released at speed. Does it show? While not quite in the same league as its predecessors, *LoveSexy* is a typically ambitious set, finding Prince sharing his love of God and sex in equal measure. Presented in one continuous sequence, highlights include the raw weirdness of "Anna Stesia", fine single "Alphabet Street" and the elegant "I Wish U Heaven". "All love and thanks 2 God!" he says on the album credits.

Purple Haze: Live at
New York's Ritz club,
September 13, 1984





NPG thang: Prince and the New Power Generation pose backstage on his Act II tour, Den Bosch, Netherlands, August 9, 1993

☛ tramp and the great dictator. He had expanded his funky little scene at First Avenue into a universe in which he was the potentate and puppet master. It was a universe in which the small man had power, the downtrodden man had freedom and the introvert had all the social confidence he could ever need. Keith Waterhouse wrote the novel *Billy Liar* about a young man who didn't accept the reality that his peers existed in, and so daydreamed a better one in which he ruled supreme. Prince's skill was to turn an elaborate daydream – surely the daydream he'd been rehearsing and fine-tuning as he played guitar in Grand Central and took those music business classes – into one of the key developing stories of Ronald Reagan's 1980s. The media became besotted with him.

He seemed to hail from a glorious bygone era of Hollywood – maybe the '30s, perhaps the Roaring '20s – when celebrity was an otherworldly commodity and

ethereal movie stars glided past in whispering limousines on their way to mysterious assignations in the Hills. A coquettish flirtation began between the star of *Purple Rain* and a thousand magazines to whom he declined to speak. More than one writer compared him to Bambi, bashfully batting his eyelids, or Greta Garbo, a luminous screen goddess who slammed the shutters down on the outside world. Prince was well aware of the effect he was creating. "You know that old lady in Sunset Boulevard, trapped in her mansion and past glories? Getting ready for her close-up? I don't run with that," he told *Entertainment Weekly* years later, at a time when he was attempting – not always successfully – to discourage questions about the past.

We don't watch Prince's interviews to see the real person, merely an outline of him, and yet, for all that, we cannot look away. There's the famous MTV interview in 1985 where he's dressed like a member of the House Of Saud on a shopping trip to the West. "One thing I'd like to say," he begins slowly, rather mechanically, "is that I don't live in a prison and I'm not afraid of anything. I haven't built any walls around myself. I am just like anyone else. I need love. And water." A tiny smile breaks out on his lips. "I don't really consider myself a superstar." Surrounding him is a group of extras from the video for "America", strewn at his feet like human bouquets. His 1985 album *Around The World In A Day* had hit the shops only a fortnight after the *Purple Rain* tour wrapped up in Miami. His managers couldn't believe it. He'd followed "When Doves Cry" and "Let's Go Crazy" with a cosmic phantasmagoria set in a childlike Eden. It appeared to have emerged straight from his sleeve like a magician's rabbit. He'd just been on tour for six months! How



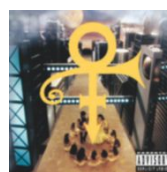
BUYER'S GUIDE | THE '90s



DIAMONDS AND PEARLS

1991
Prince's 13th studio album was a welcome

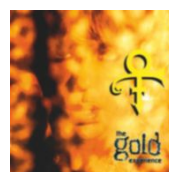
return after the gimmicky *Batman* and *Graffiti Bridge* (a bomb, though "the Question Of U" is excellent). The album introduced his latest backing band The New Power Generation – who upped the funk quotient considerably – and contained several Prince classics: "Cream" (his last US No 1), the soulful grooves of "Money Don't Matter 2 Night", the plush title song and "Thunder" – an uplifting, gospel-flecked one-man effort. Elsewhere, there's the raw "Willing And Able", apparently recorded in his dressing room on tour in Japan.



LOVE SYMBOL ALBUM

1992
Introducing... the squiggle! The opening

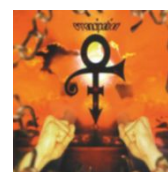
salvo in his dispute with Warners, this found Prince eschewing a conventional LP title – though he wouldn't change his name for a year. Conversely, though, he's keen to remind us of his nomenclature. "My Name Is Prince" is funk-driven self-referential arrogance: "In the beginning God made the sea/But on the 7th day He made me." The cheeky "Sexy MF" and swelling "The Morning Papers" are other highlights. Conceived as a rock opera, it has mock 'interview' segues conducted by Kirstie Alley. It also marks the arrival of singer Mayte, later Mrs Squiggle.



THE GOLD EXPERIENCE

1995
By now, Prince was at peak 'SLAVE'; his

dispute with Warners inflamed by a provocative speech at that year's BRITs. Nevertheless, the music is strong, if surprisingly retro in sound and attitude. There are throwbacks to bonkers "Let's Go Crazy" romps ("Endorphinmachine"), and the hard funk of "Housequake" ("319") while "Billy Jack Bitch" echoes back to "Irresistible Bitch". A minor triumph, and the big single – "The Most Beautiful Girl In The World" – and epic closing track "Gold" are reminders that Prince could still deliver formidable songcraft.



EMANCIPATION

1996
Free from Warner Bros and newly married, Prince

celebrated by opening the vaults for a sprawling, 36-song, three-hour set. Understandably *Emancipation* is all over the shop. But there are jewels, if you dig deep enough. There are stylish R&B jams ("Joint 2 Joint", "Style"), hard funk slams ("Slave", "New World") and goofy stuff ("Courtin' Time"). Two years on, he released another multiple set: *Crystal Ball/The Truth*, comprising material from an abandoned mid-'80s project, including surprisingly folksy songs like "One Of Your Tears", "Don't Play Me" and the Joni Mitchell-esque ballad, "Circle Of Amour".

could he have a new album ready so soon?

"What's he got?" Martin Amis once wrote of Steven Spielberg. "How do you do it? Can I have some?" The same questions were being asked of Prince in the second half of the '80s. Spielberg wondered if his secret lay in his fascination with the sky. ("Some people look at the ground when they walk. Others look straight ahead. I always look upward.") Prince, too, looked upward – when he wasn't looking at some girl's underwear. He believed his music came from above, and messages such as "All Thanks 2 God", "All Praise & Glory 2 God" and "Special Thanks 2 God And U" adorned his record sleeves. The irresolvable conflict in his work – and one suspects in his personality – was that he was as sexually voracious as he was spiritually compulsive. You couldn't have the crucifix without the crotch. Add one to the other and there was Prince reclining naked on *Lovesexy*, his twin obsessions offering no protection, the very picture of artistry and vulnerability.

The Revolution's Dez Dickerson, who played the guitar solo on "Little Red Corvette" that helped position Prince as a rock artist in the eyes of the MTV nation, ended up leaving the band after finding it impossible to reconcile the overt expressions of sexuality in Prince's music with his own Christian faith. Dickerson later reflected on the conflicts and contradictions that drove his former boss in the biography *I Would Die 4 U*, written by the American critic Touré. "There's maybe three Prince personas," Dickerson suggested of his former boss. "One of them is a very calculated marketing mind. That's where the 'embodying pure sex' thing comes from. Another of them is 'I'm gonna be the baddest musician there ever was.' And then there's the guy who really is thoughtful and introspective and holds religious considerations close to his heart, and ponders those questions sincerely and genuinely and deeply. And those are the three guys who, over the years, have vied for the microphone."

Ultimately, one of the biggest critics of Prince in the '80s was Prince in the 2000s. "I was different then," he said in 2004, by now a converted Jehovah's Witness. "I pushed the envelope as far as it needed to be pushed, and now it's on the floor and people seem to want it to stay there. I think people want order again. They don't want to turn on a football game and see someone with her breasts falling out. And I don't want to see that either."



"HE HAD AN IDEA OF DOING A BROADWAY MUSICAL"

ERIC LEEDS

(Saxophone: 1984–2003)

"FIRST MET Prince back in July 1984, for a project called The Family. He had four or five tracks ready he wanted me to play on. He asked if I wanted to have a cassette of them to listen to for a couple of days, to get familiar with them. I told him, 'If that's what you want me to do, that's fine. But I'm here, I've got my horn, I'm ready to go. If you want to start recording, I'm cool.' He smiled at me and said, 'Well, then, let's go.' Two or three hours later, we were done.

"After The Family fell apart, he asked me to join The Revolution. He asked me if I knew any good trumpet players. I did, a close friend of mine, Matt Blistan. Prince immediately started referring to him as Atlanta Bliss. We worked with Prince a lot. He recorded all the rhythm instruments himself, but when he wanted horns, he had to come to us. I did close to 150 sessions with him through the '80s and early '90s, well over 200 pieces of music – close to 90 per cent of what we recorded is still in the vault.

"He was demanding but I enjoyed being a lab rat for him. On one session he asked me and Matt, 'I want you guys to imagine this is the first day you've ever played your instruments.' My reaction was, 'What?

Sound like beginners?' Then I realised that's not what he meant. I came from a jazz background and Miles Davis used to tell cats, 'I don't want you to play what you know, play what you don't know.' This was Prince's way of wanting us to bring a similar attitude.

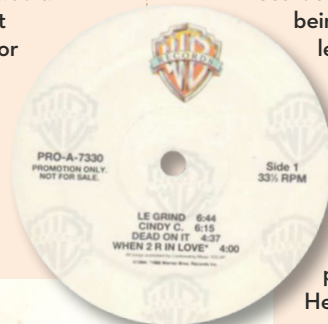
"Prince and Miles were never in a studio together. We did a track for Miles, for possible inclusion on *Tutu*. But Prince decided otherwise and asked Miles not to include it on the LP. Miles agreed. We did an invitation-only concert at Paisley Park, New Year's Eve, 1987. Miles was a guest and came onstage with us and played with us on one of the songs. I think that is the only time Miles and Prince were in a space together performing.

"Why didn't *The Black Album* come out as originally planned? Prince wanted his music and lyrics to be more of a spiritual and positive perspective. *The Black Album* was a bit dark. He said to some of us, 'If *The Black Album* were to be the last album I ever

recorded, that would end up being the last part of my legacy. I'm not sure I want that.' So he decided to cancel the release of the LP and started working on what became *LoveSexy*. "It was an amazing

period of creativity. He came to us once in early '86. We were getting ready to go out on the road that year and he said he had an idea of doing a musical. We worked on four or five songs. 'Maybe next year we'll put together a stage musical and go to Broadway.' After a while I realised that you don't listen as much to what Prince says as to what Prince does. A lot of the excitement he might have on Monday might not have much relation to what he was interested in doing on Tuesday. You had to roll with it. It was like going down the rabbit hole in *Alice In Wonderland*."

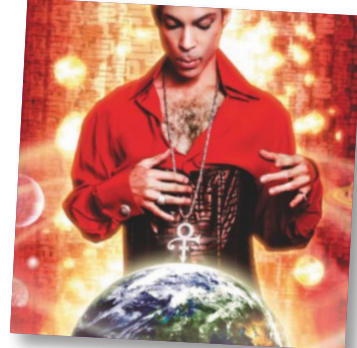
MICHAEL BONNER



Live *Sexy*: Eric Leeds (second from left) and Prince with Sheila E (third from right) and Cat (third from left) during the *LoveSexy* Tour, Rotterdam, Netherlands, 1988

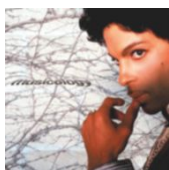


Ace face:
Prince in 2014



IN DECEMBER 1999, a 41-year-old man with bouffant hair and a gold-trimmed black tunic faced Larry King, the doyen of CNN, in a TV interview. King, accustomed to productive discussions with statesmen, was unable even to introduce his guest by name. Six years into a dispute with Warner Bros that burrowed to the very essence of what music is and who it belongs to, the man on the other side of the desk was familiar to US households as The Artist Formerly Known As Prince. His actual name – at least until he reverted to his given one when his contact with Warners expired in 2000 – was an unpronounceable hieroglyphic that combined the gender symbols for man and woman. “You would admit yourself... an unusual personality?” King probed him carefully. “Hmm... depends,” shrugged TAFKAP (the deliberately clumsy acronym by which the media increasingly used). “Well, let’s say you’re different,” clarified King. “Compared to what?” replied TAFKAP. Checkmate. As he freely conceded, Prince’s policy towards King, MTV and most other sections of the media was to confuse and obfuscate rather than explain or justify. One result of this was that it took a few years for confirmation to arrive that he’d become a Jehovah’s Witness around the turn of the millennium. His mentor and Bible tutor was his friend Larry Graham, once the bassist in Sly & The Family Stone. “I always used to cuss onstage,” TAFKAP explained in 1999. “I’d wonder why Larry and his family would always leave the shows. He’d ask me, ‘Why d’you need to cuss onstage?’ And I’d say, ‘Because that’s how I express myself... I need to.’ Now I’ve learned that that’s not necessary.” To his fans’ dismay, he began changing the lyrics of his old songs to strip them of profanities and sexual content. He altered the title of “The Cross” (*Sign O’ The Times*) to “The Christ”, since Jehovah’s Witnesses are taught that Jesus died

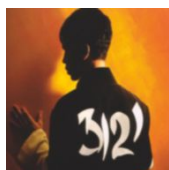
BUYER’S GUIDE | THE 2000s



MUSICOLOGY 2004

The regal sparkle of his ‘80s heyday returns, thanks

to some strong support from the likes of Sheila E, Candy Dulfer and Maceo Parker. Best songs are “Illusion, Pimp And Circumstance” (sparse funk), “What Do U Want Me 2 Do?” (slow jam) and “Call My Name” (loverman soul). The album also finds Prince exploring alternative release strategies: concertgoers received a copy of *Musicology* with the album cost included in the ticket price for the accompanying tour. His next two albums would be download-only; while three years later, he released *Planet Earth* free with *The Mail On Sunday*.



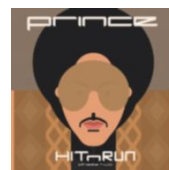
3121 2006 “Drink champagne from a glass with chocolate

handles,” urges Prince on this, his 31st studio LP. *3121* was a decent collection on a par with *Musicology* (we’ll forget *The Rainbow Children*, the concept LP about Jehovah’s Witnesses). The title track arrived in murky, unsettling grooves, while the gurning techno noise of “Love”, southern soul of “Satisfied” and Latino-seasoned “Te Amo Corazón” are standouts. The best songs here, though, find Prince pushing forward, like the atonal electro rhythms of “Black Sweat” and “The Word” – a shifty mix of bubbling electronica, acoustic guitar and clipped percussion.



ART OFFICIAL AGE 2014 Back with Warners – a surprise – after 20 years, Prince

unveiled two albums: *Plectrumelectum*, recorded with his new female backing band, 3rdEyeGirl, and *Art Official Age*. “Welcome home, class,” says the 56-year-old, “You’ve come a long way.” There is a concept – about emerging from suspended animation 45 years in the future – but there are also good songs. “Clouds” is terrific electro-funk, the disembodied “U Know” and ballad “Breakdown”. Its companion LP reaches for longer rock jams (the Zep-like title track) which, along with the punky “Marz” and Fleetwood Mac-style “Whitecaps”, are highlights.



HITNRUN PHASE TWO 2015 Buoyed by his successes

with *Plectrumelectum* and *Art Official Age*, and a raised profile following a series of thrilling guerrilla gigs, the two *HitnRun* albums arrived during a period of heightened goodwill towards Prince. *Phase Two* is the better piece, not least because it holds the grim distinction of being the final studio release in Prince’s lifetime. A consistently satisfying album, from the party protest anthem “Baltimore” to the closing triumphalist march “Big City”. As Prince boasts in “Black Muse”, the album’s longest track, “Rock’n’roll and jazz, so you know we’re built to last – it’s cool.”



Afrobeat: Prince with his new band 3rd Eye Girl, 2014



"I WANT A WINDMILL!"

KAREN KRATTINGER

(Production co-ordinator/
Paisley Park general manager:
1984 - 1989)

"I WAS HIRED IN mid 1984 as production coordinator on the *Purple Rain* tour. I'd been told, 'Don't look at him and don't speak to him.' So they sit me at a desk at the warehouse in Eden Prairie, Minnesota - where Prince has commercial office space and a rehearsal studio. Prince had to walk past me every morning to go to the rehearsal studio. I'd say, 'Good morning.' He'd look at me and eventually he'd say 'Good morning.' I progressed to 'Good morning, how are you?' and eventually he'd say, 'Fine.' One day he actually said, 'Fine. How are you?'"

"The tour was very intense - a lot of people, a lot of work. During pre-production we'd be in meetings with set designers and the lighting designer Roy Bennett. His creativity was astounding. One of the things Prince liked about me is when he'd tell me he wanted something or he had an idea, I'd give him options. Here is how it will work, this is what it will cost, that sort of thing."

"After the tour, I started as general manager of PRN Productions. I was the gatherer and assimilator of information; I'd be one of the ones he called. Daily, constantly, 24/7. He was constantly working: the man could make more people busy than anyone I've ever seen. My title was 'adult on duty'. I never was a party person but there were a lot of parties. He would give me zero notice. 'Let's do this tonight. Let's have a birthday party for Sheila at the Palm Centre. It's gonna be a masquerade ball.'"

"When he left town to go to Paris to his apartment for the weekend, I'd be



Party planner:
Karen Krattinger
(right) with Prince's
father John Nelson
and colleague
Stachia Fiedler at
Paisley Park, New
Year's Eve, 1987

You are requested to attend
'AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY'
Masquerade Ball

Location: Prom Center, 1190 University Ave.
Saint Paul #612-645-0596

Date: Friday, June 7th.

Time: 7:00 p.m. till 3:00 a.m.

Best costume will be judged at midnight.

Admits you and one guest

No costume - No admittance

on a stake. "You get the audience you deserve," he reasoned in a 2004 interview with *Ebony*. "When I played freaky music, I got freaky audiences. I finally straightened it out." *Ebony* reported that Prince - the promiscuous lover whose every proposal had once been unrepentantly indecent - now practised monogamy and advised his fans do the same.

And while he publicly endorsed the work of Lauryn Hill, Alicia Keys, Destiny's Child and Nelly Furtado, there were times when Prince didn't hear much current R&B that he liked. He despaired of the "corporate produced music" that monopolised the charts, worrying that "real music" would be supplanted by binary codes. He condemned the internet as a cesspit of "pornography and deceit and mendacity". Never mind his religious beliefs - in a charming sort of way Prince was becoming middle-aged. "The net is a

reflection of what's going on in the world," he mused in a 2001 interview. "School shootings... it reflects that kind of violence. That's why I don't live there. Here in Paisley, it's a very isolated environment."

In his mind, however, various disconnected strands began to converge. Though he refused to vote in elections owing to the Jehovah's Witnesses' insistence on political neutrality, he held strong opinions and was partial to one or two conspiracy theories. "Cinnamon Girl" on his acclaimed 2004

album *Musology* - no relation to the 1969 song by Neil Young - began in ancient Mesopotamia, or more specifically modern-day Iraq, where the World Trade Centre attacks have become the rationale for George W Bush's 'War On Terror'. The lyrics denounce Bush's "mass illusion". And when the triple album *Lotusflower* came out in 2009, it contained a song called "Dreamer", written about the trails made in the sky by aeroplanes. The chemtrail conspiracy, which Prince learned about from the comedian and civil rights activist Dick Gregory, claims that these trails are deliberately caused by sinister forces - not necessarily the government - in order to poison citizens in poor communities and keep the population down. Prince, sounding perfectly ardent, appeared on a talk show to explain how "Dreamer" was inspired. "While the helicopter circles and the theory's getting deep," it went, "think they're spraying chemicals over the city while we sleep?" If he'd lived, who knows where the chemtrail conspiracy might have led him? The Illuminati? The New World Order? ➔

sure that his traveling entourage had every bit of information available. I'm at home one night and my phone rings. It's Prince calling from Paris and he needs a number. I wonder why he called me when they've got everything I've got. Then, five minutes later the phone rings again: 'Karen, I need that number again. It blew out the window.' There was another time when we were in Holland on the bus and all of a sudden I hear 'Karen, I want a windmill!'"

"The movie *Big* came out and he loved the piano that Tom Hanks walked on. He said 'Karen, I want one of those pianos like in *Big*.' So I called FAO Schwartz and went back to him with all of the options: 'Here's what it is for, just the piano basic and then it can be customised from there.' He said, 'I guess I really don't need one.' It was times like those that really made me appreciate his sensibility. Even though sometimes we all wanted to wring his neck, we all loved him in our own way. Prince was so special and so gifted. It's hard to believe that he's not on this planet any more."

INTERVIEW: MICHAEL BONNER



Home of the
hits: Paisley
Park studios



“It’s obvious that there’s an agenda against the disenfranchised and the uneducated, so ultimately, I think, to counter that, we’re going to have to talk to one another,” he told an MTV interviewer in 2004. “I grew up with the Staple Singers, Curtis Mayfield, Marvin Gaye’s ‘What’s Going On’, stuff like that, and that particular sound. That sound of the people to voice our concerns in those types of areas is gone now. Hopefully they’ll allow this voice to be heard a little more. We’ll see.”

Are these the words of a man who has a tenuous grasp of life outside the isolated environment of his 50,000 sq ft white-façade studio complex? Or are they the sentiments of someone who everyone agrees never fully made his peace with hip-hop? Artists who are magically gifted can seem incredibly remote, especially if, like Prince, they spent years trying to be. But notice how he brings it all back to music every time. He wants a particular sound. He wants to voice his concerns. Prince becomes more of a sympathetic figure the more he looks around the world beyond his experience and tries to comprehend. The more rumours and revelations that come out of that white-façade Xanadu – and we’re now up to cocaine and hip replacements – the more fallible Prince seems to be, and the great thing about fallibility is that it’s a human virtue. We know that he suffered in silence. We know about the damage he did to his hips with those high-intensity performances onstage, leaping off drum risers while wearing high heels. We’re starting to get a sense that there was deep pain there, and terrible denial.

“Now, remarkably, at age 41,” wrote a journalist who met him in 1999, “he doesn’t seem to have aged a day in the last decade. There’s something disarmingly youthful about him. A strict vegetarian diet may well help, but as he takes pains to explain, as far as he’s concerned, age is merely a state of mind.” Another reporter, meeting him four

years later, described the 45-year-old Prince as having the body of a teenager. Yet the realisation is dawning on us that he was as mortal as any man, and that strict vegetarianism was no help in his darkest times. All the poor little genius wanted to do was to dance, to dazzle and to be a few inches taller. To end his days in pain doesn’t sound like a fair exchange. That doesn’t strike anyone as reasonable. Look at what they make you give, as a dying man once said. “I went to a Prince concert in Minneapolis,” William Blinn, the screenwriter who wrote the first draft of

Purple Rain, told *Uncut* a few years ago. “I said to the guy on the soundboard, ‘What time does the show end?’ He said, ‘At 11.16.’ I said, ‘It ends at 11.16?’ He said, ‘Yeah, that’s when it ends.’ So I watched the concert, and it was wonderful, fabulous. There were all sorts of things – elements of his presentation – that I could have sworn to you were spur-of-the-moment, ad lib, let’s-try-this, let’s-try-that. When he walked offstage, I looked at my watch and it was 11.16. The whole show had been choreographed to the instant.”

An addiction specialist’s son called Andrew Kornfeld phoned the emergency services from Paisley Park. They needed details of the address. He didn’t know. Was he a first-time visitor? What had he expected to find? But he knew the name of the man lying in the elevator. Everybody knew his name. Even when he changed it for a symbol, everybody knew his name. “It’s Prince.”

The operator moved into action. It’s known as a critical incident. Man down, not breathing. An incident of that kind can stop NASA, every worldwide celebrity and the President Of The United States in their tracks. It can go around the world in a day. It can make a rainbow. ☹

“I grew up with ‘What’s Going On’. That sound to voice our concerns is now gone”
PRINCE, 2004

PRINCE REMEMBERED

When Prince’s guitar wept

The date: March 15, 2004.

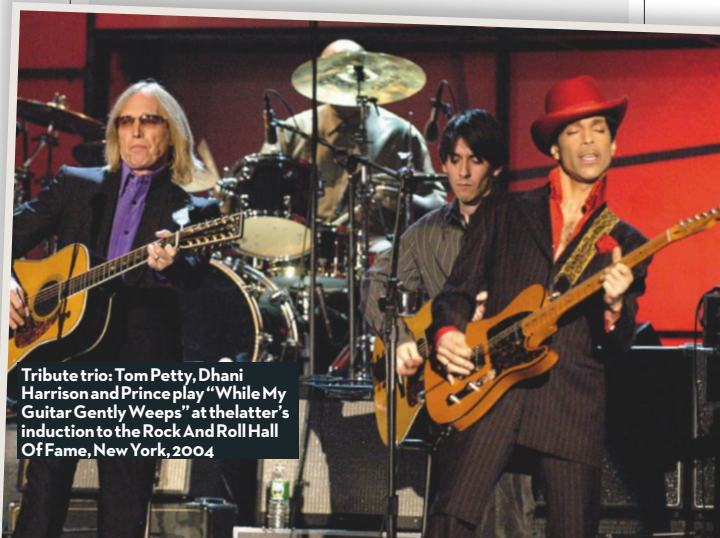
The venue: Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York.

The guitar solo: out of this world

PRINCE WAS INDUCTED into the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame in 2004 at the first time of asking. He performed with his band and made a speech that struck a blow for artistic independence. “When I first started out in the music industry,” he said, “I was most concerned with freedom. Freedom to produce, freedom to play all the instruments on my records, freedom to say anything I wanted to.” He thanked Warner Bros for agreeing to his demands as an 18-year-old; the label was, of course, vindicated by his success in the ’80s.

Also inducted into the Hall Of Fame was George Harrison – posthumously – and an ad hoc band was assembled, featuring Harrison’s son Dhani, Jeff Lynne and Tom Petty, for a performance of “While My Guitar Gently Weeps”. Taking the first guitar solo was Marc Mann, an associate of Lynne’s, who duplicated Eric Clapton’s 1968 solo note for note. About two minutes into the song, a camera picked up a slim figure in a red cowboy hat strumming a Telecaster on the far right of the stage.

What happened next, beginning at 3:30 when Prince took the second solo, stands as one of the biggest acts of upstaging ever seen at a rock’n’roll event. Prince played like Hendrix, sobbing, rejoicing, bringing the guitar to his teeth, sinking to his knees, going on and on for minute after minute. Lynne and Petty remained impassive, but Dhani Harrison could be seen laughing in amazement. Prince had grasped something the others hadn’t – that if you’re going to sing a song about a weeping guitar, then at least make the damn thing cry. At the end, having utterly stolen the show, he launched his Telecaster into the air. Nobody saw it land. “It was an honour to play with Tom Petty,” Prince said afterwards. “‘Free Fallin’ is one of my favourite songs. I used to love whenever he would come on MTV, because you knew you were going to get a great tune.” Petty, who’d had no prior warning of Prince’s solo, admitted, “He just burned it up. You could feel the electricity of ‘something really big’s going down here’.” The video of the performance went viral and now has over 26 million views on YouTube.



Tribute trio: Tom Petty, Dhani Harrison and Prince play “While My Guitar Gently Weeps” at the latter’s induction to the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame, New York, 2004

**BOB
DYLAN**

***FALLEN
ANGELS***

**12 BRAND NEW
RECORDINGS
*OUT NOW***



amazon.co.uk

Free Super Saver Delivery and Unlimited One-Day Delivery with Amazon Prime are available on eligible orders. Terms and Conditions apply. See Amazon.co.uk for details.

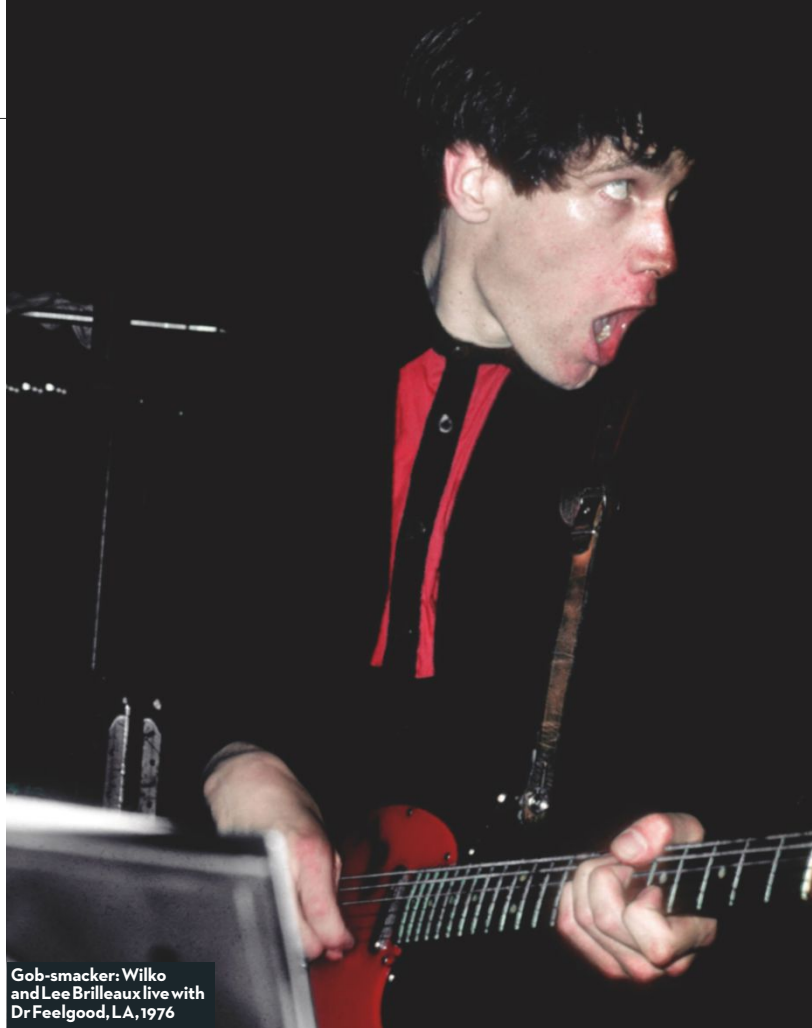
ALBUM BY ALBUM

Wilko Johnson

The legendary Feelgoods guitarist revisits some of the platters he played on

IHAVEN'T MADE very many records at all," laughs Wilko Johnson. "This is partly from having years without a record deal and partly because I just like playing live, really. But records, you gotta do 'em..." Even so, Johnson is taking *Uncut* through his slim yet thrilling back catalogue, from his most recent album, recorded with Roger Daltrey, 2014's *Going Back Home*, all the way back to Dr Feelgood's debut, *Down By The Jetty*, which invented the Thames Delta sound and influenced a generation of pub-rockers and punks in the UK and abroad. "We relied on a kind of simplicity and energy rather than anything else," explains Johnson. "We didn't have huge lightshows or... smoke! We just played."

Having defied medical odds and survived supposedly terminal pancreatic cancer, Johnson has now told the story of his life in a new memoir. Here, he revisits his love of music, his frequent "eyeball-to-eyeball" confrontations and his dislike for headphones and "tick-tock machines". "You see, there's always problems, ain't there?" **TOM PINNOCK**



Gob-smacker: Wilko and Lee Brilleaux live with Dr Feelgood, LA, 1976

THE UNCUT CLASSIC

Dr. Feelgood



Down By The Jetty

DR FEELGOOD DOWN BY THE JETTY

UNITED ARTISTS, 1975

The Canvey Island quartet's debut LP, written and masterminded by Wilko; mixed in mono.

The first album is always good as you've got all the material, you've been playing it live. The way people made records then was you put down the rhythm track, then dubbed on however many guitars and all sorts. It was all overdubbing and headphones. I knew the records that I'd grown up with, the records I dug, weren't done like this. The musicians were all recording at once, and I wanted to do it that way. Now, the label wanted it done the other way – I thought, 'No, I'm not having that. We're gonna set the stuff up in the studio and record it. Our job is to play and your

job is to record it. So after cutting it at Rockfield came the task of mixing it. There was so little on this tape, so how do you mix it? You can put bass on one side and guitar on the other... but that don't sound right. So what we ended up with was a mono mix. The label didn't like that at all, they wanted to write 'mono' on the album. I was arguing, as I knew people would all be bloody going on about it as though it was some retro statement, and it wasn't. As far as I could see then, it was the best way of doing it. I said, "Listen, just call it 'stereo', then in tiny letters, if you want, put 'monaural mix.'" But no such subtlety – they put 'mono' on it, and of course I'm still bloody talking about it 45 years later!

Vic Maile, God bless him, he was kind of stunned. It was his first producing job, but he was getting the record company telling him, "Look, we want this thing produced like this..." And on the other hand he's got me going [laughs], "Nah, I ain't doing that!" It was me throwing a wobbler, wasn't it? But you slam a door, throw a plate against a wall, and then you get things mixed the way you want. I don't want to suggest this recording was full of strife, it wasn't. It was lots of fun, though there was this thing going on, and it was to characterise a lot of Dr Feelgood recording – me belly-aching. If they'd just understand that I'm right and they're wrong, then we'd all be happier! [laughs] I always looked up to Lee Brilleaux, he was just such a guy. A very vivid, intense guy. I always felt he was the leader, and I based everything I did for Dr Feelgood around him. When I wrote a song, I was hearing his voice in my mind.

DR FEELGOOD MALPRACTICE

UNITED ARTISTS, 1975



The Feelgoods' second, featuring a co-write with Pirates guitarist Mick Green.

On the second album I deliberately took a step back, because I was such a control freak about the

first one. This time I let other people do it. Vic Maile started producing it, then the label blew him out. I was arguing with them and saying, "Man, you can't do that to someone! He's just started to make his name as a producer." Anyway, they wanted him out, and of course, a couple of years later, I found out I'd got the blame. The recording on *Malpractice* was pretty similar [to *Down On The Jetty*], but there might have even been a couple of overdubs... I'd just bought this old Stratocaster and I wanted to play it on something, so I just overdubbed this repeated riff over the top of "Another Man". I'd just got to know [Pirates guitarist] Mick Green and, as you probably know, he's my hero. He came around to my place, he's sitting there and I'm thinking, "Wow, man! Mick Green's sitting in my room..." [laughs] We would twang away together. At one point he started playing this riff, and I'm going, "What is that?!", and he'd be like, "Oh, just some riff." I'm like, "Teach it to me, teach it to me!" I went home that afternoon and I sat up all night trying to remember this fantastic riff. Then early the next morning the title line, "*Going back home*", came to me and everything followed from there. It's that riff that does it. Well, the words aren't bad, actually, if you listen to them. They're full of *double entendres*.



Mug shot:
wild-eyed Wilko
the solo artist,
London, 1981

DR FEELGOOD STUPIDITY

UNITED ARTISTS, 1976



This live album captured Wilko and band in all their raw onstage glory, reaching No 1 in the process.

Vic Maile was back, and there was another mother-and-father of

a row going on. Oh, yes. The record company wanted to really do a job on it, to take it into the studio and overdub it to death. To make it what was considered then, in the mid-'70s, a sort of modern sound with that awful slapping bass drum sound. They wanted Figure to overdub every single snare beat on that recording. When we were listening to the concerts that had been recorded, Vic turned up the two ambient audience microphones, just so we could listen, and I'm going, "That sound! Man! It sounds like it's actually live!" So I wanted to do it all with just those two microphones, right, but they wouldn't have it. They wanted it all cleaned up. It ended up with an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with the label. I said, "Look, just get out of the studio. I'm doing it this way!" Vic Maile told me later that they had said to him, "Listen, we're going to do it that way and this record is going to fail. Then Wilko is going to have to do what he's told."

So, anyway, I was very magnanimous when it went to No 1 [laughs]. I didn't smile maliciously at anybody! You listen to one of those [other] live records and you can hear the audience being faded in and out in between every song – an audience don't sound like that! So they're even falsifying the audience! Those bastards!

DR FEELGOOD SNEAKIN' SUSPICION

UNITED ARTISTS, 1977



The Feelgoods' fourth album – by the time it came out, Wilko Johnson was gone.

Halfway through this recording – or, should I say, just after they'd recorded all of my

compositions – this argument happened and by the morning I was no longer in the band. That was that, for me. I hadn't really thought of the argument for years before writing this book, but when I started to really reconstruct it bit by bit, I thought, "Those bastards." In 1976, we'd done two very long tours of America, and during that time, a terrible animosity had grown between me and Lee Brilleaux. I'm quite ashamed to look back on the way I was. I was pretty much intolerable. I admit it, I was messed up. I was worried about songwriting, you know? That's the awful thing, you gotta do another album, you gotta write more songs. I was worried about it, coming up with material that was good enough. And, of course, I was the only songwriter, so I was left worrying about that, while they were getting drunk and cursing me, I think. I used to get very homesick, I missed my wife and kids. I was too miserable a so-and-so to actually turn to guys who were really my great friends. It builds up and up, so by the time we got to do that album, I think they were pretty fed up with me. It didn't need much of an excuse for a huge, vituperative argument. They threw me out the band. I had to try and put things back together from there.

SOLID SENDERS SOLID SENDERS

VIRGIN, 1978



Adrift after Dr. Feelgood, Johnson put together his own short-lived band.

Suddenly I'm back at home with my wife and kid, not knowing what to do. So I put a

band together – I called it Solid Senders because I didn't want to go out as Wilko Johnson, I felt I wanted to try and make our own reputation, but it didn't work like that. With the Feelgoods, I still think of them now and it's, "Oh man, we were mates", you know, we laughed at the same things. I've got nothing but good feelings for them. But it wasn't like that with this new band. It was just some people that were playing. It was almost doomed to failure. The recording of this was much more conventional as this group had a keyboard player, it was a four-piece [instrumentally] rather than a three-piece, so you have a different approach anyway. We had a producer and I did what the producer said. Some of the material [was strong]... Actually, I never listen to my records, and I wouldn't listen to this one in particular, because it brings back very unhappy memories. Same as *Sneakin' Suspicion* – it would take Roger Daltrey to do these songs properly! I was in a right old mess. Was I over-indulging? Well, it's something I've done all my life really. I had trouble with women, I had trouble with... stuff. I had trouble with this record. I didn't really know what I was doing. It's all a bit of a blur in my memory.

WILKO JOHNSON

➤ IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS LAUGHTER

STIFF, 1980



Salvation, in the form of a joyful stint with Dury and Johnson's future collaborator, bassist Norman Watt-Roy.

The time I spent with the Blockheads was some of the best I've had in

rock'n'roll. I was at a pretty low point; it looked like I'd had my 15 minutes and I was thinking of finding a proper job. I'm a rhythm guitarist, so what a fabulous rhythm section to work with, Norman Watt-Roy and Charley Charles. I had a good time recording *Laughter* with them. The Blockheads stuff was often very complicated for a poor dimwit like me! Augmented chords and, God knows what, things I'd never heard of. We did a tour of Australia, huge auditoriums. Going onstage and going into "Sex & Drugs...", the reaction was incredible. Ian's standing there at the front and he's got all the stage fright and nerves, and I'm just standing there grooving it with Norm and Charlie, just having a great time. Ian could be a so-and-so but he was a great person. Very, very funny, though he could be a bit wicked, with good cause, probably. He had a hard life. Sometimes it came out in difficult ways, but however offensive he got, everyone cared about him. I remember getting into an argument with Ian when we were recording *Laughter* and he was using this bloody tick-tock rhythm machine. We were arguing whether this was a necessary thing or not and, just to prove a point, I went in with Norman and Charley and we banged on this riff for three minutes, and we didn't lose an instant. With guys like that, you don't need tick-tock machines.

WILKO JOHNSON ICE ON THE MOTORWAY

FRESH, 1980



Wilko's first solo album proper set him up for a few decades of intensive live work.

During my time with the Blockheads I also kept my own little three-piece together, and when

there were periods off the road, I'd play smaller venues. Ian would take increasingly longer time off the road, sometimes to do with his health and because he was getting into other trips. He was acting, and the Blockheads were left twiddling their thumbs. For "Ice On The Motorway", I had this riff and we were just playing it in the studio. Easy to do, one chord. Then the tape ran out, so we had to be pretty skilful with the fade-out to get the last millimetre out of the multitrack tape. I'd always record in such a way that I could hear the whole thing without headphones – when you're playing, 'phones give you an artificial idea. It depends on what the engineer has sent back to you, in the sound, and that changes the feel. I like to be able to stand in the middle of the studio and hear everybody acoustically and do it like that. I can't get off on my own recordings – I mean, you can see the props behind the scenery. I like that rush you get when you hear a record you love, but you can't get that off your own stuff, so I don't listen to it too much.

Fighting fit:
Wilko today



WILKO JOHNSON RED HOT ROCKING BLUES

JUNGLE, 2005



As Johnson concentrated on performing live, he found time to cut this set, including covers of Dylan's "From A Buick Six" and Van Morrison's "Listen To The Lion".

We wanted at this point to try and get a gig on the back of Van Morrison, and we got in the studio and, blam, we did this one absolutely live. No screens or whatever, and certainly no headphones – just to show that we could play live. These tracks were kicking around for a while, and then somebody in Tokyo said, "Oh, we'd like to do this, maybe turn it into a record?" But that's absolutely typical of the way I don't go about things. It was accidental. I do so little recording that every occasion has been a completely different circumstance, with probably different people and a different point of view... But it all comes out the bloody same! [laughs] Someone cranking out three chords! How good or bad it is, I don't know...

WILKO JOHNSON/ ROGER DALTRY GOING BACK HOME

CHESS, 2014



In the belief that his cancer was untreatable, Johnson bashed out this set with Roger Daltrey – the guitarist's highest-charting record since *Stupidity* 38 years before.

I was pretty pleased with this album, for lots of reasons. I thought while we were recording it

that I would never see it released, I was already overdue to go. I remember thinking, 'Aw, that's a good note to end on.'

Roger did a great job and hearing my songs done by somebody of that stature was a really great feeling... Then of course they saved my life! I ended up with a gold record!

We recorded this album in eight days.

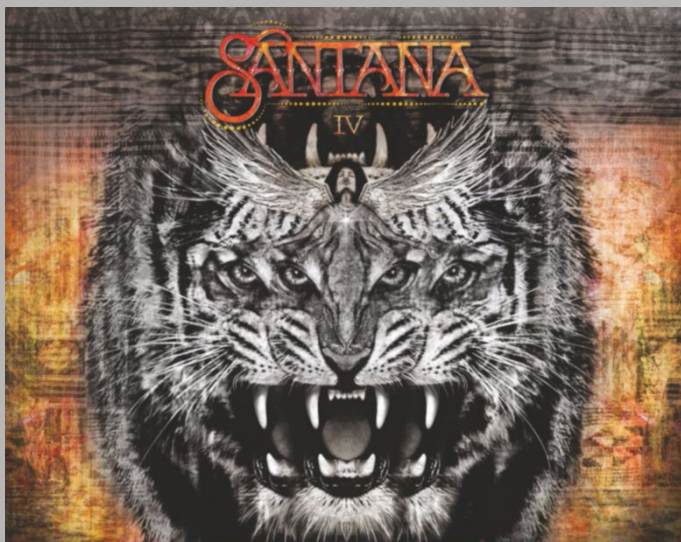
It's actually the fastest one I've ever done – normally I take at least ten! I love my band – [drummer] Dylan Howe's so clever and that, he's just made the whole thing good. We're doing a little tour at the moment, and the gigs have just been going so well. I'm having a really good time playing. I would like to make more albums in fact, though at the minute I have been rather preoccupied with writing that book [Wilko's autobiography, see below].

The doctors saved my life, and my health is returning to me, [but] also returning to me is my bloody misery, which is something I live with. Those 15 months where I thought I was [dying], it was... marvellous. Now I'm back in the good old world with stupid little things pissing me off all the time!

But God, that year... Obviously I had mad nights, [where] you're lying there thinking, 'I'm gonna die!', but the feelings I got, the highs I got off it, thinking, 'Wow, I'm going to leave this world', and then looking at the world around you thinking, 'Oh God! Ain't it fantastic?'

It's all fading from me now, like a dream, I'm thinking, 'Wow. Could I have walked around thinking like that?' I can't say I would quite recommend it for anyone, but it's pretty good. ☺

Wilko Johnson's memoir, *Don't You Leave Me Here: My Life*, is published by Little, Brown on May 26



SANTANA
IV

OUT NOW

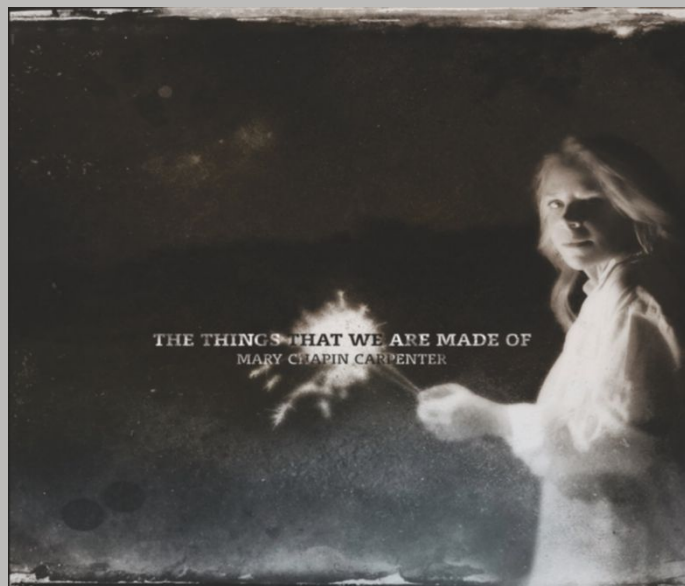
FEATURING THE BBC RADIO 2 PLAYLISTED SINGLE
'ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO'

THE ORIGINAL SANTANA BAND



CARLOS SANTANA
GREGG ROLIE
NEAL SCHON
MICHAEL SHRIEVE
MICHAEL CARABELLO

SANTANA.COM CARLOSSANTANA SANTANACARLOS

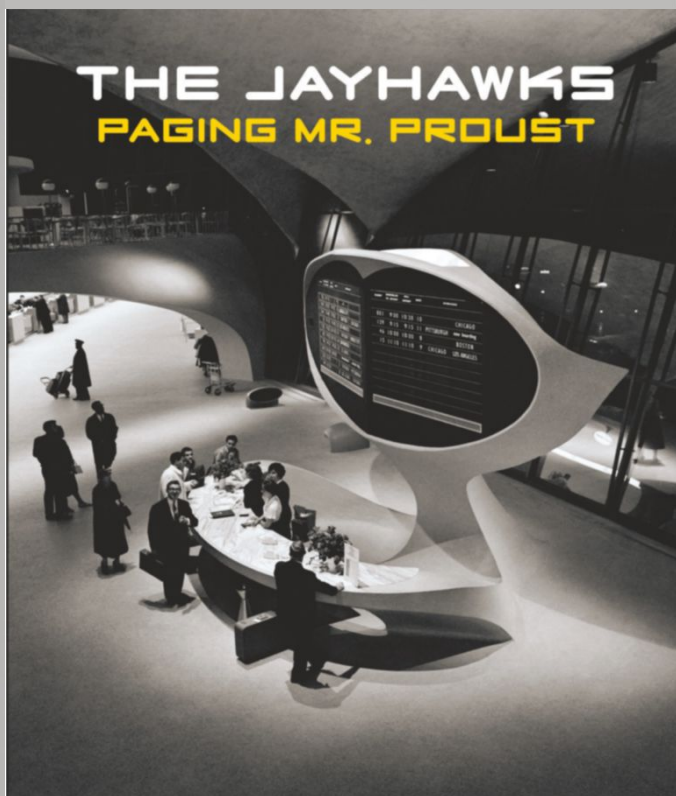


THE THINGS THAT WE ARE MADE OF
MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER

MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER
THE THINGS THAT WE ARE MADE OF
OUT MAY 6th

16/07 Colston Hall (Americana Weekend) - Bristol, UK
17/07 Barbican - London, UK
18/07 Playhouse - Nottingham, UK
24/07 The Sage - Gateshead, UK
25/07 Lyceum - Sheffield, UK
26/07 Town Hall - Birmingham, UK
27/07 Philharmonic - Liverpool, UK
29/07 Concert Hall (Southern Fried) - Perth, UK
31/07 Cambridge Folk Festival - Cambridge, UK

marychapincarpenter.com

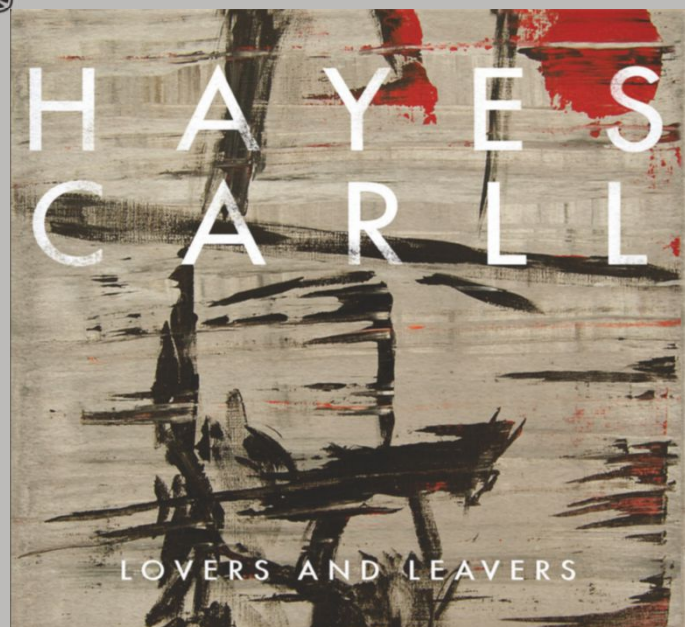


THE JAYHAWKS
PAGING MR. PROUST

"A VERY SPECIAL RECORD INDEED" 8/10 UNCUT

AVAILABLE ON CD AND DIGITAL NOW
LP AVAILABLE 13TH MAY

UK AND EUROPE TOUR **SEPTEMBER 2016**



HAYES
CARLL

LOVERS AND LEAVERS

NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

"An important and classy Americana release.

These ten tracks offer a sublime and even listen, a reminder of just how damn good this cool cat is as an artist"

hayescarll.com

Interview: Michael Bonner
Photo: Chris Walter

“I’ve come to talk with you again”

Ever heard the one about the guy whose life is dominated by his cat? Let PAUL SIMON — master songwriter, questing spirit and stealth comedian — reveal all. Also to be discussed: a revelatory new album, Woody Allen, baseball dreams, adventures in the folk clubs of old London and the Gracelands of South Africa, and the enduring legacy of Simon & Garfunkel. “Don’t mind me, I’m just wandering...”

IN 1964, PAUL SIMON visited the UK for the first time. “It was exciting,” he says. “The Beatles, Carnaby Street. Mods and rockers. It was the centre of... well, you know exactly what it was. It was incredible.” Back then, he was an unknown folk singer, plying his trade in small, smoky pubs and clubs. Fifty-two years on, however, and his circumstances have changed considerably. Today, aged 74, he has taken up temporary residence in a series of interconnected suites in Claridge’s. “Don’t mind me, I’m just wandering,” he says as he pads softly along the corridors, peering into rooms whose furniture has been removed to accommodate TV crews or to house a makeshift office for his management team. His clothes are unprepossessing — navy jumper, jeans, black shoes — apart from a lilac baseball cap with “Timothy Dwight College Yale University” stitched across the top (a souvenir of a recent talk he gave to students there) and a green pendant that hangs round his neck on a leather cord. “I got it when we played New Zealand,” he says. “It’s a Maori piece, it’s jade.”

Simon is about to release *Stranger To Stranger*, his 13th solo album, co-produced by Roy Halee, a collaborator since the Simon & Garfunkel days. A typically spry collection of songs, this new record incorporates African woodwind, Peruvian drums, electronic beats and Harry Partch’s menagerie of experimental instruments. One song details Simon’s meeting with a Brazilian healer, another addresses his experiences performing at the funeral of a teacher killed in the Sandy Hook school shootings, while a third is a tribute to Cool Papa Bell, a centre-fielder in Negro

League baseball from 1922 to the 1950s. The album began, admits Simon, “in a season of emotional winter. Barren landscape, no ideas, anxiety about no ideas, lethargy spreading to increased caffeine consumption.”

As Simon explains, his talent is more the patient and painstaking kind. “One of my ways of writing is for me to sit with a guitar and find an interesting guitar chord or series of chords or something, anything, to just begin,” he explains solemnly. “The real game is, can you make something interesting enough, entertaining enough, intriguing enough that the listener will listen again?” Simon has always written slowly, but after the failure of 1980’s *One-Trick Pony*, he suffered from a prolonged bout of writer’s block. Even now, he acknowledges that “the urge to create is stirring, but nothing comes of it.”

Simon’s speech is careful and considered, characterised by brief pauses while he composes his thoughts. But he’s also capable of moments of great levity. At one point, he mugs shamelessly, recalling the kind of put-up schlub played by Larry David in *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. He talks animatedly about the genesis of “The Sound Of Silence” (which celebrates its 50th anniversary this year), the end of Simon & Garfunkel and the *Graceland* controversy. He speaks fondly, too, about the British folk scene of the ‘60s — a pivotal time, he claims, every bit as significant as its storied US counterpart. “I always feel good here in London,” he says. “Even though everything’s changed so much. When I drive through the streets, I think, ‘I used to walk round here...’”

Taking a seat, he twists the cap off a bottle of water and considers the enduring qualities of his craft. “The music keeps growing,” he says. ➔





At any time
No loading
3.30 am-M'night

"Hello, lamppost...":
Paul Simon swings
into London, 1965

CHIC
CENTRAL

100
SEATS

R
A
N
T

NO ENTRY

JOLLY

CHEMISTS

➤ **How do you feel when you've finished an LP? Are you happy to let it go, or do you struggle to stop tinkering?**

I'm a let-it-go guy. I've been listening constantly for years and years. I don't see any point now in going back and listening again more intensely. I'm more likely to make a mistake if I make any changes now. I've had plenty of time to correct my errors. In five years, I'll listen to this and say, "Oh, I should've sung it that way. I should've done this, I should've done that." But that's what you do on tours. Even though you're repeating the same songs, they get better. If you're paying attention. If you want them to get better.

How do you write these days? I have a little cottage, that's my studio. I often write in my car, when I'm driving along, listening. Just a word of advice for anybody who's driving near me: you're making a big mistake. When I'm in writing mode, I'm writing all day long. It's what I'm thinking about before I fall asleep. It's not like something else doesn't take my attention, like I have to go and pick up my youngest, or go shopping. But for the rest of the time, I'm thinking, 'This line, that line, maybe it would be better that way, maybe it would be funny...' It's pretty intense and it goes on for about three years. By the time I'm finished, I'm finished.

You've always been open to different sounds, and you used the Harry Partch instruments on this album. Do you have a favourite? Oh, they're fabulous. It depends on what you're using them for. Maybe the Cloud Bowls. They're so magical. You can play them and hear what it is. The Chromelodeon, it doesn't play what you think it's going to play. But the Cloud Bowls are so beautiful, the overtones and how they ring against each other. They are also physically beautiful to look at.

You collect unusual percussive instruments, right? I divide the rhythm instruments into skin, wood and metal. If I hear a shaker that's really nice, I'll get it. So I have a lot of different shakers. The same with the metal. I particularly like West African instruments. They have a nice rawness. When you hear a sound that you like, it's for sale, I'll buy it. I don't know where to put it, but I'll buy it.

Is the cottage full up, then? With racks and racks of guitars, yeah. The space is big enough and they're put in their shelves and there's a big iron gate that comes down and the room is humidified and locked and fire-proofed, and all of that stuff. I even have the guitar that I wrote all the Simon & Garfunkel songs on. There are two of them. One of them is in the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame and the other one I turned into a high-string guitar. It's beautiful. I still use it sometimes, yes.

Stranger To Stranger is dedicated to Mort Lewis, Simon & Garfunkel's manager. What kind of man was he? He just passed away, at age 92. He was my old friend. A great guy, a really great guy. He started managing us right at the beginning.

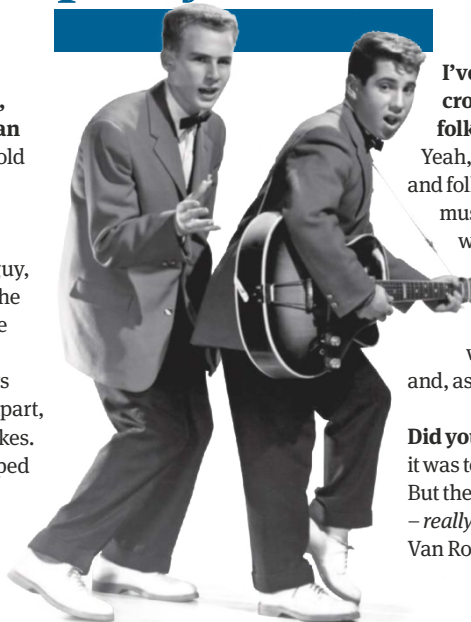
What do you think he saw in you? He was a jazz guy, he was managing Dave Brubeck. We had a No 1 by the time we met him, "Sound Of Silence". A lot of people liked Simon & Garfunkel, so I guess he saw what people saw. He was a funny guy, honest. Many years passed and we stayed friends. We lived not too far apart, so occasionally we'd have dinner. He loved to tell jokes. He was one of my main source of jokes. People stopped telling jokes, people don't tell jokes any more.

Tell us a joke, then. Tell you a joke? Let's see.

Paul Simon, 2016: "I'm writing all day long..."



"When I'm in writing mode, I'm writing all day long. It's pretty intense"



What can I give you? Here's one of them. This guy's got a cat. He's absolutely dedicated to his cat. His brother says to him, "Your life is totally dominated by the cat. Why don't you just take a trip to Paris for a week? I'll take care of the cat, he'll be fine." So he leaves specific instructions on how to take care of the cat. Flies to Paris. Next morning, the first thing he does is call his brother. "Hi, I'm here. How's the cat?" "Oh, the cat. The cat's dead." "What? Oh, my God. I can't believe it. What kind of way is that to tell somebody news like that?" So the brother says, "How am I supposed to tell you?" He says, "You do it gradually. 'The cat is on the roof. But it's fine. The fire department are coming so there's nothing to worry about.' Then the next day you say, 'The cat fell off the roof, but fortunately he landed in a tree. He seems to be settled. The police are coming to get him.' Then the next day, 'The cat fell out of the tree, broke a leg. But we got the best vet we could. He says no problem, he can set the leg. He'll be fine.' The next day you say, 'We gave him anaesthesia, we did everything we could, but we couldn't save him.' That is how you tell somebody a thing like that. But forget it. How's mum?" So the brother says, "Mum is on the roof..."

I've always wondered whether there was much crossover between the stand-up comedy, jazz and folk scenes in New York in the 1950s and 1960s...

Yeah, there was! Lenny Bruce and jazz, The Kingston Trio and folk. My father was a musician, so there was always this musician humour going around. I was funny anyway when I was a kid. Artie was funny, too, that's why we became friends. We had the same absurd sense of humour. That, and we were the only two guys in the neighbourhood that wanted to sing. So there was a connection at the time. But it's long gone now and, as I say, people don't tell jokes any more.

Did you see Inside Llewyn Davis? No, I skipped it. I heard it was terrible. It was based on Dave Van Ronk, who I knew. But they didn't. I like the Coen brothers, they're really good – really good – but I figured, you're never going to get Dave Van Ronk right. He was a real character, and they're going



Paul Simon and Carole King between takes in a New York recording studio, circa 1959

to try and capture the folk scene and they're not going to get it and I'm going to look at it and say, "That's not how it was." A funnier film on that subject is *A Mighty Wind*.

You were in *Annie Hall*... Yeah, Woody Allen asked me. It was fun. I'd get my lines and I'd say, "You want me to play this rock'n'roll producer, but that's not the way he'd talk." So he'd say, "Say whatever you want, just make sure you end it with, 'Come on back to our hotel room because it's going to be very mellow.' Make sure you get that in - 'It's very mellow' - as my joke is based on 'It's very mellow.' But otherwise just say whatever you want." That's what I did. That was it.

Talking of record producers, you're back with Roy Halee on this album. Do you remember the first time you worked together? He did the audition tape for Simon & Garfunkel for Columbia and our first album. I remember just how nervous we were, hoping that we would be signed. We were quite proficient by that point. We'd recorded when we were kids. We did a couple of solo records. I used to do demos for lots of people. Instead of working as a waiter or something, I'd do demos. Burt Bacharach. Carole



Paul Simon in *Annie Hall*, and below, with Roy Halee

"Paul has a very clear vision."

Long-serving producer ROY HALEE on the half century he's spent working with Paul Simon

"FIRST MET Paul when Simon & Garfunkel did that audition at Columbia. That was almost 50 years ago. They came in and played what ended up being the *Wednesday Morning, 3AM*, album.

"We were in a very fine Columbia Studio. There were couple of mics and they just went through the audition. Tom Wilson was the producer at the time.

"I'm a classically trained guy and I was bowled over by the sound of those two boys. Very classical, yet pop. Catchy, hooky, but a beautiful, classical sound.

"I remember, having a very, very favourable impression of Paul, that's for sure. I loved his writing. He's smart. He's fun to be around.

"I was on stamp at Columbia. I worked with a lot of different artists there. It was a huge list. Remember Chad & Jeremy? I was involved



with them at the time. I worked with Dylan, too. I loved working with Paul, but it wasn't pleasant working with Dylan. [Laughs] OK?

"Dylan and Paul actually started the pop scene at Columbia. Columbia was basically Tony Bennett and legit people. Mitch Miller was head of A&R and this was the beginning of a whole new generation at Columbia.

"Paul has a very clear vision of what he wants. I remember when he first played 'A Bridge Over Troubled Water' to me, to bounce it off me, just Paul on the guitar. We

King and I used to do demos for other people. Anybody. I think my fee was \$50 an hour. So if I could do three demos a week, that was all the money I needed. I was living at home, so I didn't have to pay rent. I could buy gas, go out on a date, buy whatever clothes I wanted. Meanwhile, I learned how to use a microphone, overdub. Basically, how to record.

Roy was with you on the first solo album, too. Yeah, Phil [Ramone] did a bunch of the first one and so did Roy. Roy left to go and do Artie's solo albums. The three great engineers at the time were Phil Ramone, Tom Dowd who was down in Miami, and Roy Halee, who worked exclusively for Columbia. After Simon & Garfunkel broke up, there was a competition for who was going to get Roy.

After my first solo album, [Columbia president] Clive Davis said, "Artie gets him." So I went to Phil. Phil made *There Goes Rhymin' Simon*, *Still Crazy After All These Years*, *One-Trick Pony*.

How do you view that run of albums now? They're good albums. *There Goes Rhymin' Simon* was a very happy album. It was done with the Muscle Shoals rhythm section. That was great, to go down to Muscle Shoals and work with those guys. I brought Reverend Claude Jeter with me, who sang with The Swan Silvertones, who were my favourite gospel quartet. Part of the inspiration for "Bridge Over Troubled Water" came from them. We drove from the airport to Muscle Shoals, it was a two or three hours' drive, and he'd tell me what it was like to tour in the South as a gospel quartet in the late '40s and early '50s.

"American Tune" is one of the great songs from that period. It was done by an English producer. Paul Samwell-Smith. The melody is pre-Bach, but Bach took it but made the glorious, famous piece I learned it from. I had enough nerve to go and write a bridge for that...

What was the inspiration behind the song's lyrics? Nixon won.

went into the studio with [keyboardist] Larry Knechtel and we overdubbed on top of that. Paul would bake the cake and everybody else, including me, put the icing on the cake. But it all started with Paul Simon for sure.

"When we did his first solo album, there was some tension, but we had a great time doing it. It's a very simple album, there aren't a lot of overdubs, and for that reason I love it.

"*Graceland* was a bit stressful because Apartheid was going on, but the musicians loved being in the studio with Paul. I remember when we first went in there, it was a strange feeling. But it warmed up with guys having a good time and cutting tracks.

"On this album I had retired, but Paul said to me, 'I have an idea, let's go in and record. Let's do something.' That was it. Paul did a great job with the lyrics. The sound of the vocals is good, considering that they were done in a living room in his cottage studio.

"I said to Paul recently, 'We should really do an instrumental album.' He is a fantastic guitar player. He really is a beautiful guitar player. I'd like to do some recording, showing off the great talent he has on the guitar. It's wonderful, he's fantastic, man."

➤ **That's it?** Yeah, that's it. But it's interesting that those songs have lasted. I'm not bragging about it. I find it pretty amazing. Bernie Sanders used "America" for his first political ad, and it was a big hit – as an ad, I mean. He won the Iowa caucus. I was glad to give it to him, he was a real stand-up, tell-the-truth guy. What I found interesting and pleasing, even flattering, was that a song that old would still have that emotional effect 40 years later. Same with "Sound Of Silence", which is older. I was 21 when I wrote it. Same with "Boy In The Bubble", which is quoted in today's *Wall Street Journal*. For some reason, those songs didn't become dated and corny and nostalgic.

You came to Britain in 1964. What were the stand-out qualities of the English folk scene? Yeah, the English folk scene was as good as the American folk scene. Some of those players were really good and charismatic. We were on the same circuit, and we all lived around the same place. Around that time I was living around Belsize Park, so it wasn't too far away from where Bert Jansch lived or John Renbourn. I knew Sandy Denny, Jackson Frank. Martin Carthy – I rented Martin's flat in Belsize Park... £7 a week.

What was the circuit like at that time? Mostly you played in some room above a pub, where they set up some chairs. Maybe they had a mic with speakers, or maybe they didn't, then you sang without it. Or there were clubs. There was a club in Soho they called Les Cousins. That was my home club. I played there more than other places. When I went up North, I played in Widnes and Warrington. It was around there, one of those railway stations, that "Homeward Bound" is about. You slept on a couch. Whoever ran the club let you sleep on their couch. You saved money. I used to get paid around that time maybe £15 a night, which was considered pretty good. Then right before Simon & Garfunkel hit, I got up to £20, £25 a night. At the time, the average working man's salary was £37 and sixpence or something, £37 essentially. So here I was making maybe £75-£80 a week as a kid.

What did you spend it on? Nothing! Taxis instead of taking the Tube. I moved out of Belsize Park into a flat that had a bathroom in it. But I never was as happy as when I was at Belsize Park. I didn't spend it on anything as I didn't need or want anything. "The Sound Of Silence" hit and all of sudden, we had made a million dollars. But to me, it was like, "I know you think £20 a night is a ridiculous amount of money, but I'm actually good now and I'm worth it. So I don't feel guilty at all!" [laughs]

What do you remember about writing "The Sound Of Silence"? I wrote it in the bathroom in my parent's house because the room was tiled, so there was an echo. I used to turn the lights off and leave the water running. It was like white noise, you know? My brother says it was amazing that I wrote it, because everything I'd written before that was way below it in quality. It was step up. It was one of those things when you're in some kind of serotonin/dopamine flow, and it just comes out. But I was too young to know that those things happened. So I just took it as, "That's a good one, I could close my act with this one."

It's 50 years old this year. Do you get sentimental about anniversaries? I don't celebrate them. I don't have any significant emotional attachment to any of the anniversaries, other than a very warm feeling about when I lived here. A kind of nostalgia, but I'm



Simon & Garfunkel, recording *Bookends*, Columbia Studio, New York, 1967

"I was ambitious. I wanted it. I was also competitive"



not very prone to nostalgia. Certainly not about my own stuff. If I hear a record that I liked when I was a kid, and I hadn't heard it in a long time, I could get that pleasure of nostalgia.

Can you still identify with the 21-year-old Paul Simon who wrote "The Sound Of Silence"?

I remember who I was. I was just coming out of the phase where I was playing baseball for the schools that I was in. I was good, but I said, "Realistically, you're never going to be a baseball player. You're too small. That's over." I know that I had a tremendous interest in making records as I did all those demos. I was an English literature major in college, which I chose as my major because I had a crush on a girl who was an English major. I just liked playing music, I wanted to do that. I never envisioned that it would be a lifetime's worth of employment or that I would ever be having an interview like this, at this point.

Were you ambitious at all? Yeah, I was. I wanted it. I was also competitive. I was competitive as an athlete. But there were no huge obstacles other than I didn't have a hit. But I wasn't struggling. As a said, when I lived here I had tons of money for what I needed. When you're a kid and you're 21, unless something's really gone wrong in your life, you're pretty happy.

When you say you were competitive, was it convenient then that Art wasn't the songwriter?

I didn't think of it that way. I was best friends with Artie. He wasn't competitive with me. We were signed together. I really thought of us as a duo, and as a group, and that was fine. The Beatles were a group. But I do remember thinking, when *Sgt Pepper* came out, "I can't believe that somebody is so much better than I am, that they are so far ahead." But anyway, whatever. Artie and I were fine until "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and the movies. We were fine. The

movies broke up Simon & Garfunkel, really. But we would have broken up anyway because Artie thrives on big ballads and I like to write rhythm and Artie doesn't like to sing rhythm. The thought of having to write a "Bridge Over Troubled Water" every album is too daunting, given what happened with it. Anyway, I wanted to go to Jamaica and record ska, all kinds of stuff I wanted to do that he didn't have any interest in doing. So he went his way and sang the songs he wanted to sing and I began doing what I like to do. It would have happened anyway, because that's who we were musically. Then a couple of times when we came back together, some of it was lousy and some of it was nice.

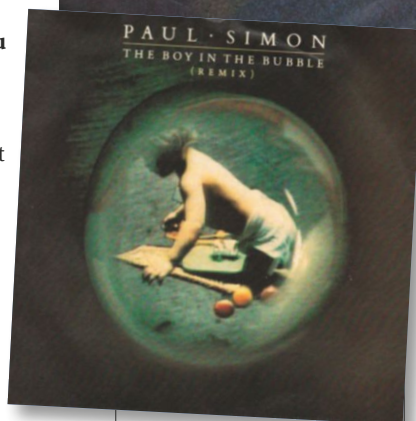
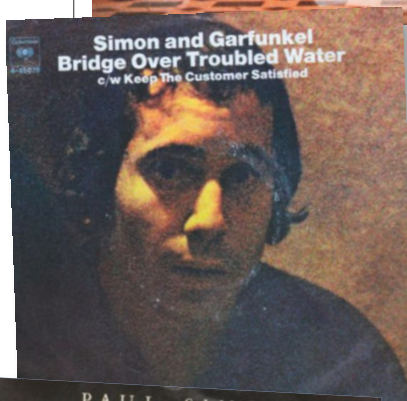
Which were the nice ones? When The Everly Brothers were there, we had a great time. I think it was 2003. We did another, after that. But that wasn't fun. As it turns out, I had a lot on my mind, musically. I didn't set out saying, "I have a lot that I want to accomplish." It just grew as I went from stage to stage. Albums would take leaps. Like "Still Crazy After All These Years" was a leap. It was harmonically way better than what I'd written before. It was a really good ballad with a really good title. I loved recording with the gospel quartets. I like going to Jamaica. I like travelling and meeting other musicians. So the idea of recording in South Africa for *Graceland* didn't seem intimidating. It felt like, "Well, I did it in Jamaica. I don't know what it'll be like, but it'll be something akin to Jamaica." Which it wasn't.

Talking of *Graceland*, how do you view the controversy surrounding the album now? You were accused of breaking a cultural boycott.

I don't regret it. I didn't start it. Look, first of all, that existed in Britain to a far greater degree than elsewhere, with the exception of South Africa. But there, the musicians' answer was, "Hey, I don't want to hear your criticism. I'm out there in the world, you know, playing our music and doing well. So who are you?" Finally, the argument came down to, "We, the African National Congress, didn't approve of you going to South Africa." It wasn't about a cultural boycott. There was no boycott to recording with South African musicians. It applied to performing in front of segregated audiences or sporting or political events. But it didn't apply to recording. Probably as it never occurred to them anyone was going to do it, though the year before Malcolm McLaren had recorded *Duck Rock* in South Africa. The musicians voted whether they wanted me to



Simon performs "Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes" with Ladysmith Black Mambazo on Saturday Night Live, 1986



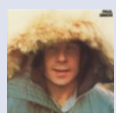
come and they wanted to know how much I was going to pay them, because Malcolm McLaren didn't pay anything and he took credit. I paid them double New York scale, which was something like \$600 a session, and they were making \$10 a session. So they were happy to come and play. So the whole experience of making the record was very exciting and pleasurable for everybody. Nothing bad happened until it was a hit.

So what changed? The political issue. I was friends with Hugh Masekela and Miriam Makeba who stood by my side and said, "Who do you people think you are, attacking this? What did you ever do for South Africa?" So what it turned out to be was an argument that said the politicians should be able to dictate to the artists what they can and can't do, and the artists spoke back and said, "Why? How come you get to tell us that we can't do this? Based on what? How did you decide we're doing damage to your cause when in fact we're actually doing good and you guys are upset because we're not listening to you? Is that the kind of government that you're going to bring when you come in?" So it became a real artist versus politics argument and I'm quite proud that we won.

You mentioned accomplishment a moment ago. Is there anything left for you to accomplish? I don't think accomplish is the right word. Is there anything left to learn? It's infinity. There's so much to learn that you're never going to get there. Which is part of the great pleasure of it. **©**

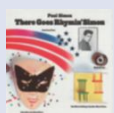
Stranger To Stranger is released by Virgin EMI

AMERICAN TUNES The best of Paul Simon's solo albums



PAUL SIMON
1972
Simon's first solo album found him

7/10 embracing diverse musical styles – reggae, Latin and blues – in a variety of locations: Paris, San Francisco and Kingston, Jamaica. Highlights include "Mother And Child Reunion", recorded with Jimmy Cliff's backing band, and the playful "Paranoia Blues".



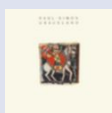
THERE GOES RHYM' SIMON
1973
Backed on half the album

9/10 by the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section, Simon's second solo album featured nimble explorations of folk, gospel and Dixieland. A warm and engaging collection, it also contains "American Tune" – a powerful state of the nation survey written in the wake of Watergate, Vietnam et al.



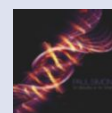
STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
1975

9/10 Despite the headline collaboration with Art Garfunkel for "My Little Town", Simon's third is surprisingly low-key, addressing themes of lost love, disillusionment and loneliness undercut by moments of dry humour. Nevertheless, "50 Ways To Leave Your Lover" was his only US No 1 solo single.



GRACELAND
1986
Recorded on the back foot

10/10 – after his marriage collapsed and 1983's *Hearts And Bones* failed – *Graceland* was not only a spectacular comeback for Simon but was an effective bridge between American rock and South African music. "You Can Call Me Al", meanwhile, introduced Simon to the MTV generation.



SO BEAUTIFUL OR SO WHAT
2011
Simon's

8/10 strongest in years found him regaining focus and melody. Seasoned by spots from bluegrass veterans Doyle Lawson & Quicksilver or electronic drum patterns from Grizzly Bear's Chris Bear, *So Beautiful...* was a rich work, engaged and on songs like "Love Is Eternal Sacred Light" questing for spiritual truths.

“OUR EGOS WERE BEING CRUSHED!”

What happens when three great singer-songwriters team up? In Portland, *Uncut* finds KD LANG, NEKO CASE and LAURA VEIRS discussing the trials and rewards of becoming a very special Americana supergroup. “We all had our microscopes out, combing for lice...”

Story: Andy Gill | Photograph: Jason Quigley



AS I PULL UP in front of the house Laura Veirs shares with her husband, producer Tucker Martine, in north-east Portland, she and kd lang are sitting out front on the veranda, enjoying the blaze of cherry blossom on the tree across the road. Magpies cavort and caw amongst the shock of pink, here in a neighbourhood much given over to the city's bohemian community. Just up the street, a garden seems to have spread out across verge and sidewalk to the kerb, where a two-foot-high toy horse awaits its tether: a whimsical tableau just begging for a unicorn's twisted horn.

But you probably shouldn't expect anything less in a town whose motto is “Keep Portland Weird”, and where the more outré pursuits and professions find a warm welcome, along with indie-rock immigrants such as Peter Buck, Stephen Malkmus and The Shins. kd lang moved here from LA in 2012, and found a vibrant, nurturing community of fellow musicians which has received its

natural consummation in *case/lang/veirs*, an LP recorded with fellow singer-songwriters Neko Case and Laura Veirs.

“I've wanted to do a trio situation for quite a few years, and I've always had in the back of my mind, pondering who it might be with,” she explains over tea in Veirs' lounge. “Then when I moved here, I met Laura and Neko, and I thought that would be an interesting combination, because we're similar and very different at the same time. So I emailed both of them and said, ‘I think we should make a record’, and within half an hour both of them got back and said, ‘Green light, let's go!’”

“It was a no-brainer!” says Neko Case later. “I never thought kd would say, ‘Hey, do you and Laura want to make a record together?’ So being the pirate fool that I am, I said, ‘Yes!’ immediately. You don't think about it. Just do it, no regrets.”

“It was also the fact we had a physical connection, in Portland,” says Lang, “because Neko's from Tacoma, so there's this corridor of the Cascadias [*Pacific north-west region of America*]...”

“And she has the Canadian connection, from Vancouver,” adds Veirs. “The north-west is our connection. I don't have a Canadian connection, though it got leaked in the press once that I did.” She pauses. “I would like to be!”



(l-r) Case, Lang and Veirs
at Tucker Martine's
Flora Recording Studio

IT'S AN UNUSUAL project, not least because its participants are solo female singer-songwriters. While there's been no shortage of male collaborations ever since the first Super Session of Al Kooper, Mike Bloomfield and Stephen Stills, they've mostly been concerned with instrumental prowess, in a tradition reaching back to jazz jam-sessions. Apart from CSNY, just about the only significant multi-songwriter hook-up has been The Traveling Wilburys, who drolly described themselves as five rhythm guitarists. But save for the one-off *Trio* alliance of Dolly Parton, Emmylou Harris and Linda Ronstadt, it's hard to recall any comparable team of female singer-songwriters trying what case/lang/veirs are doing.

Of the three, Lang is the most high-profile, with a well-established career that tacks easily between country and cabaret croon. She's had huge hits, been acclaimed by no less a vocal authority than Tony Bennett. But Nashville's country establishment has always regarded her with a certain ambivalence. "They always approached me a bit at arm's length," she says, "and with good reason, because I also approached them at arm's length. I wanted to sing country music, and fully experience country music, but I never wanted to be a country

"Doing
the record
was a
no-brainer.
You just do
it, no
regrets"
Neko Case

singer, if that makes sense. I honestly don't know how my career has changed. I had more confidence and bravado and swashbuckling energy back in the day, and now I'm maybe too careful, too aware of all the implications; but at the same time I have a more mature understanding of the music, and I'd think that experience has refined my palate, but I'm not honestly sure."

Lang's most recent album, 2011's *Sing It Loud*, was her first recorded with a band, Siss Boom Bang, since her early records with The Reclines, and suggested a re-engagement with country after several albums of more sophisticated jazz stylings; but she denies that's where she's headed now.

"I just ran into Joe Pisapia and started writing that record," she explains. "I think, if anything, I would be headed more towards jazz, but I'm not 100 per cent sure." She has been working on a new album for four years now, she reveals, but it's tough going: "I'm really struggling with it, I can't quite get all the pieces together for it. It's coming more from my crooner side than my country side." So for her, the case/lang/veirs project offers a welcome change of pace and surroundings.

Key to the project was collaboration, right from the off. Rather than each participant bringing their own complement of songs ➔



The three amigos:
Portland's finest
gather in Tucker
Martine's studio

to the party, all three contributed freely to each number, in sometimes gruelling compositional collaborations. A process in which Laura Veirs, as the most compulsive songwriter, became what Lang calls “the machine behind the vehicle”.

“My engine won’t stop,” Veirs admits. “I was, like, sweeping the whole floor before you got here! Type A, super-controlling.”

Veirs is an uncommonly gifted songwriter with a distinctive, deeply philosophical vein of imagery that, like the young Thomas Pynchon, often employs science as metaphor. The songs on albums such as *Carbon Glacier*, *July Flame* and her most recent, *Warp And Weft*, are suffused with a keen appreciation of the elemental and meteorological, and in Buddhist manner, at times ascribe sentience to inanimate things like snow and ships. Her next LP, she believes, will be a much more stripped-back, sparser affair than the densely textured, jazzy explorations of *Warp And Weft*, signalled in that album’s tribute to Alice Coltrane.

“I’ve definitely swung on a pendulum between quite simple, sparse music and more in-depth production with beats and feedback and electric guitars, and lots of vocals,” she says. “I just did four solo shows, and it was such fun to be back in touch with how much you can do with just a voice and a guitar. It’s hard, but it’s like a great skill – and a practical skill, too, because you can come back from a solo tour with all this money!”

A prolific songwriter, Veirs admits writing far more songs than necessary for each album, discarding many more than make the final cut. Her output wasn’t even slowed by parenthood – the pram in the hallway, in her case, was not the sombre enemy of good art, but its spur, as she got an entire album of children’s songs, *Tumble Bee*, out of the experience.

“I feel so grateful that I can have a full life of being a mother and an artist,” she says. “Sometimes I feel as if I’m this machine of efficiency, and I realise that’s not always what art needs! But I’ve always been able to set aside time to work on my music, and I protect that like a mother lion protecting her cubs: I have to do my work, or I’d go crazy. But if you’re going to be an artist, you can’t be obsessed with efficiency! The muse can’t be bothered to get the job done, it comes from some other place. But it’s being habitual and methodical that enables me to get the work done.”

It was Veirs who brought the three singers together in the first place, inviting them both to sing on *Warp And Weft*. Neko Case had been working on her last album with Tucker Martine, and stayed on to contribute, while Veirs met Lang at a benefit show

“Neko’s
lightning
in a bottle.
You have
to really
listen and
catch it”
kdlang

featuring The Decemberists, and “on a whim” asked her to sing on the album. A few weeks later, Lang’s email brought them together as a collective unit. Until that point, there had been little contact between them, though they were keenly aware of each others’ work. With lang spending much of her time in Calgary, and Case based in Vermont, the sheer distances involved militated against any social interaction. Indeed, as Veirs admits, “We didn’t actually all sit in the same room until about a year after that email.”

“I definitely have Laura and kd to thank for the planning and scheduling, because I’m terrible at that,” says Case. “The nuts and bolts of it was them, cracking the whip on that. I was on tour all the time, and dealing with a stalker, and releasing a boxset, so I was really up in the air. I’m really grateful that they had those skills and nailed it, made sure everything ran on time.”

Case began her recording career while studying fine arts at the Emily Carr Institute Of Art And Design in Vancouver, where she became a part-time member of indie band The New Pornographers, a relationship that endures to this day. But with her visa expiring when her course was completed, she moved back south of the 49th Parallel and embarked on her solo career, initially backed by Her Boyfriends. It’s been an eventful career so far, aptly reflecting her quixotic material, which deals

imaginatively with things like human/animal interaction, emotional disturbance and her own life experiences, depicted in the manner of Eastern European fairytales (she has Ukrainian ancestry). Case’s breakthrough album was *Fox Confessor Brings The Flood*, a remarkable work whose emotional diversity was matched by its musical inventiveness. The turbulent follow-up *Middle Cyclone*, secured her a US Top 3 chart placing; her elemental imagery in some songs echoed that of Laura Veirs. 2013’s *The Worse Things Get, The Harder I Fight, The Harder I Fight, The More I Love You* was an uneasy listen, though the mature and ultimately uplifting way in which she confronted issues of grief, anxiety and depression confirmed Case as a major songwriting talent.

Initially, her busy tour schedule prevented Case from joining the other two on the new project; but when she did, she swiftly left her mark.

“kd and I started working for a few months, then Neko popped in for a couple of weeks,” says Veirs. “We had a pretty solid chunk of stuff to hand her, then she came in and slashed and burned some of it. But some of her changes were so brilliant, I was delighted. Especially on one of my songs – ‘Supermoon’ I had written with full lyrics and music, and





The taskmaster:
kd lang



The editor:
Neko Case

then she messed around with it, changed the guitar part a bit, added a hook, and cut the lyric – which was hard to accept at first, but her lyrics were so brilliant. And she really got her hooks into ‘Delirium’, too.”

“That just felt like it might be a Neko song,” says Lang, “and then she wrote that crazy, yummy bridge. Literally, the first session she came to, we played the song, and she said, ‘The bridge

should go like this’, and just spewed it out. And we had to play butterfly catchers, ‘cos she’ll just spew this stuff out and say, ‘Did you get that? Is that A minor?’. She’s definitely lightning in a bottle. You have to really listen and catch it. Then for three days in a row she wouldn’t have anything, she’d be like, ‘I’m gonna work on that later’, and kd would be, ‘No! You’re working on it now!’”

“But she couldn’t, that’s not the way she works.”

“And then the next day, there it is. She can’t be corralled!”

“I’M GENERALLY A person who messes with lyrics and writes bridges,” confirms Neko Case. “That’s my part, and I didn’t know that was what I was going to bring, that’s just the way it happened. Laura would bring a kind of structure, kd would have a lot of melodies, and they of course contributed those things I thought I contributed as well. But for me, I was surprised that these were the kinds of things I did.”

“That’s one of her real strengths, and I was so happy once I let go of my initial feelings,” says Veirs. “Because one of my struggles as a songwriter, this far in, is really being bored with myself, feeling that I’ve just written a song that I’ve written a hundred times before, so the melody and chords are just not surprising to me any more. And when she does that, it’s so surprising and exciting. The words that she chose are very different to those I would choose.”

“We all think extremely differently,” agrees Lang. “And we have completely different musical approaches. I can’t think of one song where it was easy. It was really difficult. Especially songwriting, ‘cos it’s kinda like cooking – you’re putting your heart and soul into something, and then someone comes along and goes, ‘No! It should taste like cumin!’, and you’re like, ‘Noooo!’”

If it were three guys working together, I suggest, there would immediately be a power-play period of horn-locking and strength-testing between them, to ascertain their relative positions in the hierarchy. Is it different for you?

“Well,” says Lang, “this is the big can of worms question!”

“I definitely think we all have our own competitive spirits,” admits Veirs. “We’re all strivers and competent, independent

HOW TO BUY

SELECTIVE DISCOGRAPHY

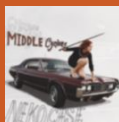
NEKO CASE



FOX CONFESSOR BRINGS THE FLOOD 2006

Case’s intriguing, engaging animal metaphors are delivered here with a clarity

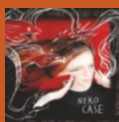
which doesn’t entirely dispel their mystery. Garth Hudson and Calexico duo Joey Burns & John Convertino furnish a range of quirky accompaniments, while Case’s own hammer dulcimer illuminates the concluding “The Needle Has Landed”.



MIDDLE CYCLONE 2009

Sketched in earthy roots-music tones of banjo, 12-string and fiddle, and employing an emotional timescale measured

in glaciers and tornadoes, Case mines an elemental image-bank here, which lends a sinister aspect to her countrified cover of Sparks’ “Never Turn Your Back On Mother Earth”.



THE WORSE THINGS GET, THE HARDER I FIGHT, THE HARDER I FIGHT, THE MORE I LOVE YOU 2013

The result of a three-year bout of bereavement-induced grief and depression, this song-cycle takes us through allusive ruminations on identity, anxiety, womanhood and home, finally reaching closure of sorts with a paean to the uplifting sound of “Ragtime”.

kd lang



HYMNS OF THE 49TH PARALLEL 2004

kd lang covers her favourite Canadian songwriters, with two apiece from Jane Siberry, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young and Leonard Cohen, including the respectful “Hallelujah” that she used to open the 2010 Winter Olympics.



WATERSHED 2008

The most recent of kd’s torch-song albums, her haunted croon evoking desire and despair on romantic tracks like the lustful “Sunday”, while elsewhere delving into adult issues of compromise, ambition and lost faith.



kd lang & THE SISS BOOM BANG: SING IT LOUD 2012

Returning to a band format for the first time since *The Reclines* albums, kd sometimes struggles here to capture the right balance between the subtleties of her own delivery and the ramshackle alt.country backings of her band.

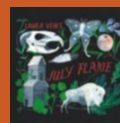
LAURA VEIRS



CARBON GLACIER 2004

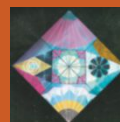
With her landmark fourth album, Veirs evoked the Pacific North-West in climatic imagery, offering philosophical ruminations on art as an

attempt to capture the rapture of nature. Strings, guitar, organ, synth and accordion combine in one of Tucker Martine’s most atmospheric productions.



JULY FLAME 2010

Rather than icy water, *July Flame* basks in warm summer sun, with Veirs’ fingerstyle guitar technique foregrounded in tracks like “Sun Is King” and “Summer Is The Champion”, with just the odd textural tint of organ, horns or strings.



WARP AND WEFT 2013

Another brilliant alliance of performer and producer, this extends further Veirs’ fascination with the seasons, while elsewhere parenthood extends her empathies in songs like “Sadako Folding Cranes”, and tributes to Alice Coltrane and the Rev Howard Finster celebrate the dedication of outsider artists.

“I’m not as famous as these two but it doesn’t really matter”
Laura Veirs

people who have carved our own paths, so it’s definitely been tricky at times to merge. I didn’t feel that as much during the songwriting, because like kd says, I was more of an engine. But when it gets into this phase of presentation, I definitely feel like a little boxer syndrome – I’m not as famous as those two, I’ve been the opening act before, but it’s not my name on the marquee. So it’s been good for me during this process to realise that it doesn’t really matter: the hierarchies are not real, we’re all just here for a moment in time and then we’re gone.”

“Women are known as team players in general,” says Lang, “but I think at the onset we knew the writing process would be challenging because it is kind of an internal process. And I think in this case, as women, we were aware when our egos were being crushed, and we would even talk about it, we would go, ‘I’m really attached to that because of this, this and this’, or somebody would go, ‘I hate that word because I used it 25 times in songs before’, or ‘It reminds me of this’. We talked a lot about our

➔ feelings and what was going on – especially Laura and I, we would bitch at each other quite a bit, and that was an important part of the process in building trust, it kept us floating. It was definitely a therapeutic and cathartic process for all of us. But the music was like the carrot in front of the horse, it was just obvious there was some spark there.”

“Ah, the three of us are guys, it’s no different!” agrees Neko Case, currently working feverishly to complete her fine arts degree (after which, she proclaims proudly, she will be “legally completely unemployable”).

“We did work on things a long time, we really sweated them, and there were times when we were all really nervous, and really anxious, because we were concerned about how it would turn out. So we all had our microscopes out, combing for any lice, if you know what I mean. We made sure there were no lice!

“We scrutinised really hard. And then sometimes we realised we had to stop scrutinising, it was fine the first time. We just needed a band to pull it out, and the people we hired to be our band are such crack wizards that it wasn’t very difficult, and it was exciting for all of us to hear the songs sound like songs for the first time ever.”

A FEW STREETS north of Laura Veirs’ house lies the Alberta Arts District. Occupying around 20 blocks of NE Alberta Street, it’s a hip string of craft shops and chiropractic clinics, acupuncturists and apothecaries, teahouses and microbrewery bars. A self-proclaimed “Taco Lab” offers fusion creations like Thai green curry in a taco. There’s a pie shop called Random Order, while a shop called Pie seems to sell shoes. A local church promises a new Saturday Mass will be “contemplative in style”. Numerous urban murals decorate walls, including a large replica of The Decemberists’ *What A Terrible World, What A Beautiful World*, the hit album produced at Tucker Martine’s Flora Recording Studio, situated a short distance away, close by the Willamette River. It was there that *case/lang/veirs* was recorded, in just five days.

“That’s 14 songs by a band that hadn’t played together before, and hadn’t heard the songs before, so we were working at a pretty good clip,” says Martine. “The project involved three different, strong artistic voices, and nobody knew how we were going to fit it all together – we just had to get in there and figure it out. There was just enough tension to make something meaningful. I don’t think any of them was used to having to fight for what they really wanted in this way, where it’s a three-part democracy, more or less.”



The “engine”: Laura Veirs with her husband, producer Tucker Martine

“None of them was used to fighting for what they really wanted”

Tucker Martine

“The writing process was so difficult, but super-satisfying at the same time,” says kd lang. “But when we got into the studio and let it into other peoples’ hands, it became obvious that it was really working, because it went down so fast, and so creatively, there was so much reward in it.”

She’s not wrong – *case/lang/veirs* is a delightful album, with elegantly textured arrangements housing intelligent, provocative narratives and observations couched in inventive harmonies, the songs studded with startling aperçus that ring with natural truth, like Case’s realisation, in “Supermoon”, that “*Nature isn’t magic, it’s just a mystery to us*,” or the romantic repose never better expressed than “*I want to be here with you, not racing to what comes next*.” In several songs, it’s the arrangements that bring out the underlying meanings – the noodling woodwind and gentle sleighbells that tug “1000 Miles Away” in the direction of Christmas; the itchy rhythm over which the voices glide “Down I-5”; the glockenspiel and low hum of strings which animate the turmoil of “Why Do We Fight”; and perhaps most impressive of all, the intriguing combination of vibes, strings, dramatic horns and astringent harmonies that embodies the resurgent hope of “Greens Of June”, a song begun by Veirs in her kids’ playroom, and finished off at Flora Sound with her husband.

“The thing is, Tucker and I don’t get to spend much time together,” says Veirs, “so it was great to be together, without the kids, bless their souls. I usually only get to see him work once every three years, which is about how often I make a record. The rest of the time, other people have got their claws sunk in him. I love his patience, and his ability to talk an artist through a dark moment.

“You’re trying to capture something very elusive, and an artist’s temperament in the studio can be so fragile, and he’s so

case/lang/veirs, “trying to capture something very elusive”



good with that. I would never have the patience for it. I would be like, 'Just sing that song and let's get out of here!'"

"Well, that does it for me!" says Lang.

"You were like that with me!"

"Well, it was good cop, bad cop..."

"It was great, because it kept things moving. Tucker will let an artist ruminate and try things 700 times..."

"...and I'm not like that at all! I don't like the procrastination in the process that much. We only had five days, and musicians can sit around and talk about guitar strings for three hours. So I'm kind of the principal taskmaster."

And as the most celebrated song stylist of the group, kd lang was especially hard on her own performances, refusing to accept anything that wasn't perfect.

"With 'Honey And Smoke', we got a decent take, but it wasn't right," she says, "so I just left it, until even after we'd finished and wrapped and were celebrating; then I just went, 'OK, one more time, let's see what happens', and of course, we got it. Because we'd psyched ourselves up by that point. I kind of got that trick from [photographer] Herb Ritts, who used to do that at the end of a photo-shoot. He'd go, 'Oh, the light's great, could you just lean up against this here' – and you're already out of the clothes, out of the make-up, all the stylists had packed up – and then he'd get the photograph. So I thought, 'I'm gonna apply that.' As it just didn't feel right at first, I left it for five days."

How does a singer sustain freshness through multiple takes?

"I think that creativity exists in two places," says Lang.

"There's in the beginning, and after learning something and then forgetting it, and being able to play it. Like if you've been on the road for 365 days and you've played the song a million times, and you go back into the studio and record it, and it's just such a part of you. But the middle part, between the beginning and the forgetting, it's too intellectualised: you're bored, you're intellectualising it too much, and it's craft at that point, not art."

ONE UNUSUAL ASPECT of the album is the tone of the harmonies, and how sparingly they are used. Not all their voices feature on all the songs, which prioritise the lead vocal with sometimes just one accompanying harmony; and the harmonies aren't particularly sugary, either – there's a tart sweetness to them, citron rather than strawberry, which opens up a broader range of emotional hues.

"We were all bracing for that," agrees Lang. "Pretty early on we all decided we didn't want a trio record where we sang three-part harmony on every song. It sort of sifted itself out, how we shared the vocal thing, and the tunes: the individual definitely gets the moment, but they have the backing of the posse, which feels more celebratory of the individual as a cohesive group, rather than a group masking individuality."

"I think that I actually came into this project with a completely different vision," she adds. "I wanted to do a folk-punk girl-group thing, a little bit more kitsch than what ended up happening, so it took me a long time to re-adjust my sights, because Laura wanted something super-real and super-substantial, and Neko has her very specific ideas about how she wants her songs to be, in terms of the message she's putting across; and I'm sort of the tourist *tchotchke* in the window, I'm kind of light and lovely! But my songs were probably the hardest to complete."

"We weren't sure what to open the album with," says Veirs, "but 'Atomic Number' is a good one, because it represented all the flavours, and we're all singing. We wanted to call our band The Atomic Numbers, but that was already taken. We didn't want anything funny, or genderised, it was really difficult. It's not like we didn't try, we spent hours and hours on names."

The next step in the project, following the album's release, is the tour which opens in late June, for which plans are already well underway.

"The thing that became clear early on was that everyone had something to offer somewhere in the process, right through to touring," says Lang, "and at the end of touring we'll see the end

MUSE WORTHY

JUDEE SILL

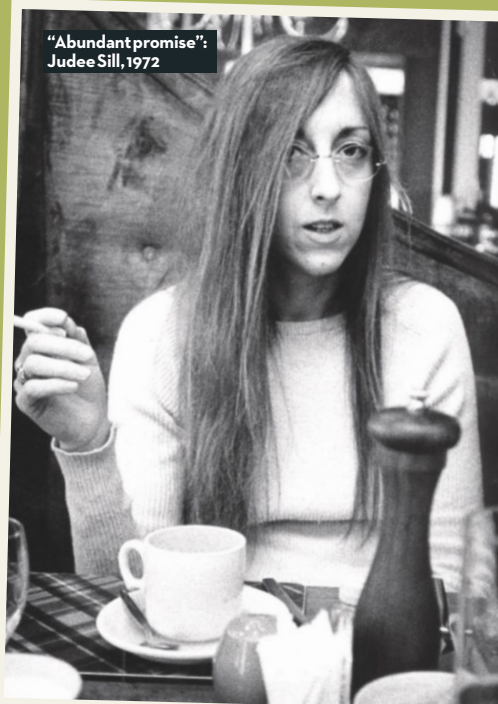
The trio pay tribute to a lady of the Canyon

EULOGISED IN *case/lang/veirs'* "Song For Judee", Judee Sill was perhaps the most tragic victim of the late '60s Laurel Canyon scene, plummeting from abundant promise to ignominious death within just a few years. She was the first artist signed to David Geffen's Asylum label, where her song "Jesus Was A Crossmaker" established her reputation as a songwriter of distinctive talents, but once the Eagles swept Geffen to commercial success, her umbrage at what she believed to be a lack of interest and promotion on his part led to their falling out after the appearance of her second album, *Heart Food*.

Unlike most of the era's hippy-chick or mother earth singer-songwriters, Sill's talent was forged in harsh personal circumstances: both her parents died before she was out of her teens, and she responded by developing a heavy drug habit which she supported through prostitution and by holding up liquor stores and forging cheques, for which she served several prison sentences. Having quit the music business when relations with Geffen broke down, Sill lapsed back into drug addiction,

eventually being found dead in November 1979.

"I hated that song!" exclaims kd lang. "I literally sat here on this couch and went, 'Who cares? That song's stupid!'. But you know what, I have to say it's now one of my favourite songs on the record. When I heard Laura track it, all of a sudden I heard the song. I'm embarrassed to say, I didn't hear the song before that. But you know, that verse, 'Found you with the needle in your arm and your books strewn round your feet,' aaagh!. When that one came down in the studio, Laura nailed it."



"Abundant promise": Judee Sill, 1972



"We had to be fluid and adapt to each other's processes"
kdlang

of it. We all have specific tools to add to the kit, and it's surprisingly balanced in terms of what we have to offer; but it's definitely over a huge span and spectrum of influences. From the first lyric to the last tour or interview, whatever it is, will improve and enrich us all: it's the spectrum of experience, from my comparatively mainstream position to Laura, who's super-independent, and Neko's sort of middle-independent, to go through a recording and touring process together is really interesting. We have to be fluid and adapt and accept other people's processes, approached from such vastly different perspectives."

Right now, they're pondering what else they'll play alongside the album material. A few covers are planned – Neil Young's "Helpless", and Lesley Gore's "You Don't Own Me" among them – although their own back-catalogue contributions are causing more furrowed brows. Veirs, organised as ever, has decided on "July Flame" and "I Can See Your Tracks"; and she and Lang are rooting for Case to do "Deep Red Bells" and the haunting "Margaret Vs Pauline"; but kd herself seems reluctant to go for the obvious choices – notwithstanding the obvious fan pressure that will surely be brought to bear when the encores come around.

"It's funny, as an artist, and then as a listener, to experience that," she reflects. "Because as an artist, you go, 'Oh God, they don't want to hear "Constant Craving" again, they don't want to hear "Hallelujah", they're fucking sick of that!' Then I remember going to see The Pretenders, and Chrissie didn't play 'Brass In Pocket', and I was outraged!" ☺

case/lang/veirs is released June 17 on Anti-

CARLENE CARTER

LIVE 2016 UK AND IRELAND

10 June St Barnabas Church, Oxford
11 June Islington Academy, London
13 June Hebden Trade Club, Hebden Bridge
14 June Whelans, Dublin
16 June Glor Theater, Ennis County Claire
23 June The Con Club, Lewes



'Carter Girl reaffirms Carlene Carter's role as scion of country music's leading family through a mixture of Carter Family classics and original material.' **INDEPENDENT**

'Carlene has revived their songs before, but never with this intensity and emotion.' **THE GUARDIAN**

carlenecarter.net

[/officialcarlenecarter](https://www.facebook.com/officialcarlenecarter)

[@CarlooneyCarter](https://twitter.com/CarlooneyCarter)

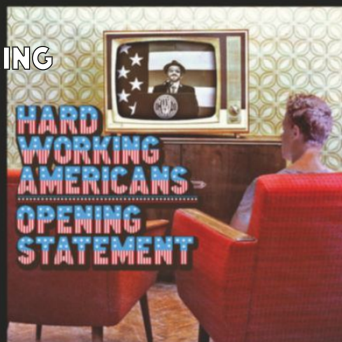
HARD WORKING AMERICANS REST IN CHAOS

LET ME EXPLAIN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SUMMARIZE REST IN CHAOS. WHAT YOU HAVE HERE IS, IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE BOOK OF GENESIS AS DEFTLY RECONCEIVED BY TODD SNIDER WHO HAS BEEN INHABITED BY A SPIRIT RESEMBLING PHILIP K. DICK. THE REST OF THE HARD WORKING AMERICANS ARE UNDER THE DIRECTION (OR PERHAPS IN THE THRALL) OF AN OLDER WISER JIMI HENDRIX AND A FRANK ZAPPA NO LESS EXACTING THAN HE WAS WHEN HE DEPARTED. IT IS ROCK 'N' ROLL MUSIC, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE, AND THAT'S NO DREAM, IT'S JUST A FACT. THERE ARE MOMENTS HERE WHEN THE WALLS OF BABEL MIGHT BE FALLING, THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN THEY ARE REINVENTED AND EVERYTIME YOU TRY TO PIN IT DOWN, IT SHOWS YOU SOMETHING ELSE.

DAVE MARSH

THEHARDWORKINGAMERICANS.COM

FEATURING



PRODUCED BY DAVE SCHOOLS

OUT 13.05.16



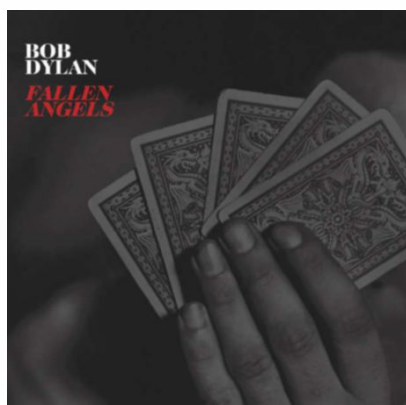


OUR SCORING SYSTEM:

10 Masterpiece 9 Essential 8 Excellent
7 Very good 6 Good but uneven
4-5 Mediocre 1-3 Poor

New albums

THIS MONTH: NEIL YOUNG | STEVE GUNN | SWANS & MORE



BOB DYLAN

Fallen Angels

COLUMBIA

More wonderfully weary resignation from the Great American Songbook. *By Andy Gill*

TRACKLIST

- 1 Young At Heart
- 2 Maybe You'll Be There
- 3 Polka Dots And Moonbeams
- 4 All The Way
- 5 Skylark
- 6 Nevertheless
- 7 All Or Nothing At All
- 8 On A Little Street In Singapore
- 9 It Had To Be You
- 10 Melancholy Mood
- 11 That Old Black Magic
- 12 Come Rain Or Come Shine

8/10

WITH *FALLEN ANGELS*, Bob Dylan, like Linda Ronstadt and Rod Stewart before him, has seen fit to continue his exploration of the Great American Songbook begun with such unexpected poise and humility on last year's *Shadows In The Night*.

In his case, however, it's not been a completely untrammelled ransacking of the hundreds of possible standards. Instead, Dylan has continued to restrict his choice to those songs which conform loosely to a mood of weary resignation, extending the engaging crepuscular mood of *Shadows In The Night*: Tony Garnier's

bowed bass and Donny Herron's creamy pedal-steel guitar ooze along like a slow-flowing river, carrying Dylan's warm, weatherbeaten croon on songs such as "Melancholy Mood" and "It Had To Be You" like Huck Finn laid in a rowboat, a straw dangling from the corner of his mouth.

Following his able negotiation of the latter's spoken intro, the band slides into the song like a lazy snake slithering into water. Dylan sings with a sigh in his voice, emphasising the theme of acquiescence to a beloved's shortcomings: "*For nobody else gave me a thrill/With all your faults, I love you still.*" It's a delivery which



serenading his memory of a dancefloor encounter, and its subsequent consummation “*in a cottage built of lilacs and laughter*”, an image of bucolic bliss you’d never find flowing from his pen, surely.

Ironically, a year before Sinatra’s 1940 success with “Polka Dots And Moonbeams”, he and Harry James’ band were fired from their Hollywood club residency specifically for performing “All Or Nothing At All”, which the club owner considered a room-clearer with no redeeming virtues. Which shows what he knew: five years later, it was one of the singer’s most

SLEEVE NOTES

► Produced by:

Jack Frost

Recorded at:

Capitol Studios, Hollywood, CA

Personnel includes:

Bob Dylan (vocals), Stu Kimball (rhythm guitar), Donnie Herron (pedal-steel, lap-steel, electric mandolin, banjo, violin), Charlie Sexton (lead guitar), Tony Garnier (bass guitar), George Receli (drums, percussion)

popular songs. Here, Dylan’s dismissive inflection, borne on a gentle country vamp, applies a sort of Gallic shrug to the song. And while he strains for the rise in the bridge, it does lend a certain confirmation to the line “*my heart may go dizzy and fall*” at its end.

Billie Holiday, never one to overplay any potential hint of desolation, gave a far jauntier interpretation of “All Or Nothing At All”, and as for Sinatra, his 1966 revisiting of it with Nelson Riddle swung, as they say, like a pendulum do. Dylan’s version, by contrast, is haunted by the song’s obsessional, absolutist implications. He seems to naturally inhabit the underlying darkness in these songs, and recording them with his small

combo, presumably in the manner of *Shadows In The Night* – live with no vocal booth, no headphones and no overdubs – ensures that, unlike most modern-day punched-in vocal constructions, there’s a real sense of fallible humanity to these performances.

That’s most evident in “All The Way”, a song which proved so popular in Sinatra’s 1957 Oscar-winning original recording that the film from which it came, *The Joker Is Wild*, was subsequently retitled after the song. Here, the way Dylan sings the title-phrase, it’s as if he’s reaching from some immense distance,

restores a sense of caution to the oldest song here (1924), one which has, through its appearance in countless movies including *Casablanca*, *Annie Hall* and *When Harry Met Sally*, become disinfected of this more circumspect interpretation, and recast as the evocation of inevitable attraction.

As with its predecessor, *Fallen Angels* features many songs from the Sinatra repertoire, including “Polka Dots And Moonbeams”, Frankie’s first hit with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. Here, acoustic guitar heralds pedal steel flourishes over a slow drum shuffle in a long, 90-second intro before Dylan arrives,

HOW TO BUY... GREAT AMERICAN SONGBOOK ALBUMS

From Willie Nelson to Paul McCartney....

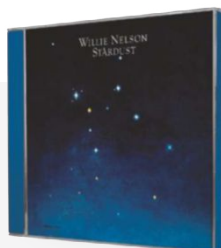


RINGO STARR *Sentimental Journey*

APPLE, 1970

The first notable Great American Songbook comp by a pop performer, and the first non-avant-garde solo LP by a Beatle, preceding Macca by three weeks. But its coherence was damaged by having each song arranged by different arrangers. Lingering Beatle momentum gave it a Top 10 placing.

6/10

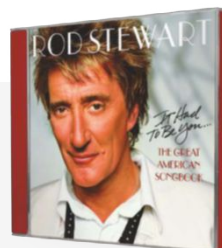


WILLIE NELSON *Stardust*

COLUMBIA, 1977

Produced by Booker T Jones, *Stardust* was an unexpected turn for Nelson after a string of outlaw country albums, but despite reservations it remains his biggest-selling album. Delivered in his inimitable languid manner, it provides the clearest precedent for Dylan’s countrified treatment of classic songs.

9/10



ROD STEWART *It Had To Be You: The Great American Songbook J*

Though critically savaged, this salvaged Rod’s career, so popular it was quickly followed by two further volumes. Stewart’s voice had a singular enough character to breathe new life into the material, with a pleasing smokiness and sly, worldly quality to the delivery.

7/10



PAUL MCCARTNEY *Kisses On The Bottom*

HEAR MUSIC, 2012

Recorded with Diana Krall’s band, this echoed Ringo’s *Sentimental Journey* by partly drawing on memories of family sing-songs. Here, though, the problem was understatement: the laid-back approach verged on catatonic at times, Macca’s delivery frail and tentative. Still went Top 5, though.

6/10

exhausted by the effort. When he returns after the break, it's touch and go whether he'll hit the right key, but as with his live performances, it just adds to the quixotic charm. A similar enervated abjection applies to "Melancholy Mood", where his delivery is less clipped than at last year's Albert Hall show, more appropriate for the song's enraptured spell, in which "*whatever haunts me, steals upon me in the night, forever taunts me*". Although, if we're considering lyrics unlikely to bear Dylan's own writing credit, the line "*love is a whimsy as flimsy as lace*" would surely come near the top of the list.

Another song profiting from his tone of weary disinterest is "Nevertheless", where over a descending lilt built around Donny Herron's pedal-steel guitar and featuring a silky, restrained guitar break from Stu Kimball, Dylan sings as if all the lyrical quandaries of "*maybe I'm right, maybe I'm wrong*" have been sandblasted from his affection, leaving just the smooth certainty of love. Which just about compensates for his version's lacking the crepuscular smokiness of Sinatra's, or the blithe geniality of Bing Crosby's.

The song here which most closely approaches both those characteristics is "Maybe You'll Be There", in which a lonely guy awaits the return of the love of his life. Dylan's resignation, tempered with anticipation, is echoed by the brooding horns, which along with the violin, suggest the song may be an outtake from the *Shadows In The Night* sessions. By contrast, the enervation with which he delivers the closing "Come Rain Or Come Shine", over Kimball's jazz guitar and Tony Garnier's bowed bass, makes his declaration of eternal company sound like more of a potential burden than a romantic promise. Certainly, it doesn't challenge Ray Charles' peerless reading as the definitive version.

Likewise, while his warm and gentle presentation of "Skylark", over violin and Kimball's nimble acoustic guitar, is one of the album's most appealing interpretations, taken solely on its own merits, it clearly lacks both the easy familiarity and characteristic blues inflections of Hoagy Carmichael's original, and the lush sweetness of Linda Ronstadt's '70s version. Carmichael, certainly, inserts the kind of uncertainty into the song which might have rendered it more congruent with the general mood of *Fallen Angels*.

As things are, it feels slightly out of place, along with "Young At Heart" – which admittedly, delivered as it is in Dylan's elegant groan over a slow and weary steel-guitar country arrangement, makes for a cute contrast with the song's lyrical theme – and "That Old Black Magic". The latter whisks lightly along in a soufflé confection of Latin/country crossover, much faster than the rest of the album, with pedal-steel employed as a background whine behind a neat, restrained guitar vamp and skittish rhythm. For once, Dylan sounds almost excited in his professed rapture. Though not excessively so: that would spoil the overall mood. It's the only real misstep here, the result of an insurmountable contrast between theme – beguiled, mesmerised falling in love – and a tempo which favours feverish excitement over spellbound entrapment.

GREAT AMERICAN SONGWRITERS

From New York to LA

Come fly with the magical US composers of the '20s to the '50s

THE ENGINE POWERING the Great American Songbook was the core of brilliant, prolific songwriters mostly operating out of New York and LA between the 1920s and 1950s, many of whom, including Irving Berlin and the Gershwin brothers, were scions of transplanted Eastern European Jewish immigrant families.

Harold Arlen, the composer of "That Old Black Magic" and "Come Rain Or Come Shine" on *Fallen Angels*, was one such, changing his name in his early twenties from Hyman Arluck. His first significant composition was "Stormy Weather", co-written at a party with Ted Koehler; but his biggest break came when he and EY 'Yip' Harburg were commissioned to write songs for *The Wizard Of Oz*. Arlen claimed he came up with "Over The Rainbow" while driving on Sunset Boulevard as a rainbow appeared over Hollywood. A hugely prolific writer for Broadway, Arlen's catalogue includes such classics as "Accentuate The Positive" and "One For My Baby (And One More For The Road)".

His co-writer on "That Old Black Magic" and "Come Rain Or Come Shine" was the even more prolific Johnny Mercer, winner of four Academy Awards for Best Song (from 18 total nominations). He had a knack for catchy, sometimes inane hooks – "Goody, Goody", "Jeepers, Creepers" and "Hooray For Hollywood" are three of the most adhesive – but was capable of subtler sensibilities when required, as with his lyrics for "Fools Rush In", "Moon River" and "Autumn Leaves", which was recorded by Dylan for *Shadows In The Night*. "That Old Black Magic" was written for, and about, Judy Garland, with whom Mercer was romantically involved at the time: she recorded it in 1942; following countless interpretations by other singers, Mercer's own version appeared 32 years later. The song apparently took him and Arlen a mere three hours to complete. For another Arlen/Mercer classic, "One For My Baby (And One More For The Road)", he jotted down the lyric on a napkin while drinking at a bar, later apologising to the barman Tommy Joyce for changing his name to effect the rhyme "So set 'em up, Joe/I got a little story you should know." Mercer was not always that facile, however. After Hoagy Carmichael sent him the music for "Skylark", it took him so long to respond with a lyric – more than a year – that Carmichael had completely forgotten about the song when it was returned.

Hoagy Carmichael was a one-off, perhaps the most uniquely talented figure of his era in US music. He'd go on to write such standards as "Stardust" and "Georgia On My Mind", but his jazz leanings were set early on through his friendship with Bix Beiderbecke, whose "Riverboat Shuffle" was Carmichael's first recorded song. His compositional style favoured languid, laidback themes, as in "Rocking Chair", and "Lazybones", presented in his own recordings in a distinctive, bluesy manner which played fast and loose with timing and phrasing.

Carmichael developed a sideline as a cameo player in over a dozen Hollywood movies – most notably as the pianist, Cricket, teaching a



Harold Arlen penned "That Old Black Magic", covered on Dylan's *Fallen Angels*

disabled war veteran to play "Chopsticks" with prosthetics in *The Best Years Of Our Lives* – but later regretted dissipating his talents. He believed melodies weren't written but found, claiming, "If you find the beginning of a good song, and if your fingers do not stray, the melody should come out of hiding in a short time."

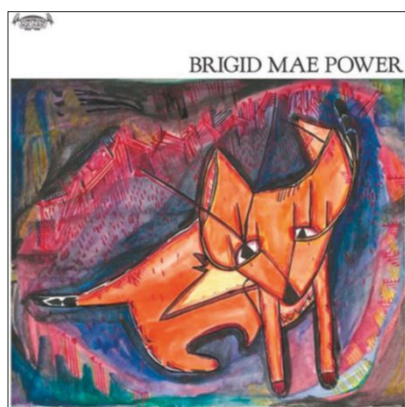
Though songwriting in the Great American Songbook era was not an exclusively male preserve, female practitioners were few and far between. One of the most notable was Carolyn Leigh, lyricist of *Fallen Angels*' "Young At Heart", and "Stay With Me" from *Shadows In The Night*. Although her most famous song is probably the entrancing "Witchcraft", co-written with Cy Coleman, the general tenor of her lyrics was more positive and optimistic, exemplified in songs such as "Hey, Look Me Over". It was a leaning which made her the perfect choice to work on the stage score for *Peter Pan*, one of many Broadway productions she worked on with partners including Coleman, Elmer Bernstein and Johnny Richards, with whom she co-wrote "Young At Heart" – Sinatra's version of which was so successful that the film he was making at the time with Doris Day was renamed thus, with the song used over opening title and end credits.

Perhaps the most successful of all the Great American Songbook composers was Sammy Cahn, whose "All The Way" appears on *Fallen Angels*. Sung by Sinatra, it secured Cahn the second of his four Academy Awards

for Best Song, the others including "Three Coins In The Fountain" and "High Hopes", both also Sinatra hits, from an extraordinary total of 26 nominations. Working primarily as a lyricist, he wrote or co-wrote an astonishing catalogue of standards, becoming Sinatra's go-to guy thanks to a further string of smashes including "My Kind Of Town", "Come Fly With Me", "Time After Time" and "Love And

Marriage". Originally inspired by vaudeville, Cahn spent his early career on the Borscht Belt circuit, where he learnt tricks like the triple-emphasised hook, as employed in "Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow" and "You Can Fly! You Can Fly! You Can Fly!" from the *Peter Pan* movie, and particularly effective when providing the "vaudeville finish" for songs such as "All The Way" and "Three Coins In The Fountain". He was upfront about his technique, explaining, "If you let people know they should applaud, they will applaud." And they did.

Hoagy Carmichael was a one-off, perhaps the most uniquely talented figure of his era



TRACKLIST

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1 | It's Clearing Now |
| 2 | Sometimes |
| 3 | Let Me Hold You Through This |
| 4 | Is It My Low Or Yours |
| 5 | Lookin At You In A Photo |
| 6 | I Left Myself For A While |
| 7 | Watching The Horses |
| 8 | How You Feel |

BRIGID MAE POWER

Brigid Mae Power

TOMPKINSSQUARE

New songs to the siren: an Irish singer's unheralded masterpiece. *By John Mulvey*

9/10

IN EARLY 1993, the 4AD label released a boxset dedicated to their in-house supergroup of sorts, This Mortal Coil. Within its exquisite art-goth packaging sat four CDs: the first three albums by the band plus a compilation, which corralled all the original versions of songs they'd covered. That disc, featuring Gene Clark, Chris Bell, Tim Buckley and Pearls Before Swine among others, was an exceptional act of curation by 4AD founder Ivo Watts-Russell. It presented a strand of classic singer-songwriters whose work was at once personal and otherworldly, their music ready to be remade as something that would conform to the label's ethereal brand identity. Here, the rawest human emotions could be aestheticised, with bespoke *Filigree & Shadow*, and without losing their visceral impact.

Brigid Mae Power, a remarkable new artist from Ireland, is not much familiar with most of that canon; she has only recently heard Mary Margaret O'Hara, a very useful point of reference. But as soon as her first album for Tompkins Square begins, Power seems to be instinctually channelling that heritage. "*I'd cling to these beautiful things, immerse myself in their feelings*," she sings rapturously and, though she's specifically referring to "*the seaweed on the beach, the sun falling down over the sea*", it feels like she could just as easily be invoking a pantheon of spectral influence. The song is called "It's Clearing Now", built around the most indolent of acoustic strums, a string arrangement that blurs the horizon like heat haze, and Power's ineffably graceful, sometimes wordless, ululations. It manages to recall both Elizabeth Fraser and Tim



Q&A

Brigid Mae Power

What music influenced you? Do you come from a folk background?

Yeah, I grew up playing traditional music from quite a young age, I played the accordion and was exposed to a lot of different types of music. I was always trying to find my own way of singing, but when I heard Tim Buckley it was like a light went off. It allowed me to sing how I wanted to.

Can you explain what "Looking At You In A Photo" is about?

I've been a single mum for five years and it's given me lot of stuff to write about. A lot of tough times happened, and you don't really get that many people writing about motherhood. But it's such a huge thing to be responsible for someone, there's a lot of doubt comes up, and I think I work through that in the songs.

INTERVIEW: JOHN MULVEY

these songs are enriched by the process, and neither overburdened nor over-finessed. On "Let Me Hold You Through This", over a pump organ that evokes the solemnities of early sacred music, Power's declaration of unmediated love for her five-year-old son is in no way diminished by Broderick's harmonies.

He does, though, deploy himself sparingly, appreciating the singularity of Power's vision and the intimacy which contributes so much to her appeal. "Looking At You In A Photo" finds her alone at the piano, meditating on a picture of the child she has brought up alone. He is in his paddling pool, "so happy", but Power

remembers her own contrasting emotions: "I was so tired and lonely." The infant, she believes, could see she was faking contentment, in the midst of people "who weren't for us/ Though they claimed to be." It is one of Power's many gifts that she can render sublime what seems on the page to be awkward, diaristic writing, and she also has a knack of tagging her poignant tales with upbeat conclusions. "We came through it, sweetheart," she consoles, at the end of "Looking

At You In A Photo".

"Sometimes" is similarly unadorned – again, nothing more than Power and the piano – and even more moving. "Sometimes I just want to collapse into you," she begins, before losing conventional vocabulary for a while and articulating a state of mind that is both transported and hesitant. Eventually, she ventures the second half of the line, "But I don't know if you want me to." The song works carefully towards a resolution, where she can finally trust those welcoming arms as secure.

Like "It's Clearing Now", "Sometimes" encapsulates the album's subtly implied theme of struggle and doubt transcended, of better times coming slowly into view. At the climax of this hugely satisfying album, Power even gives us that rarity: a happy ending, via a laugh and a dreamy, Karen Dalton-ish folk song called "How You Feel". Before her words dissolve again into a minute or so of post-lingual harmonies, the last line is one of blissful reassurance: "I feel safer," she sings, "than I ever have before."

SLEEVE NOTES

► **Recorded at:**

The Sparkle, Portland, Oregon

Personnel: Brigid Mae Power (guitar, accordion, baritone ukulele, piano, harmonium), Peter Broderick (drums, violin)

Buckley, while never sounding much like the point where they historically intersect – This Mortal Coil's version of "Song To The Siren". It's also the sort of piece that encourages dazzled hyperbole: I can't imagine hearing a song I'll like more in 2016.

Power, it transpires, has been making music of comparably rarefied beauty for a few years now. On Bandcamp, you can find a wealth of her early efforts, often recorded in churches and underground car parks, the sessions underscored by ambient noise leaking in from the world outside. The locations suggest a certain conceptual affinity, since Power's work often has the resonance of liturgical music, and is delivered with a generally uncompromising sense of minimalism and vérité. In fact, they were the products of expediency, of recording on a non-existent budget, in pursuit of architectural reverberation to give the songs an unostentatious grandeur. A version of the traditional "My Lagan Love" is emblematic, just a creaking harmonium and Power, sounding extravagantly forlorn, far in the distance.

Brigid Mae Power brings this talent into focus, taking her from the empty spaces of Waterford to an actual recording studio, The Sparkle in Portland, Oregon, that belongs to the artist and producer Peter Broderick. Given the uncanny charms of Power's early work, it's a risky transition, but fortunately

AtoZ

COMING UP THIS MONTH...

p68 NEIL YOUNG

p70 COLVIN & EARLE

p72 STEVE GUNN

p73 DEXYS

p74 THE FELICE BROTHERS

p77 ALLEN TOUSSAINT

p78 THE MONKEES

p80 SWANS

p83 ROBERT ELLIS



65DAYSOFASTATIC

No Man's Sky: Music For An Infinite Universe

LACED

Suitably colossal soundtrack for a computer-generated cosmos

7/10

As post-rock has inched ever closer to the mainstream, so has its sound, with the riffage it rejected now embraced within its instrumental domain. 65daysofstatic's soundtrack to the hugely anticipated *No Man's Sky* game loads up on pile-driving guitar sequences reminiscent of Mogwai, but its industrial-sized programming (on the pummelling squall of "Monolith"), moments of tranquillity (the gravity-defying "Hypersleep") and chilling electronica ("Pillars Of Frost") confirm the Sheffield quartet's visionary ambitions. A second disc of more textured soundscapes suggests their horizons are as expansive as the game is claimed to be.

WYNDHAM WALLACE



ABC

The Lexicon Of Love II

VIRGIN

Lush yet jaded sequel to luxuriant '80s smash

7/10

In 1982, with the *Lexicon Of Love* album,

Martin Fry took an arch sensibility to the upper reaches of the charts. It was a high-concept work, which established Fry as a post-punk Burt Bacharach in a gold lamé jacket. ABC couldn't sustain the glorious artifice of that moment, but Fry and orchestral arranger Anne Dudley revive it here. Lyrically, Fry is world-weary, but Dudley's arrangements are very 1980s – an unapologetic confection of lush overstatement. Fry remains a singer in love with love songs, pulling it together with the jaded romance of the optimistic "Brighter Than The Sun".

ALASTAIR MCKAY



NEIL YOUNG + PROMISE OF THE REAL

Earth REPRISE

A new band and a new live album. Deep cuts, overdubs and a strong eco message. *By Michael Bonner*



7/10

NEIL YOUNG'S LATEST LP arrived trailed by a typically unconventional explanation. "We made a live record and every creature on the planet seemed to show up," Young marvelled on his Facebook page. "Suddenly all the living things of Earth

were in the audience going crazy... Earth's creatures let loose, there were bee breakdowns, bird breakdowns and yes, even Wall Street breakdowns, jamming with me and Promise Of The Real!"

Earth, then, is the latest broadside in Young's quixotic history of eco-activism that stretches back to 1970's *After The Gold Rush*. It is also explicitly linked to last year's studio album, *The Monsanto Years*, which found Young railing at the bankers "too rich to jail" and the McCorporations who dominate the agricultural industry. He was joined in this latest skirmish by a new backing band, Promise Of The Real – led by Willie Nelson's sons, Lukas and Micah – who subsequently joined Young for the Rebel Content tour that reaches Europe next month.

Earth documents the American leg of the tour; though it comes with caveats. There are overdubs, Auto-Tune and, most conspicuously of all, songs have been overlaid with animal sounds. You'll meet an army of frogs who croak contentedly at the end of "Mother Earth", a flock of geese who rudely honk their way through "Country Home" and a swarm of bees buzzing enthusiastically during the breakdown in "People Want To Hear About Love". The result pitches Young somewhere between King Lear and David Attenborough: a volatile, intransigent patriarch and doughty champion of the natural world, whose beloved landscape is

gradually being eroded by the doctrines of the free market.

Critically, the Rebel Content tour found Young so invigorated by the flexibility of his new charges that he dusted down a number of significant rarities from the cupboard: "Alabama", "Here We Are In The Years" and "Time Fades Away" among them. Several, like "Vampire Blues", had not been performed live since the early '70s. Admittedly, few of these deep cuts make the album's tracklisting. Instead, *Earth* loosely traces the arc of Young's environmental concerns from the 1970s to the present day, corralling together like-minded songs from across the decades. "Vampire Blues" is an assault on the rapacious oil industry, "Country Home" extols the pleasures of rural living, while Young's dreamy sci-fi parable "After The Gold Rush" prophesies environmental catastrophe. Even the Crosby-baiting "Hippie Dream" evokes a bucolic time "when the river was wide and the water came running down", before it reaches a grim denouement "in an ether-filled room of meat-hooks".

Hearing a near-run of "Western Hero", "Hippie Dream", "Vampire Blues" and "Human Highway" – the deepest cuts here – is genuinely thrilling. Promise Of The Real are respectful of the source but not excessively deferential. They bring agility and a lithe muscularity to the songs. On "Wolf Moon", they recall the folksy strum of the Stray Gators, while on "People Want To Hear About Love" they get their heads down for a rugged Crazy Horse-style choogle. Young, clearly, is having a ball. He seems happy to allow some excitable squirrels to nibble at "Vampire Blues" and he noticeably Auto-Tunes the backing vocals on "Western Hero". It's possible that Young is using Auto-Tune as a metaphor for genetic modification, artificially augmenting his own work

to make a point. Young has done this kind of thing before – *Rust Never Sleeps* (making its Blu-ray debut this month along with *Human Highway*) was heavily overdubbed in the studio after the initial shows at San Francisco's Boarding House – but clearly not to this level. The new harmonies Young furnishes "After The Gold Rush" with are spectacular – serene

SLEEVE NOTES

► **Produced by:**

Neil Young

Recorded at: Various locations, 2015

Personnel includes:

Neil Young (vocals, guitar, harmonium), Lukas Nelson (guitar, vocals), Micah Nelson (guitar, vocals), Anthony Logerfo (drums), Corey McCormick (bass), Tato Melgar (percussion)

and celestial – while Young overdubs the original French horn part from the studio album before field recordings of a dawn chorus play the song out. That said, he's like a kid at Christmas with the effects. Especially on "Big Box", whose feedback-drenched climax gives way to birds cawing, the parp of a car horn, cattle lowing, wind whistles and the sound of rocket fire and explosions – all in the last 30 seconds. It feels like the aural equivalent of the onstage theatrics he used for the Alchemy tour – the scurrying scientists, the crumpled balls of paper blown across the stage like tumbleweed. You might wonder why Young would mess around with some of his best-loved songs in this way. But then you might also wonder why he

decided to release an album recorded in an antique Voice-O-Graph booth at the same time as he was promoting a high-end 24-bit 192kHz audio player. It's what he does.

The set ends with a 28-minute version of "Love And Only Love". At one point, the song fades into soft, ambient tones before waves of feedback rise up and it resembles the apocalyptic live coda to "Walk Like A Giant". Props to drummer Anthony Logerfo and bassist Corey McCormick for holding it together over such distance. The skills displayed by Promise Of The Real on this LP tacitly query whether Young really needs to call again on faithful old lieutenants Crazy Horse. This younger, sprightlier outfit may not have the iconic heft, but they offer Young the chance to cover more ground. It would be a shame if the Horse didn't at least get the valedictory tour that guitarist "Poncho" Sampedro hoped would happen when we spoke to him for our January 2015 issue. "Most people turn a corner, Neil ricochets," he told us. True, that. But as the farmyard chorus cluck, whinny, squawk and chirp their approval at the album's close, it's possible that Young is enjoying forward momentum with Promise Of The Real. Maybe that horse braying appreciatively during "Country Home" isn't just a metaphor, after all.



AMBER ARCADES

Fading Lines

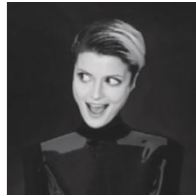
HEAVENLY

Terrific indie-pop debut by Dutch singer

8/10

There's a winning mix of mist and muscle on this debut by Amber Arcades, a vehicle for Dutch songwriter Annelotte de Graaf. De Graaf's natural instinct is for more subtle folksy bedsit pop, but to fill out her sound she went to New York to seek out Ben Greenberg, formerly of The Men, as producer. Backed by a band that features members of Quilt and Real Estate, de Graaf's songs are refocused as thunderous guitar pop on tracks like "Come With Me", the lovely "Right Now" and the scurrying "Turning Light", while the sweet "Apophenia" shows her more intimate side.

PETER WATTS



OLGA BELL

Tempo

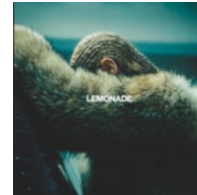
ONE LITTLE INDIAN

Glitchy, wildly eccentric trip-hop

7/10

Born in Moscow, raised in Alaska and based in Brooklyn, Olga Bell is an intriguing figure: a conservatoire-trained piano virtuoso who makes wobbly electronica filled with Toytown synths, minimal drum patterns and adventurously cut-and-spliced vocals. The results are sometimes almost unlistenable, which is why the most compelling songs on her third LP ally these avant-garde instincts to a belting tune. The bleepy rave of "Randomness", the glitchy funk of "Zone" and the dancefloor banger "Ritual" (featuring vocalist Sara Lucas) are like beautifully constructed Lego temples in a street filled with haphazard asbestos shacks.

JOHN LEWIS



BEYONCÉ

Lemonade

PARKWOOD ENTERTAINMENT

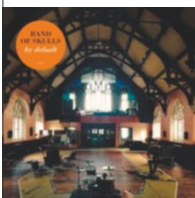
An uncompromising display of power

Whether *Lemonade*'s pain is personal (husband Jay Z's infidelity is rumoured),

9/10

or a wider comment on black women's pain, Beyoncé's sixth album takes a remarkable stand. Never short on vocal confidence, here, she trades divadom for arresting, unconventional shapes: the sinister lilt of "Hold Up", country on "Daddy Lessons", and on "Sorry", a growled exhortation to "suck on my balls". The music is similarly diverse: Jack White stokes her rage on "Don't Hurt Yourself", Kendrick Lamar preaches in the burning church of "Freedom", and the stern "Formation" draws from New Orleans bounce. Even the staunchest agnostic could find something to love here.

LAURA SNAPES



BAND OF SKULLS

By Default

BMG

Southampton trio recharge batteries for swaggering fourth

6/10

Following 2014's *Himalayan*, Band Of Skulls' determination to "start from scratch" falls short. No matter, with added heft from veteran producer Gil Norton (Foo Fighters/Bunnymen), an expansive assertion of core strengths is effected. "Back Of Beyond" welds pop smarts to metal aggression, while glam stomp and T.Rex licks give "This Is My Fix" the appropriate charge. The attitudinal posturing wears thin on "Killer" but stuttering funk ("So Good"), the Depeche Mode in the moshpit vibe of "Little Mamma" and a timely nod to Prince on closer "Something" all hit the spot. A sturdy sense of fun and purpose carries the day.

GAVIN MARTIN

I'M
NEW
HERE

Amber Arcades



➤ When Annelotte de Graaf was pondering who would produce her new album, she turned to her record collection for inspiration. "I was making a list of some of my favourite records and who had produced them. I found out Ben Greenberg had produced the second Beach Fossils album and worked with a lot of really loud kind of hardcore bands," explains the singer, who recorded the resulting album, *Fading Lines*, as Amber Arcades. "I emailed him some demos. He got back to me the next day, saying he really loved them. That was it!"

De Graaf headed to New York, entering the studio with a band consisting of members of Quilt and Real Estate. "I always get inspired when temporarily living in other cities where no-one knows you," she says. "You can reinvent yourself, it's very liberating." The resulting album is a taut, bouncy selection of classic indie pop tunes. "Songs always begin with a melody in my head and for that melody to stick long enough to turn into a song it has to have some kind of hook," she says. "The songs that come out are mostly quite poppy, but I'm always looking for ways to kind of weird stuff out. That's why I wanted to work with Ben. I figured he would bring a unique view to the table and come up with a lot of ideas that I wouldn't have necessarily thought of myself."

PETER WATTS



BIG THIEF

Masterpiece

SADDLE CREEK

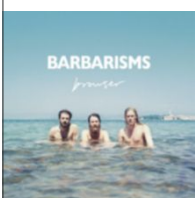
Romantic mystery from Brooklyn indie four-piece

Songwriter and vocalist Adrienne Lenker brings a timeless

7/10

quality to the indie balladry of Big Thief, lending a country tinge – in spirit more than sound – to the superb title track, which is soaked in contemporary Brooklyn, but also carries something of the careworn quality of Townes Van Zandt. It's beautifully performed by the band, but elsewhere Big Thief are at their best when the instruments step back and create a mellower platform from which Lenker can dominate, as on "Lorraine", which is a fine piece of modern folk, the captivating, swooning "Paul" and the majestic romance of "Randy".

PETER WATTS



BARBARISMS

Browser

CONTROL FREAK KITTEN

Second outing from Stockholm-based trio fronted by US songwriter

6/10

Lo-fi garage-folk doesn't get much simpler than the songs of Nicholas Faraone, built around the spine of a gently strummed acoustic guitar and sung in a tremulously quirky voice that eschews artifice for rough'n'ready honesty. Rudimentary drums and woozily amateurish electronics add flesh to the bone, but it's done with a warmth and wit that is never less than beguiling. Faraone cites the likes of Silver Jews and Smog as his primary inspirations, and their influence permeates songs such as "Heaviest Breather" and "Lost Positions", but there are also eccentric echoes of the anti-folk idiosyncrasies of Jeffrey Lewis and Moldy Peaches on "Eternal Recur" and "Tastemaker".

NIGEL WILLIAMSON



BLUE ORCHIDS

The Once And Future Thing

TINY GLOBAL

Mancunian mavericks back in bloom

A Fall founding father who came back for more on 1990's *Extricate*, Martin

8/10

Bramah shared Mark E Smith's musical ethos – greasy-quiffed garage rock suffused with the stench of working men's club carpets – but espoused a more cosmic vision with the Blue Orchids. Now reactivated, with a blizzard of archive material on the way, this new album stakes out familiar territory, punky William Blake fantasy "Road To Perilous" somehow making sense alongside the cheeky social realism of "Jam Today". Ubiquitous swirly keyboards, meanwhile, are a reminder that the leather-lunged Bramah was once in the frame to front the Inspiral Carpets.

JIM WIRTH

AMERICANA



BEST
OF THE
MONTH



COLVIN & EARLE *Colvin & Earle* FANTASY

Country stalwarts hook up at last for arresting debut

This union carries a certain degree of inevitability. Shawn Colvin and Steve Earle first shared a stage in '87, at a gig in Massachusetts, thus signalling the onset of a mutually appreciative bond that was finally sealed when they toured the US together a couple of years back. High on the setlist was "Someday", Earle's depiction of smalltown flight that Colvin had reimagined two decades earlier on her third solo LP, *Cover Girl*. "Shawn recorded it when I was off everybody's radar, including my own," commented Earle, referring to the early '90s period that saw him jailed for drug possession.

Perhaps the only surprise about this first album of duets is that it's taken them so long to get around to it. Shaping it all is Nashville's go-to producer Buddy Miller, in whose band Colvin first played in the early '80s. The two voices make for an ideal fit, spinning out harmonies that see Earle's raspy tones rub up against the softer cadence of Colvin's delivery. In places there are echoes of Robert Plant and Alison Krauss' 2007 landmark *Raising Sand*, especially on the ravishing "You're Right, I'm Wrong" and the equally vigorous "Come What May". Another highlight is "Tell Me Moses", coloured by mandolin and some buzzing harmonica. And there's a carefree gait to the aptly titled "Happy & Free". Miller's back-up band are dutifully sympathetic throughout, the producer adding baritone guitar alongside a number of seasoned players, including Earle's old *Guitar Town* foil, Richard Bennett. All of which underscores the album's informal sense of easy familiarity. Where *Colvin & Earle* doesn't quite succeed is in its selection of covers. Emmylou Harris' "Raise The Dead" is decent enough, as is Ian & Sylvia's "You Were On My Mind", but the inclusion of John D Loudermilk's "Tobacco Road" (most famous in its Nashville Teens incarnation) feels like a misstep, as does an utterly prosaic version of the Stones' "Ruby Tuesday". Quibbles aside though, this appears to be a partnership with plenty of mileage left. **ROB HUGHES**



THE AMERICANA ROUND-UP

► September sees the return of **Wovenhand**, the band led by former 16 Horsepower founder David Eugene Edwards (left). Details of *Star Treatment*, the follow-up to 2014's

well-received *Refractory Obdurate*, are still thin on the ground, but they've already announced a slew of European dates for the autumn. Hollywood actor **Kiefer Sutherland** has been busy too. "Not Enough Whiskey", all rootsy reverb, pedal-steel and sandpaper vocals, is the lead-off single for upcoming debut, *Down In A Hole*. "It's the closest thing I've ever had to a journal or diary," he explains. "All of these songs are pulled from my own

personal experiences." On the live front, US songstress **Lera Lynn** undergoes a substantial UK tour, beginning in late May and winding up at Liverpool's Philharmonic Hall, with Ben Folds, on June 15. Meanwhile, **Shawn Colvin & Steve Earle** play two dates at London's Union Chapel in mid-June, to coincide with their fine debut of duets. **Carlene Carter** is also doing the rounds that month. And there's still time to grab tickets for *The Maverick Festival*, which takes place in the Suffolk idyll of Easton Farm Park over the first weekend of July. A varied showcase of roots-flavoured music from both sides of the Atlantic, held across five stages, this year's lineup includes Robyn Hitchcock, Jon Langford, Luke Winslow King, The Hackensaw Boys, Sam Outlaw and veteran Wizz Jones. Find out more at www.maverickfestival.co.uk. **ROB HUGHES**



FIONA BRICE *Postcards From...* BELLA UNION

Fiddle me this: string specialist takes her bow

Arranger Brice's debut has been a while coming, despite her work for

(among others) John Grant and Anna Calvi. *Postcards From...* represents a diary of five years of travel, though these 10 instrumentals are less reflective of the locations where they were conceived than the moods they inspired. Consequently, the sense they've been unmoored from something greater persists, with "Glastonbury" boasting a Middle Eastern tinge and "Denton"'s monochrome piano theme better suited to the rainy Greater Manchester town than its Texan namesake. Nonetheless, "Verona" is suitably romantic, while "Dallas" provides an eerie, desolate antithesis to the city's 1980s televisual image. **WYNNDHAM WALLACE**

7/10



JAKE BUGG *On My One* VIRGIN EMI

Nottingham troubadour takes hold of the reins

Always confidently self-reliant, Jake Bugg produces most of this third album himself, with Jacknife Lee

handling some of the more complex tracks. And on the cautionary rockabilly of "Put Out The Fire" and low-slung raunch-rap of "Ain't No Rhyme", he demonstrates a firm grasp of his essential strengths, while the title track's lonesome plaint ("Where's God?/He even left me on my one") makes effective use of an aptly stripped-down arrangement. Elsewhere, the urgent rocker "Gimme The Love" applies a hurtling momentum to his trademark machine-gun delivery; but Lee's dramatic, almost Orbisonic production of the abject "Love, Hope And Misery" doesn't really gel with Bugg's thin, reedy delivery. **ANDY GILL**

7/10



CAR SEAT HEADREST *Teens Of Denial* MATADOR

Fuzz-rock umpteenth from US internet star

Noting Will Toledo's youth (he's 23), expression

(introspective, droll) and obvious touchstones (Pavement, Dinosaur Jr, Beck, Guided By Voices) makes him sound like just another slacker-pop dude. But there's much more to his records as CSH, all but one of which he's released via Bandcamp. His latest fizzles with energy and smarts, and sees him letting his imagination off the leash to irresistible effect. "Just What I Needed/Not Just What I Needed" is a sharp reshaping of The Cars' hit, while the bravura "The Ballad Of The Costa Concordia" runs at over 11 minutes, moving through almost as many styles, moods and tempos without losing its way. **SHARON O'CONNELL**

8/10



CASE/LANG/VEIRS

Case/Lang/Veirs

ANTI

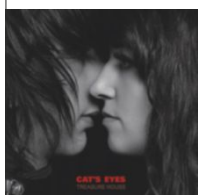
Triple-decker treats from three giants of alt. Americana

8/10

This fruitful collaboration between KD Lang, Neko Case

and Laura Veirs succeeds largely because it makes room for all three distinct voices and songwriting styles, alongside sublimely blended three-way harmonies. Over crisp orchestration and deluxe country-folk arrangements, Veirs pays moving tribute to Judee Sill on "Song For Judee" while Case brings more Nancy Sinatra swagger to chiming chamber-pop like "Delirium". Perhaps inevitably, the stand-outs mostly feature Lang's dreamy velvet twang: swooning mini-symphonies in eroticised languor like "Honey And Smoke", a sultry lounge-jazz seduction song, and "Blue Fires", a ravishing slow-mo waltz wafted along by Lang's perfumed falsetto yodel. Exquisite.

STEPHEN DALTON



CAT'S EYES

Treasure House

KOBALT

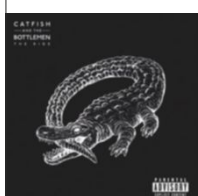
A Horror and a Canadian soprano make more beautiful music together

8/10

Faris Badwan and Rachel Zeffira's self-titled 2011 debut as Cat's Eyes turned

out a suite of vintage-hued orch pop of love and heartbreak, taking sonic cues from production maestros such as Phil Spector and Joe Meek. Now with an actual film score – to Peter Strickland's *The Duke Of Burgundy* – under their belt, their music is accruing more bewitching, dramatic layers. Badwan's voice has improved, striking a note of resigned acceptance on "Chameleon Queen", a neoclassical swoon with hints of "A Whiter Shade Of Pale". But the best moments are Zeffira's: see sassy revenge anthem "Be Careful Where You Park Your Car", or "Girl In The Room", a hushed orchestral suite affectionately recalling Broadcast.

LOUIS PATTISON



CATFISH AND THE BOTTLEMEN

The Ride

ISLAND

Welsh quartet's "anthemic", "high-octane" etc, second

5/10

After springing from nowhere (in fact,

Llandudno) in 2014, CATB went on to score a Top 10 album with their debut, toured relentlessly and this year bagged a Brit Award. Theirs is a gutsy and riff-centric, gallery-pleasing alt/garage-rock hybrid that's high on energy and connection, low on originality. Although mercifully less in line with the Kooks/Courteeners hegemony than their first album, *The Ride* is stodgily dedicated to the Real Rock cause, even while it's shooting for Alex Turner's autobiographical cool. The spectre of Noel-rock looms over "Oxygen" and (especially) "Heathrow", which, given CATB's youth, is seriously depressing.

SHARON O'CONNELL



THE CLAYPOOL LENNON DELIRIUM

Monolith Of Phobos

ATO

Eggman meets Walrus in fertile freak-rock collaboration

7/10

Sean Lennon joins Les

Claypool of prog-metal skronkers Primus on this retro-freak project, finding common ground in vintage psych and space-rock tropes. Devotees of Claypool's knotty jazz-punk ferocity may be disappointed by these relatively loose jams, but there are lots of fruitful baroque'n'roll trips into the Twilight Zone. Echoes of Lennon's father are inescapable on lysergic excursions like "Cricket And The Genie" or "Boomerang Baby", with their Wurlitzer whirls and half-sneered lyrics about little piggies. Elsewhere, early Pink Floyd is another influence, but nostalgic homage never overwhelms the heady sense of sonically rich, exploratory weirdness.

STEPHEN DALTON

REVELATIONS

Cat's Eyes: Faris Badwan and Rachel Zeffira's house of treasures



➤ For the launch of their new album, *Treasure House*, Cat's Eyes – the duo of Horrors frontman Faris Badwan and Canadian soprano Rachel Zeffira – were thinking bigger than a free bar and a few trays of sandwiches. Instead, the pair gatecrashed an event at Buckingham Palace, where they somehow convinced a party of guests that a woodwind rendition of their song "We'll Be Waiting" was ancient Renaissance music. "We thought of the least rebellious instrument possible, the recorder, and rearranged our song for other authentic instruments of that era," says Zeffira. "No-one knew anything was up until we released the footage weeks later."

It's just one example of the way the group digs a challenge, says Badwan. "As soon as anyone tells Rachel she can't do something, she thinks about it obsessively until she finds a way it can work."

Treasure House is equally ambitious, a torrid and emotional thing that reimagines the pair's lives as high melodrama. "The storyline goes right back to our childhoods and into imagined futures, says Rachel. "None of the songs are about fictional people or stories... they are either about us, or about characters who have orbited around our world at some point."

"Sometimes the lyrics end up as slightly surreal responses to real situations," acknowledges Faris, "but the emotional connection is always there." LOUIS PATTISON



BRANDY CLARK

Big Day In A Small Town

WARNER BROTHERS

Songwriter's songwriter upends smalltown pieties on second full-length

8/10

The least traditional of

country's new generation of traditionalists, Brandy Clark writes slyly witty lyrics about smalltown gossip mills and sets them in arrangements that are stirringly imaginative and radio friendly. Her sophomore LP bumbles with trivial talk about who got knocked up or thrown out, but Clark never lets her characters become punchlines, not even the miserable single mother reminiscing about sashes and tiaras on the devastating "Homecoming Queen". These diorama-songs of a Mayberry gone to seed don't sound too different from what you might hear on mainstream US radio – only much more lovingly observed and finely crafted.

STEPHEN DEUSNER



CHRIS COHEN

As If Apart

CAPTURED TRACKS

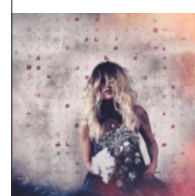
Ex Deerhoof and Curtains guitarist's twisted, melancholic second

7/10

Four years after his debut solo album, Cohen – an enigmatically blank Kelley

Stoltz, perhaps, or a more light-hearted Cass McCombs – again twists pop classicism out of shape on *As If Apart*. Sometimes the results are enchanting: "Torrey Pine" mixes toy-town electric piano and muted bass with a polite motorik beat, while "Drink From A Silver Cup" shares its phased guitars and sun-dappled melancholia with Real Estate. At other times, Cohen's songs are more disquieting, with "Sun Has Gone Away" a plaintive piano ballad with a sinuous, *Smile*-esque melody which resolutely fails to resolve itself. Simultaneously dry, jaunty and eerie, *As If Apart* takes time to get lost in, but it's worth the effort.

TOM PINNOCK



ELIZABETH COOK

Exodus Of Venus

AGENT LOVE/THIRTY TIGERS

Dark, dreamy country music from an East Nashville institution

9/10

Elizabeth Cook's fifth

album sounds like a feat of perseverance. Following the release of 2010's *Welder*, she endured a divorce, a stint in rehab, a death in the family, and the long process of relearning her craft. The result, unsurprisingly, is her darkest effort yet, a harrowing chronicle of a woman barely keeping herself together. It's also her liveliest effort yet – not to mention her most confidently diverse, ranging from the rockabilly raunch of "Straight Jacket Love" to the dream-country shimmer of "Dharma Gate". Best of all, Cook's sense of humour remains intact, especially when she's singing about her heroin-addict sister on "Methadone Blues".

STEPHEN DEUSNER

STEVE GUNN

Eyes On The Lines

MATADOR

Modest guitar hero's confident seventh. *By Stephen Deusner*



8/10

know he's really feeling that bent note. His bearing tends to be much more stoical, introverted rather than extroverted – which is refreshing since his chops are this pronounced and precise. Onstage, he tends to stand very still, as though lost in contemplation, his busy fingers deciphering his thoughts. Rather than a frontman, he comes across as just another member of his road-hardened band, a big cog in an even bigger machine. Occasionally, he does bust out a succinct solo, but Gunn seems like he'd rather lose himself in the music.

Getting lost may be his favourite theme. His latest LP, *Eyes On The Lines*, explores ideas of transcendence and escape as useful conditions in 21st-century America, where Gunn roams the highways of the country itself and the backroads of rock history. For as much as he rejects the music's well-worn stage moves, he finds inspiration in the sounds of classic rock: the jangle of The Byrds, the dusty melodies of Gram Parsons, the crackle and pop of the Beau Brummels. "The Drop" conveys a roadtrip momentum ("landscape of constant rhythm") via a CCR choogle slowed down to a casual crawl, less concerned with getting to a destination than with seeing what's out the window. Likewise, "Nature Driver" sounds like the Dead at an unhurried pace, as Gunn teases a trippy wisdom: "There's a constant motion makes you feel like the ocean," he sings. "Hey there, nature driver, man, you are a welcome guest."

Eyes On The Lines completes a loose trilogy that started with 2013's *Time Off* and continued with 2014's *Way Out Weather*, yet it manages to top those two finely crafted albums. It's more streamlined in its playing, more confident in its writing, more determined in its mission. Yet, the loping tempos and shimmering melodies of Gunn's cosmic American folk rock disguise an unsettled jitteriness, as though silence and stillness were uncomfortable, possibly even unnatural. Movement is crucial, and Gunn is a wanderer both creatively and professionally.

Hailing from Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, he rambled around that city's folk scene in the early 2000s and developed a precise finger-picking style before moving to New York and collaborating with drone and jazz musicians. He briefly played in Kurt Vile's backing band the Violators, but has since focused on his own solo career, releasing a handful of albums in very small runs. His association with the North Carolina indie folk label Paradise Of Bachelors (Hiss Golden Messenger) further cemented his connections to the new generation of American Primitivist guitar players. While most of the pickers in that movement – William Tyler, for example, or Daniel Bachman –

STEVE GUNN IS an understated guitar hero. He perpetuates none of the theatrics identified with the instrument for generations: no blistering solos, no thundering licks, no ostentatious noodling, and definitely no grimacing to let you



SLEEVE NOTES

Recorded at:

Black Dirt Studio, Westtown, NY, and Uniform Recording, Philadelphia, PA

Personnel includes:

Steve Gunn (vocals, guitar), Nathan Bowles (drums, banjo, organ), Hans Chew (Wurlitzer), James Elkington (guitar, lap steel, dobro), Mary Lattimore (harp)

are solo performers who occasionally moonlight as sidemen, Gunn gets his kicks playing in a real rock'n'roll band.

Despite the name on the spine, *Eyes On The Lines* is Gunn's most band-oriented record to date, produced to emphasise the tight interplay of instruments and personalities. The tempos may sound casual, but the playing is taut and tightly coiled, as though desperate to see what's around the next corner. Gunn surrounds himself with established players, like the multi-instrumentalist Nathan Bowles and the guitarist James Elkington (who's played with Jeff Tweedy and Nathan Salsburg), but his is not a band of lead players. Instead, it's something more democratic, where everyone contributes to the spidery discord of

"Park Bench Smile", the ambling pace of "Night Wander", the crescendo-ing jam of "Conditions Wild" (inspired by Rebecca Solnit's book *A Field Guide To Getting Lost*). The lineup sound like they're at the peak of their powers on *Eyes...*, freeing Gunn to explore while keeping him reined in, down to earth. Perhaps his wanderlust derives from touring, but Gunn doesn't sound like he's concerned with the musician's lot.

And that's what makes *Eyes On The Lines* sound so timely and affecting: it's about travel as a universal imperative, full of music that makes you want to get lost with Gunn, at least for a little while. These songs are roadmaps to nowhere, or at least to an unexplored somewhere – an exhortation for travel both spiritual and physical.

Q&A

Steve Gunn

You've stated that "Conditions Wild" was based on Rebecca Solnit's *A Field Guide To Getting Lost*. What about that book grabbed your attention?

I was working with my own ideas on the subject of getting lost, and when I discovered this book, it really helped me further understand the concept of embracing the unknown, or the simple idea of being directionless. She puts these ideas in context by citing specific historic examples and conveys that walking that verge of uncertainty is important to embrace for a creative person in any field.

At what point did you realise that getting lost

was an overarching theme on the album?

This idea was something that I was aware of while writing a lot of the lyrics, but it really didn't occur to me that it was an overall theme until after most of the songs were fully realised. I come up with a lot of the song ideas on the road, so it does to a certain extent tie into being on tour and constantly moving around from day to day.

Can you tell me about assembling the band for this record?

I've been playing and recording with the same group of players for the past few years, and they all play an important role both as a part in the collective band and as individual players and listeners. I know when I have new songs that the band will bring some great things to it and expand the sound beyond what I can imagine.

INTERVIEW: STEPHEN DEUSNER



ROBERT COYNE & JAKI LIEBEZEIT

I Still Have This Dream

MEYER

6/10

Latest outing from kosmische-folk duo

Robert Coyne, son of mercurial English songwriter Kevin, has clearly found a simpático foil in Liebezzeit. Their third album in as many years doesn't deviate much from the formula, the one-time Can drummer creating a precise, minimal motorik over which Coyne spins low-key folk songs on acoustic guitar and muted keyboards, abetted by Aglaja Camphausen's tasteful cello. It all passes by politely enough, from the gentle patter of the title track to the rippling funk motif of the epic "Thank You (I've Got The Idea)", but the general mood tends to be a little too soporific.

ROB HUGHES



KYLE CRAFT

Dolls Of Highland

SUB POP

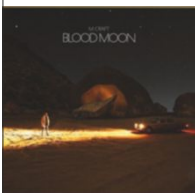
Showmanship and cracking tunes from striking Southern popper

8/10

Not too many singers on Sub Pop would start an

album with a bracing blast of ragtime, but Kyle Craft is no shrinking violet, possessing a flamboyant voice that he matches with suitably glammy showtunes like opener "Eye Of A Hurricane". Craft comes from Louisiana but is based in Portland, and many of his songs have a Southern fidelity – the country blues of "Balmorhea", the folk waltz of "Future Midcity Massacre", the swampy "Black Mary" – delivered with an indie-pop skew and then embellished with his own prodigious gift for showmanship. It's a head-turning mix, a sort of pop-art take on Southern gothic, and highly infectious.

PETER WATTS



M. CRAFT

Blood Moon

HEAVENLY

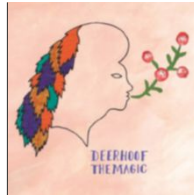
Ghostly musical meditations from the desert's edge

6/10

Inspired by his relocation to the Mojave Desert, Martin Craft's third

album is a meditative mood-piece, wrought from echoing piano, minimalist orchestrations and sudden, cascading waves of vocal harmonies. At its best, this is atmospheric ghost music, recalling Mercury Rev, Sufjan Stevens and Simon & Garfunkel at their most ethereal, while the lovely "Chemical Trails" sounds like CSN in space. Everything flows and nothing jars, but Craft's soft voice and often orthodox songcraft make *Blood Moon* merely pretty rather than stunning. Aspiring to an astral plane, for the most part transcendence is described rather than felt.

GRAEME THOMSON



DEERHOOF

The Magic

POLYVINYL

Lucky 13th for Cali art-rock veterans

The last few Deerhoof albums have been unified affairs – take 2012's

8/10

arcade-y *Breakup Song*, or 2014's Ramones-inspired *La Isla Bonita*. On their 13th, however, bassist Satomi Matsuzaki, drummer Greg Saunier and guitarists John Dietrich and Ed Rodriguez return to the kaleidoscopic sounds of their imperial mid-2000s run, creating their most satisfying work since 2005's *The Runners Four*. Three swaggering tracks were written for HBO's *Vinyl*, but *The Magic* also features twisted, ethanolic funk ("Life Is Suffering") and chaotic suites that pack an album of ideas into three minutes ("Kafe Mania"). Perversely, it all hangs together, propelled by a sense of fun that, 22 years on, still pervades every note. Trot on.

TOM PINNOCK

REVELATIONS

Deerhoof guitarist John Dietrich on cats and *The Magic*



► "I'm about to go to a cat café," says Deerhoof guitarist John Dietrich. "Today is the release day for another record [*The Coral Casino*, recorded with *A Hawk And A Hacksaw's* Jeremy Barnes], and we're going to do a live stream of kittens listening to it."

In the midst of this feline festival, Deerhoof are preparing to release their 13th full-length, *The Magic*, recorded during a week in a bare rented office in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the guitarist lives. Detailing influences on the typically diverse record, Dietrich explains that HBO's *Vinyl* led to them writing *The Magic's* three grimy punk songs. "We were asked to write something [*for the show*]. They sent something on the Friday and said we need it by Monday morning. We wrote and demoed three songs, but they didn't use any of them. But all three ended up on the record. Another thing we were talking about when we were going through the brainstorming for the album was 1980s synth pop and bands like the Beastie Boys – music that has a fun feeling and a kind of energy."

A further look at Deerhoof's unlikely influences will come with a bonus pre-order cassette of covers, including tracks originally by Public Enemy, Twisted Sister, David Bowie and Def Leppard. "All of us sing and I think it's gonna be really fun. I won't say anything more, I want it to be a surprise." TOM PINNOCK



DEXYS

Let The Record Show: Dexys Do Irish And Country Soul

100%/WARNERS MUSIC

9/10

Emboldened after their triumphant live return, Kevin Rowland and co

deliver stunning tribute to roots

Kevin Rowland's previous (solo) covers album *My Beauty* was an intensely personal missive wrought from recovery's heartland. This, by contrast, matches a jaunty, celebratory mood to poignant shared experience. Disinterred from dusty jukeboxes and nostalgic memory, standards like "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" and "Carrickfergus" come alive with warm, idiosyncratic vocals. Musically, the current Dexys are abundant, the rich string and piano arrangements accompanied by exuberant, horn-blasted rejoices and lopsided rhapsody. An unqualified triumph.

GAVIN MARTIN



THE DWARFS OF EAST AGOUZA

BES

NAWA

Untamed psychedelic improv from Cairo trio

7/10

It's not the most expected of meetings:

Sam Shalabi of Shalabi Effect crossing paths with ex-Sun City Girl Alan Bishop and percussionist Maurice Louca. They met while living in the same building in Cairo, and you can hear the influence of their surroundings in the head-spinning psychedelia of *Bes's* finest moments: the opening "Baka Of The Future", for example, finds its feet when Shalabi's guitar crackles with energy, held in check by Bishop's mantric bass playing. Sometimes they lose focus – parts of the 35-minute "Museum Of Strangers" meander – but then again, that's part of the trip, too.

JON DALE



EVANS THE DEATH

Vanilla

FORTUNA POP!

Fractious, thrilling pop by London gang

You might have mistaken them for a standard-order, indie pop group,

7/10

but Evans The Death have always had something askew about them: there are unexpected, surprising twists and turns throughout their first two albums, their 2012 self-titled debut, and last year's *Expect Delays*. But *Vanilla* ups the ante considerably. It's a dense, courageous storm of an album, revved-up and snarling. There are some wild and weird juxtapositions: MBV guitars meet Dexys brass; "Disowner" recalls the warped downer pop of Lenola; closer "European Bison" puns winningly on The Velvet Underground, but plays out like Polvo on downers.

JON DALE



BP FALLON Hot Tongue VIBROSONIC

Beep's rocking mini-album displays stellar cast

Legendary scenester BP Fallon's reinvention as a hip-shaking rock

7/10

shaman continues apace with this rocking mini-album including radio sessions and two versions of the red-hot title track. On "Hot Tongue" and "Hot Tongue (Aural Sects Mix)", Fallon and stellar backing band The Bandits, including Joe King Carrasco and Blondie rhythm section Clem Burke and Nigel Harrison, are bolstered by skin-flaying Texas guitarist Daniel B Harvey, with BP trading lead vocals with Carley Wolf of Austin's Ghost Wolves and Annie Marie Lewis, Jerry Lee's niece, who whoops it up like Wanda Jackson on three minutes of sensational carnal turbulence.

ALLAN JONES



FATHERSON Open Book EASY LIFE / SONY RED

Crisp but derivative second album from Scottish trio

The latest in a long line of pale, Scottish indie boys with electric guitars

5/10

in their hands and hurt in their hearts, Fatherson make robust, yearning alt.rock in the mould of Frightened Rabbit. Ross Leighton possesses a strong, emotive voice and sweet falsetto, "Just Past The Point Of Breaking", "Open Book" and "Kids" are winningly anthemic, and it's all executed with efficient power, yet the sum is somehow less than its parts. The tender "Joanna" lets some light in, and "Younger Days" is a starkly soulful piano piece, but the default setting of crunching guitar, by-the-book hooks and sub-poetic hand-wringing bring steadily diminishing returns.

GRAEME THOMSON



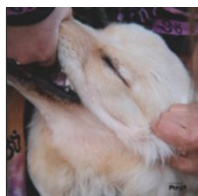
THE FELICE BROTHERS Life In The Dark YEPROC

Thoroughly engaging effort from prolific New Yorkers

8/10

The Felice Brothers' songs evoke the same kind of psychogeography as those of The Band, illuminating the present while sketching a sepia-tinted land where renegades stalk the hills and Prohibition is still fresh in the mind. Singer-guitarist Ian Felice brings real pathos to lucid tales of characters in various states of dissolution – "Jack At The Asylum", the bad-girl protagonist of "Diamond Bell", the estranged father in "Sell The House" – against vivid backdrops of gypsified shanty-folk. There's also a lot more besides, from the full-tilt blues of "Plunder" to the belt-slapping mountain reel that is "Sally!".

ROB HUGHES



CHRISTIAN FENNEZ & JIM O'ROURKE It's Hard For Me To Say I'm Sorry EDITIONS MEGO

Two epic workouts from avant royalty Christian Fennesz's solo

8/10

records (newcomers are encouraged to try 2001's *Endless Summer*) are generally ravishing affairs, very much an accessible way into avant-garde music. In the company of Jim O'Rourke, however, Fennesz has historically mutated into a laptop prankster, via three LPs along with Peter Rehberg as Fenn O'Berg. Thankfully, Fennesz and O'Rourke's first duo set is luxuriantly pretty, as the Austrian guitarist's steely note-bending is processed into great billowing soundscapes. The LP and song titles may derive from an old Chicago ballad, but no irony is apparent; instead, a heroic mutual sopiness is the key to this dreamy two-tracker.

JOHN MULVEY



GARBAGE Strange Little Birds STUNVOLUME

Shirley Manson and co cross over to the dark side

6/10

The sixth album from the transatlantic indie-rockers arrives a full 21 years after their mega-selling debut. Yet, of all their albums, this is closest to their original spirit with its dynamic combination of darkness and light, of unvarnished alt.rock and glistening melodic pop. Lyrically, it's the darkness that maintains its grip, sometimes alarmingly so, from the desolate insecurity expressed in "If I Lost You" and the hopeless love of "Magnetized" ("you bring your joy, I'll bring my shame..."), to the hugely comforting "Sometimes", in which Manson says she'd "rather take a beating... I learn more when I am bleeding/You knock me down, then I get up."

FIONA STURGES



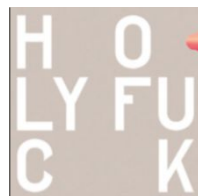
DAVE HEUMANN Cloud Hands 20/20

Arbouretum frontman goes on a solo Tai Chi trip On sabbatical from his day job in Arbouretum, Dave Heumann's 2015 solo LP, *Here In The Deep*, stuck

7/10

close to the reverberant folk-rock of his main band. Still, the guitarist's appetite for more esoteric sessions drifted out: on improvisations for yoga workshops that land on SoundCloud, and in this similarly lovely cassette of rippling instrumentals. *Cloud Hands* is a manoeuvre in Tai Chi, and the vibe is generally contemplative as a consequence: a little Frippertronic, a lot like the Krautrock outlier Manuel Göttsching. Amidst the airy shapes, however, Heumann's virtuosic heaviness remains, adding crunch to "Substantial/Insustantial", and implying that Neil Young's *Dead Man* soundtrack might work as a pretty cool meditation tape, too.

JOHN MULVEY



HOLY FUCK Congrats LAST GANG

Expletive-loving Canucks return to inflict more damage on dancefloors

What with Fuck Buttons on a break, there ought to be room in the world for

8/10

another berserk dance-noise-improv unit with a family-unfriendly moniker. Toronto's Holy Fuck have actually been in action since 2004 but the quartet's burly freak-funk has yet to receive the attention it's due. On their first LP in six years, they waste no time reaching escape velocity on "Chimes Broken", a maddeningly polyrhythmic opening track that could be Africa 70 covering *The Faust Tapes*. While "Neon Dad" proves their aptitude for the same sort of psych-pop that Black Moth Super Rainbow use to free minds, "House Of Glass" and "Capture" suggest Holy Fuck are happier putting their rubbery grooves and vintage gear under serious duress.

JASON ANDERSON



DAVE HULL-DENHOLM AND IAN THOMSON The Alan Hull Songbook: Some Other Time BELLEVUE RECORDS

The Alan Hull Songbook: Some Other Time

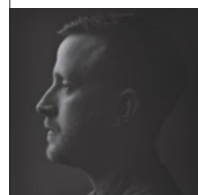
BELLEVUE RECORDS

7/10

Long-lost songs by late Lindisfarne founder

After Alan Hull died in 1995, his widow discovered a treasure trove of demos from 1967-'69 and containing enough unreleased songs to fill half a dozen albums. The poor recording quality made their release impossible, but Hull's son-in-law and former bandmate Thomson chose a dozen of the best and have re-recorded them in poignant period fashion. From the baroque chamber-rock of "Some Other Time" and the 1960s psych-pop of "Click-Clock Tick-Tock" to the lovely folk-rockisms of "297 Words" and the Badfinger-ish "She", it's testament to Hull's prolific talent that such bursting melodic songs could be so easily discarded.

NIGEL WILLIAMSON



BARRY HYDE Malody SIRENSPIRE

Futureheads singer chronicles battle with mental illness on debut solo LP

7/10

In 2011 the lead singer of the Sunderland art-pop group The Futureheads, Barry Hyde, was diagnosed with bipolar disorder. This coincided with the end of his marriage and a severe manic episode that saw him hospitalised and, eventually, moving back in with his parents. Hyde's experiences with mental illness are candidly documented in this theatrically arranged album built mostly around voice and piano. There are moments, such as in "Crazy Love" and "Monster Again", where the vibe is less open-hearted confessional than "Futurehead does Andrew Lloyd Webber". Even so, this is a brave and extremely poignant piece of work.

FIONA STURGES



THE INVISIBLE **Patience** NINJA TUNE

Third album of fluid electro-soul from London's busiest musicians

7/10

Between them, The Invisible's Dave Okumu,

Tom Herbert and Leo Taylor have played with everyone from Adele to Roots Manuva, Hot Chip to Yoko Ono. It's easy to see why their effortlessly smooth, soulful musicianship – incorporating subtle jazzy quirks and electronic squiggles while always sounding reliably classic – is so in demand. Their own songs do lack defining melodies, even when guest vocalists such as Jessie Ware (“So Well”) and Anna Calvi (“Love Me Again”) are involved. But that's not a dealbreaker; *Patience* is still a warm and uplifting record befitting this modest, meticulous band.

SAM RICHARDS



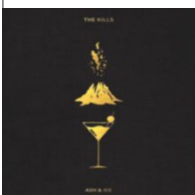
SØREN JUUL **This Moment** 4AD

Danish minstrel's widescreen ballads
Copenhagen's dream pop protagonist Søren Juul – formerly Indians – was tagged as the

5/10

Danish Bon Iver after his song “Oblivion” soundtracked 2014's box-office sobfest *The Fault In Our Stars*, a label he's in no hurry to shirk. *This Moment*, his first album under his own *Game Of Thrones*-ish name, continues in the same touchy-feely manner: uplifting, soft-focus ballads propelled by lush electronic production that calls to mind Coldplay and James Blake. While the enchanting “Dear Child” is strong enough to carry the campaign, Juul and his affairs of the heart lack a certain magnetism, leaving *This Moment* to cruise tastefully along the middle of the road.

PIERS MARTIN



THE KILLS **Ash & Ice** DOMINO

Renewed purpose on duo's first in five years

7/10

The Kills' 2003 debut appeared in seductively slow-burning contrast

to the clamorous garage-rock of the day, but over time repetition made their sound seem slight, diminishing its thrills. With *Ash & Ice*, they're back on compelling track, cranking their songs' rhythmic drive while focusing as much on structure as mardy atmospherics. Nashville (now Alison Mosshart's home) has made its mark, too – in a good way. There are familiar frissons in the filthy, electronic buzz of “Heart Of A Dog” and Link Wray-ish epic “Whirling Eye”, but “Hum For Your Buzz” is a terrific country-blues number with a gospel edge, revealing Mosshart's vocal versatility.

SHARON O'CONNELL



KUTIMAN **6AM** SIYAL MUSIC

Kibbutz-dwelling, multi-disciplinarian's psych-rock masterpiece

8/10

Though little known in Britain, Israel's Ophir Kutiel's ThruYou projects –

where he samples amateur YouTube musicians, as chronicled in the forthcoming, deeply moving *Presenting Princess Shaw* documentary – became one of *Time* magazine's “50 Best Inventions of 2009”. His ambitious second LP dusts off the cavernous production style of David Axelrod's late '60s solo albums to intoxicatingly convincing effect. Fuzzy guitars carve out melodies against a backdrop of psychedelic sound effects and delicious breakbeats on “Jaffa Beach”, while “Dangerous” swamps Firewater bassist Adam Scheflan's vocal amid sweeping strings and squirls of saxophone. Freakily brilliant.

WYNDHAM WALLACE

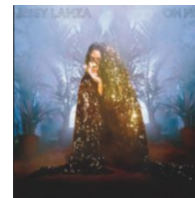
REVELATIONS

Israel's Kutiman on self-sufficiency and collaboration



➤ Ophir Kutiel first earned rave reviews in the US for his 2007 self-titled debut, but it was his ThruYou projects – mash-ups built from snippets of amateur performances found on YouTube – that cemented his reputation. “I just love to find musicians and put them together,” he explains, and earlier this year he uploaded *Off Grid*, a new album boasting 96 different clips, to his website. “Most of the work took place on my couch in my living room,” he laughs. His second ‘official’ album, *6am*, sounds like it was born of endless late-night studio jams, but is in fact a largely solo affair that follows the same principles. “I can always call a friend who is a much better drummer or guitarist than I am,” he states from his home outside Tel Aviv, “but I just love playing by myself and searching and learning in the process.” He's not afraid of teamwork, however. “Sometimes I invite friends to play or sing on a track: I sing like a frog, and violin is just impossible to play!” Live, too, he often works with his Kutiman Orchestra. “I love to be alone in the studio,” he concludes, “and with as many friends as possible onstage.”

WYNDHAM WALLACE



JESSY LANZA **Oh No** HYPERDUB

Canuck singer-producer adds more bounce to her sleek and sultry sound

8/10

A critical fave in 2013, Jessy Lanza's Hyperdub debut *Pull My Hair Back* beat the

current gold rush for post-Timbaland, Björkish torch music. Working again with Junior Boy Jeremy Greenspan, Lanza shifts from the sort of neo-trip-hop produced by peers like FKA Twigs to deliver a more exuberant sophomore effort that synthesises the techno-pop of Yellow Magic Orchestra and the electro-R&B of '80s hitmakers like Midnight Star. The brighter melodic sensibility at work in “VV Violence” doesn't come at the expense of finer details or unexpected touches like the pitched-up vocals on “It Means I Love You”, one of many playful elements that separate Lanza from the pack of downtempo divas.

JASON ANDERSON



LET'S EAT GRANDMA **I, Gemini** TRANSGRESSIVE

Norwich teens' quixotic, immersive debut

8/10

Let's Eat Grandma are Rosa Walton, 16, and Jenny Hollingworth, 17, best pals

for 10 years and musicians for four, who've lately been enjoying a lot of attention chiefly because, well, they're teenage girls from Norwich making fairly intriguing new age exotica. From the Mogadon sludge of opener “Deep Six Textbook”, *I, Gemini* plunges the listener into the girls' curdled world of classroom tedium, fairy tales and chocolate cake, much as Kate Bush fashioned *Lionheart* in her own image. There's a degree of silliness (“Chimpanzees In Canopies”) and an abundance of ukulele, but mostly – especially in “Welcome To The Treehouse” – this is a satisfyingly strange listen.

PIERS MARTIN



THE LOW ANTHEM **Eyeland** WASHINGTON SQUARE

Rhode Islanders' bold, long-overdue return

8/10

It's been five years since we last heard

from The Low Anthem, during which time they've recorded as Snake Wagon, scored Olivia Silver's *Arcadia* and renovated an old vaudeville theatre into their own studio. The very wonderful *Eyeland* finds them poised between the familiar and the less so. The soft blush of “The Pepsi Moon” or “Behind The Airport Mirror” essay the delicate, Fleet Foxes-like reverie of their previous work. By contrast, avant-noise experiments like “Waved The Neon Seaweed” and “Am I The Dream Or Am I The Dreamer” offer splintered ambience and jazzy skronk.

ROB HUGHES



JACKIE LYNN

Jackie Lynn

THRILL JOCKEY

Melodramatic pop miniatures: masked, she advances

7/10

Another fabulist's tale, Jackie Lynn is the alter ego, or creation, of Circuit Des Yeux's Hayley Fohr. There's an invented backstory to do with drug running, cops and self-imposed exile, which is as good a cover as any for the sideways shift Fohr is taking here, trading in the muzzy, smoke-wreathed vocal threnodies of the host outfit for chugging, motorik pop, with a ticking drum machine the unlikely foil for the dramatic, thunderstruck gestures of songs like "Franklin, TN". Fohr's voice is the constant, but here it's denuded, its strangely hollowed-out tone perfect for Jackie Lynn's dizzying theatrics.

JONDALE



SCOTT MATTHEWS

Home Part 2

SHEDIO

Fifth album from Robert Plant protégé from the Black Country
Pop sequels seldom work and Matthews' explanation

8/10

that 2014's *Home Part 1* was "browns and creams" and its second iteration is "Technicolor" could have destined him for Pseudos' Corner. But forget the colour-coding – *Home Part 2* is simply an old-fashioned collection of gloriously melodic songs that happily ransacks many of the favourite bits of your record collection. "Drifter" mixes Britfolk and Canyon rock in the manner of Ryley Walker's *Primrose Green*. "The Rush" channels Ryan Adams' *Heartbreaker*, and the Buckleys, Tim on "Guardians Of Sleep" and Jeff on "The Entwined", hold joint sway. Lovely stuff that whets the appetite for part three, whatever hue it takes.

NIGEL WILLIAMSON



MELVINS

Basses Loaded

IPECAC

All about that bass: grunge grinsches shake their low end

7/10

Twenty-three years into a career that shows no sign of abating, Aberdeen, Washington's Melvins are still finding ways to shake things up. After a stint backed by young rawk duo Big Business, here Buzz Osborne and Dale Crover make their "bass" album, inviting four-stringers including Redd Kross' Steve McDonald, Butthole Surfers' JD Pinkus, and their old roadie, Nirvana's Krist Novoselic, to the party. For all that, it's much less obstreperous than most of their earlier work: a mood of sozzled celebration pervades chuggers like "Choco Plumbing" and "Beer Hippy", and even when weird – like Novoselic spot "Maybe I Am Amused", a jaunty accordion jig – it's at least amusing.

LOUIS PATTISON



PAT METHENY

The Unity Sessions

NONESUCH

Ambitious 2CD set from the guitarist's guitarist
Constantly moving in a dozen directions at once (he also releases an album with Vietnamese-

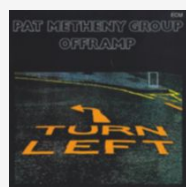
8/10

American trumpeter Cuong Vu this month), guitarist Metheny's latest double album lurches all over the place. There are delicate nylon-strung acoustic guitar solos ("Adagia"), punky and ecstatic Ornette Coleman covers ("Police People"), thrash metal improvisations for just guitar and drums ("Go Get It"), and intriguing battles with saxophonist Chris Potter (including a garrulous duet on "Cherokee"). Best of all is "Two Folk Songs", a playful, bucolic melody based around a 12-string riff that recalls Keith Jarrett's sunnier work with Jan Garbarek. Whether this compendium hangs together as a unified album is another matter entirely.

JOHN LEWIS

HOW TO BUY... PAT METHENY

Melodic guitar explorations



Offramp ECM, 1982

After 1981's ghostly ambient album, *As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls*, *Offramp* sees Metheny master the art of writing a killer pop hook. "Are You Going With Me" remains his best known anthem, where he alternates between liquid guitar solos and synth guitar explorations. But other melodies, like "Au Lait" and "Eighteen", also hit home.

8/10

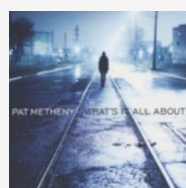


Song X GEFHEN, 1986

A surprise collaboration with free-honking jazz heavyweight Ornette Coleman. On snappy, rinky-dink tunes like "Police People" and

"Mob Job", the two play in unison and then solo concurrently, while the violent squall of "Endangered Species" sounds like a room full of killer wasps. Noiseniks might also enjoy the multi-layered solo thrash performances on 1994's *No Tolerance For Silence*.

7/10



What's It All About

NONESUCH, 2011

Strip away the group, the electric guitar, and his bizarre one-man-band *Orchestrion* project, and Metheny is a pretty masterful

acoustic guitarist. This solo album opens with an epic modal version of "The Sound Of Silence", played on his custom-made harp-guitar (bassline and zither drones included) and features gorgeous, atmospheric, low-key versions of "Alfie", "Rainy Days And Mondays" and "And I Love Her".

8/10

JOHN LEWIS



METHYL ETHEL

Oh Inhuman Spectacle

4AD

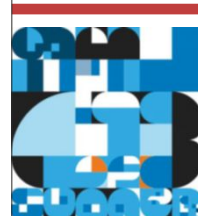
Oddball Australian trio play indie meets trip-hop

7/10

Already a minor success on their home turf of

Australia, Methyl Ethel are a three-piece located around the talent of songwriter Jake Webb. Based in Perth, the trio plough an increasingly creepy furrow over the course of this debut album, which boasts a couple of great singles – "Twilight Driving" and "Rogues" – while veering from blurred indie-pop to somewhere closer to Portishead's shimmering downbeat electronica on tracks like the staccato "Obscura" and "Also Gesellschaft". The mysterious "Unbalancing Acts" fits somewhere between these two extremes, with the band closing out on sinister torch song "Everything As It Should Be".

PETER WATTS



MALCOLM MIDDLETON

Summer Of '13

MALCOLM MIDDLETON

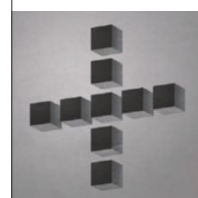
Arab Strap man in "New Pop" shocker

6/10

Anybody familiar with Middleton's work with Arab Strap might be a little

confused by this rather radical change in direction. *Summer Of '13*, recorded with Scottish producer MiaoX MiaoX, is a self-conscious attempt at high-fructose pop that sets Middleton's s chewy Falkirk vowels over some unlikely synthetic beats and squeaky synths. It takes a while to get over that initial disjuncture, and the title track is a headache-inducing mess that sounds like a Bo Diddley rhythm played on electronic toys. Other tracks slip down quite appealingly, like the wiggly house of "You & I", the strident, metronome-led electronica of "Music Ticks" or the New Order-ish "Little Hurricanes".

JOHN LEWIS



MINOR VICTORIES

Minor Victories

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM

Members of Editors, Slowdive and Mogwai convene for shoegaze side-project

7/10

Editors guitarist Justin Locky got the ball rolling for Minor Victories when he enlisted Slowdive's Rachel Goswell to add vocals to a project he'd first envisioned as an extreme-noise EP. It evolved into something gentler and more ambitious as Locky's brother David and Mogwai's Stuart Braithwaite became part of the mix (Mark Kozelek guests on "For You Always"). With their requisite layers of guitar fuzz and swoony strings and synths, "Scattered Ashes (Song For Richard)", "Folk Arp" and "The Thief" see Minor Victories augment the shoegaze template with orchestral grandeur. Other elements are more familiar, but this beguiling debut is never less than the sum of its parts.

JASON ANDERSON

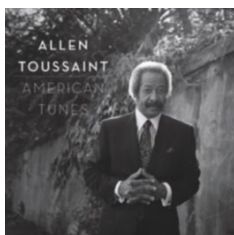


ALLEN TOUSSAINT

American Tunes

NONESUCH

Last recording by genteel prince of New Orleans music. *By John Lewis*



8/10

THINK OF THE New Orleans sound and you'll probably think of musical pandemonium. The ecstatic holler of Dixieland, the clatter of ragtime piano, the chaotic squall of the marching band, right up to the "dirty South" hip-hop

of the Cash Money and No Limit labels.

One of New Orleans' most famous sons, Allen Toussaint, who died last November, aged 77, could certainly cut rough, producing raucous, chart-topping dancefloor fillers, from Ernie K Doe's 1961 single "Mother-In-Law" to LaBelle's 1975 "Lady Marmalade", via all those killer Meters grooves that have been sampled to death by hip-hop DJs.

His solo albums, however, paint a more genteel vision of the Crescent City. All the signature components are there – the "Spanish-tinged" *habanera* pulse, the twin-fisted stride piano acrobatics, the influence of whorehouse pianists such as Professor Longhair, Dr John, James Booker, Fats Domino and Jelly Roll Morton. But there's a daintiness in the way Toussaint refracts these influences, like a parlour pianist creating a low-volume, gently bubbling pandemonium.

Six of the 14 tracks on this posthumous album are piano solos, recorded at his own home studio in New Orleans, all of which illustrate how Toussaint masterfully irons out the kinks and the

dissonances from the city's music. On a version of Professor Longhair's "Take Me To The Mardi Gras" – a song best known to British listeners as the theme to *A Bit Of Fry & Laurie* – he turns Professor Longhair's chaotic original into a quizzical, spacious jazz miniature, all open chords and modal improvisations. While improvising around "Big Chief", another N'Awlins boogie-woogie classic, he artfully segues into Chopin's "Prelude In C Minor" (the same chords that Barry Manilow used as the basis for "Could It Be Magic"). Fats Waller's "Viper's Drag" is turned into a wonderfully jaunty *Pink Panther* prow. Tellingly, he also includes a piano piece by a fascinating 19th-century composer called Louis Moreau Gottschalk, a Jewish Creole pianist from Louisiana whose quirky, romantic solos prefigured New Orleans jazz by half a century.

The jazz songbook provides the backbone of *American Tunes*, with standards that Toussaint tackles in his wonderfully dainty way. Earl Hines' "Rosetta" – an uptempo piece of jump jive in the hands of Nat King Cole or Django Reinhardt – is taken at half speed and turned into a dainty ballad. Bill Evans' "Waltz For Debby" is Toussaint-ised to the point that it's not actually a waltz at all, but a stately boogie-woogie in 4/4. "Confessin' That I Love You", is played quite straight, with a few Thelonious Monk

blue notes and quirky gaps in the melody.

The standards also give room for the guests. Bill Frisell's guitar wobbles deliciously on a few tracks, in particular Billy Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom", while Duke Ellington's "Rocks In My Bed" features Rhiannon Giddens doing her best Cotton Club howl.

If there's one thing missing from this album, it's Toussaint's yawning, slyly soulful voice. When it finally crops up on the titular final track, "American Tune" – over Greg Leisz's acoustic guitar – it's like the arrival of an old friend to a party. Over Bach's hymnal melody and Paul Simon's lyrics of weariness and struggle, Toussaint sounds like he's singing his life story. "Still, tomorrow's gonna be another working day/And I'm trying to get some rest," he sighs,

wearily, turning the song into the Civil Rights anthem that it was always destined to be.

The story has it that Allen Toussaint's best known song, "Southern Nights" – a US chart-topper for Glenn Campbell in 1977 – was inspired when his friend Van Dyke Parks visited him in the studio in 1975 to help fix Toussaint's writers' block. "Consider that you were going to die in two weeks," VDP suggested. "If you knew that, what would you think you would like to have done?" It's fitting that Van Dyke Parks turned up only weeks before Toussaint's shock death last year to collaborate on an instrumental version of "Southern Nights", turning the song into a piano duet, overlaying glissandos, classical flourishes and oriental-sounding harmonies over the top of Toussaint's wistful, dreamlike

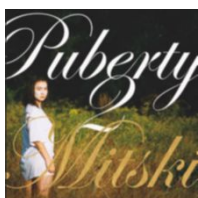
meditation on rural Louisiana. It's the perfect instrumental eulogy for one of America's true musical greats.

SLEEVE NOTES

Produced by:

Joe Henry
Recorded at: Toussaint Sound Studio, New Orleans, and United Recording, Hollywood, CA

Personnel include: Allen Toussaint (piano, vocals), Rhiannon Giddens (vocals), Jay Bellerose (drums), David Pilch (bass), Bill Frisell (guitar), Charles Lloyd (tenor sax), Greg Leisz (pedal steel), Van Dyke Parks (second piano, arrangements)



MITSKI
Puberty 2
DEAD OCEANS

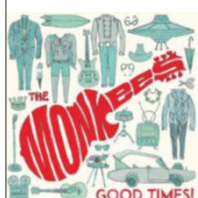
Few growing pains as New Yorker revisits her past

As a taster for Mitski Miyawaki's fourth album, "Your Best

8/10

American Girl" was startling: opening with a single string guitar riff that recalls Guided By Voices' "A Salty Salute", it erupts into a noisy indie anthem as vividly as *The Wizard Of Oz* transforms to colour. Such unpredictability is evident throughout in her mix of sophistication and wilful '90s amateurism: there are reminders of St Vincent on "Happy" and "Thursday Girl", while "A Loving Feeling" boasts The Breeders' punkish brevity. As for "My Body's Made Of Crushed Little Stars", its distorted thrash and primeval holler is almost alarmingly visceral.

WYNDHAM WALLACE



THE MONKEES
Good Times!
RHINO

Prefab fore!

This is a satisfying mix of revised and completed '60s recordings of material by original Monkees songsmiths like Boyce &

8/10

Hart and Neil Diamond, with new songs written by the likes of Andy Partridge, Rivers Cuomo and Adam Schlesinger (who also produced). The best of the former are "Love To Love", which blends Farfisa organ and Byrdsian raga-rock 12-string behind Davy Jones' vocal, and the title track, originally a duet by Mike Nesmith and Harry Nilsson, with echoes of "Last Train To Clarksville". But it's the new stuff that most impresses, like Ben Gibbard's wistful "Me & Magdalena", and Noel Gallagher and Paul Weller's psych-rock extravaganza "Birth Of An Accidental Hipster", with Nesmith surrounded by a swirl of flanged guitar and vocal counterpoints.

ANDY GILL



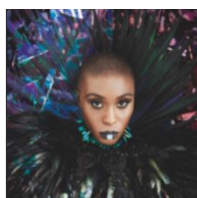
MOURN
Ha, Ha, He
CAPTURED TRACKS

Spanish teens' second outing distills the most adventurous sounds of US indie

8/10

Last year's debut from these four Catalan teenagers was fine – '90s alt.rock, a little Breeders, a little Bikini Kill, and a little unmemorable. Their influences and skills have expanded exponentially since then, though, and as a result their second is a complex, pile-driving delight. While singers and guitarists Carla Pérez and Jazz Rodríguez still channel PJ Harvey and Pixies, the 12 short songs on *Ha, Ha, He* (the title taken from William Blake's "Laughing Song") are now primed with the trickiness of Polvo ("Flee"), the dank arpeggios of Women ("Storyteller") and the star-spangled ambition of Built To Spill ("President Bullshit"). Best of all, "Fry Me" would hold its own next to Throwing Muses' best.

TOM PINNOCK



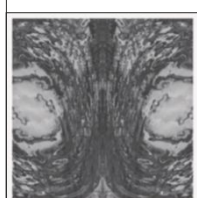
LAURA MVULA
The Dreaming Room
RCA

Shape-shifting orchestral Afrobeat from an ambitious singer-songwriter

8/10

If her 2013 debut was a series of interesting chamber pop miniatures, Mvula's second studio album barely fits into the confines of "pop music" at all. The Maya Angelou-inspired Afro-disco of "Phenomenal Woman" is a nod to the dancefloor but, elsewhere, the conservatoire-trained Brummie redefines the mainstream with filmic string sections, thunderous drums and gospel choirs. "Overcome", featuring Nile Rodgers, is a pounding, oceanic assault pitched somewhere between Kate Bush's "Hounds Of Love" and Peter Gabriel's "Red Rain". Some songs don't quite live up to the arrangements, but the sonic ambition here shames nearly every other major-label release of 2016.

JOHN LEWIS



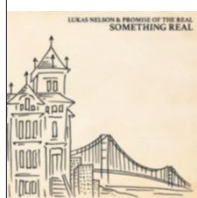
NECRO DEATHMORT
The Capsule
ROCKET

Slow-burning soundtracks to imaginary films

7/10

The instrumentals made by this mysterious duo initially seem to be quite rudimentary. Bowel-quaking basslines throb, bass drums pulse, while delicate synth sounds squelch and splutter around the high-end of the sound spectrum. Some tracks comprise just a single drone note that slowly mutates in timbre over the course of five minutes. But it's the thickness of these synth textures and the intensity of the sounds that create a thoroughly immersive experience, like being in the control room of a submarine. Tracks like "First Rays" and "Moonstar" are not so much soundtracks to imaginary films, more like all-encompassing horror movies in their own right.

JOHN LEWIS



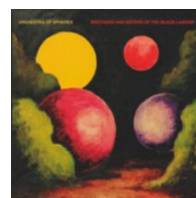
LUKAS NELSON & PROMISE OF THE REAL
Something Real
ROYAL POTATO FAMILY

Austinites follow mentor Neil Young to San Francisco for third LP

7/10

Fronted by Willie Nelson's son Lukas, who forms the band's dual-guitar frontline with his brother Micah, POTR cut a wide stylistic swathe on *Something Real*. The album opens with the aptly titled "Surprise", a burst of heavy but dexterous prog rock, and proceeds with the Allman-esque riffage of the title track. The gospel-inflected ballad "Set Me Down On A Cloud", on which Lukas' twangy vocal bears witness to his lineage, gives way to the GNR-like burner "Don't Want To Fly". Neil Young guests on the closer, an epic cover of Scott McKenzie's "San Francisco". Throughout, POTR seem to be searching for their identity, but they're having a blast along the way.

BUD SCOPPA



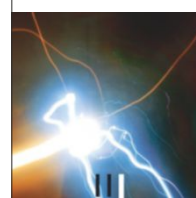
ORCHESTRA OF SPHERES
Brothers And Sisters Of The Black Lagoon
FIRE

Kitchen psych from Agitprop Kiwi collective

7/10

What happens when you cross-breed Liquid Liquid, Neu!, Missa Luba and Stereolab? Something not far off *Brothers And Sisters*, a wildly eclectic, ecstatic mix of art-rock, world music, prog and African dance rhythms – and much better than it sounds. This Kiwi bunch are renowned for the percussive intensity of their live shows, dressed with the droning guitar of Baba Rossa and heartbeat bass of EtonalE. Musically intriguing, lyrically confrontational, there's an added bonus from those strong NZ accents – you're instantly reminded of the deadpan rap of fellow Wellingtonians Bret and Jermaine from *Flight Of The Conchords*. Music should be fun, right?

MARK BENTLEY



PANTHA DU PRINCE
The Triad
ROUGH TRADE

Melodic, dynamic fifth from German dance auteur

7/10

Hendrik Weber's composed take on dance music, once an outlier, now feels prescient: a precursor of modern, club-savvy classical musicians like Ólafur Arnalds, not to mention the greying dance music blokes recreating rave classics of yore with a string section. *The Triad* is Weber's first solo effort in six years, and you can hear the care and attention poured into it. Bells and chimes bloom around the crisp percussion of "Frau Im Mond, Sterne Laufen" and "Chasing Vapour Trails", while "Dream Yourself Awake" is a delightfully tactile take on techno, full of lively improvisations. Shame about the occasional guest vocals, which veer a touch drab compared to their glittering backdrops.

LOUIS PATTISON



PETER, BJORN AND JOHN
Breakin' Point
INGRID

More bittersweet Scandi-floss from yacht-rocking Swedes

6/10

After five years of side-projects and studio production credits, Sweden's most deceptively cheery soft-rock trio return to their signature brand of polished, bittersweet nostalgia on this seventh LP. They play to their strengths on airy falsetto-voiced funk-pop like "Dominos", and the sturdy-thighed Eurodisco gallop of "Love Is What You Do", quoting Blondie's "Heart Of Glass" on the whooshing "A Long Goodbye" and namechecking Albert Camus on the faintly ABBA-esque orchestral break-up song "Do-Si-Do". That said, too much of *Breakin' Point* feels bloodless and uninspired, applying a thin sheen of Daft Punk-style retro-gloss to some pretty dowdy tunes. Polished but pedestrian.

STEPHEN DALTON



PSYCHIC ILLS Inner Journey Out

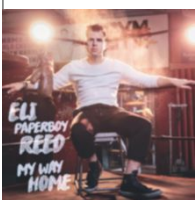
SACRED BONES

Wonderful morphine blues from drone-laced New Yorkers

The Psychic Ills' fifth album is a terrific, laidback, sleep-headed

8/10

dose of minor-key psychedelia, which has something of the flavour of Spiritualized at their finest. There's that same sense of shrugging melancholia – "I don't know if I can handle what I got coming," sings Tres Warren on the immense "Another Change" without ever sounding too fussed about it – while the band (Warren, keyboard player Brent Corder and bassist Elizabeth Hart) weave a bewitching spell of droney pop laced with gospel and ennui. Brilliant throughout, with special mentions to the surly "Coca-Cola Blues", the *Taxi Driver* funk of "Hazel Green" and delicious single "I Don't Mind", featuring Hope Sandoval. **PETER WATTS**



ELI "PAPERBOY" REED My Way Home

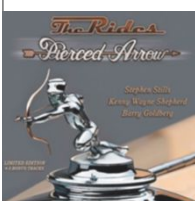
YEP ROCCO

Urgent garage gospel from soul reviver

Recorded in four days at a house in Brooklyn,

7/10

My Way Home upgrades Reed's unabashed retro-soul into supercharged garage-gospel, raw and thrilling. Although his vocals are fuzzed-up and bashed about, Reed's songs are tack-sharp, with the snappy "Tomorrow's Not Promised" and resilient title track worthy of Sam Cooke. Swinging from frantically upbeat – a deliriously funky version of gospel staple "Cut Ya Down"; the scratchy funk of "A Few More Days" and plain manic "The Strangest Thing" – to the slouching, vibe-heavy "Your Sins Will Find You Out", this is old-time spiritual soul shot through with urgent, electric energy. **GRAEME THOMSON**



THE RIDES Pierced Arrow

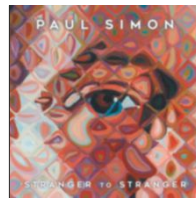
PROVOQUE

Second album from Stephen Stills' latest "supergroup"

Stills calls his trio with guitarist Kenny Wayne Shepherd and veteran

7/10

Electric Flag keyboardist Barry Goldberg the "blues band of my dreams", yet it's a description that actually sells them short. Sure, there are blues jams ("Riva Diva"), roadhouse stompers ("Game On"), and a classic Chess cover ("My Babe"). But there's also some fine original songwriting, particularly from Stills, whose "Virtual World" is a fluid Springfield-style ballad while "Mr Policeman" and "There Was A Place" contain felicitous echoes of CSN and Manassas. There's more to Shepherd than axe hero pyrotechnics, too, and his "By My Side" is an evocative guitar ballad pleasingly reminiscent of Cream's "Badge". **NIGEL WILLIAMSON**



PAUL SIMON Stranger To Stranger

CONCORD

The world's funkier septuagenarian is not done yet

9/10

"The fact is most obits are mixed reviews," Paul Simon

notes moments into his 13th solo album. Later, in a brief interlude, he fingerpicks to the rhythm of a ticking clock. It's apparent what's on the mind of the 74-year-old master as he delivers a musical monologue encompassing joy, regret, human folly and navigating a conjugal relationship. On this inspired album, jittery character sketches alternate with introspective ballads bearing echoes of Simon & Garfunkel, astride variations on the exotic rhythms that have propelled his music since *Graceland*. The presence of S&G engineer Roy Halee deepens the connection between Simon's rich past and still vital present. **BUD SCOPPA**

HOW TO BUY... SPAIN

Jazz-country "slowcore"



The Blue Moods Of Spain

RESTLESS, 1995

Their lovelorn debut was blue not only in mood, but also by association – the title is a nod both to Josh

Haden's jazz interests and his father Charlie's heavyweight playing credentials. Top notes of narcotised psych helped make it an anti-grunge classic, while Johnny Cash's cover of "Spiritual" hardly did the band any harm.

8/10



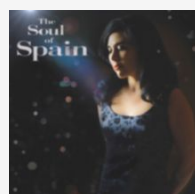
She Haunts My Dreams

RESTLESS, 1999

Haden's smoky baritone conjures more deeply personal relationship dramas, with the first three

song titles of Spain's second – "I'm Leaving You", "It's All Over" and "Before It All Went Wrong" – mapping out the territory plainly. The gloom-lounge is now leavened by jazzy alt.country, and there's a guest spot from Swedish pianist Esbjörn Svensson.

7/10



The Soul Of Spain

GLITTERHOUSE, 2012

Made post-resurrection (but with new players) their fourth album is another tender-

hearted set made for solitary listening, richly resonant with strings, Hammond organ and singing bowls, but there's nothing overblown about it. In fact, it's decidedly minimal. Haden's sisters Petra, Rachel and Tanya (triplets, since signed to Third Man Records) guest.

8/10

SHARON O'CONNELL



SPAIN Carolina

GLITTERHOUSE

A shift in focus and new crew for sixth studio LP Along with their peers Low and Red House Painters, Spain were cast as standard-bearers for

7/10

"slowcore", but right from the start, mainman and bass player Josh Haden's love of lonesome, country guitar twanging signalled their difference. He's released five albums and dissolved and revived Spain without radical rethinking, but has now assembled a new band – including drum veteran Danny Frankel – for a set of eloquently sombre, Americana songs heavy on pedal and lap-steel, that tell of mining disasters, 19th-century landgrabs and the Great Depression. Standout "Battle Of Saratoga" shows that languorous reflection is still Spain's dominant mood. **SHARON O'CONNELL**



SPRING KING Tell Me If You Like To

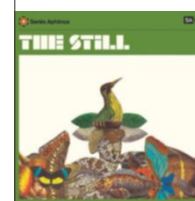
ISLAND

Frantic, fun-filled debut from Manchester indie-pop quartet

Like coiled springs,

7/10

this Manchester four-piece fire out jabs of tight pop-punk energy that seem created with the intention of filling an indie dancefloor, starting with the one-two of "City" and "Detroit", a punchy pair that have more than a touch of Supergrass. This is a good time band with one eye on the festival scene – "It's So Dark" has a dash of Clash dub, but is otherwise almost rigorously anthemic, the chorus repeated like a dance track, "Rectifier" has the rush of prime turn-of-the-millennium electroclash, while the rousing "The Summer" demands to be sung along to in a field. **PETER WATTS**



THE STILL The Still

SERIE APHOÑOS

Stealthy doom jazz from The Necks' pianist

Time moves slowly in the world of The Necks, an Australian trio whose hour-long improvisations

8/10

become more revered as the years pass. In the three decades since they formed, however, the members have never shied away from other freeform musical outlets, not least pianist Chris Abrahams. Abrahams' first appearance in your record collection may have been as an auxiliary member of The Triffids. Now, he specialises in grand keyboard meditations, also anchoring this Berlin-based quartet. The Still are more linear than The Necks, with Rico Repotente's guitar adding tremor and friction to the likes of "The Early Bird". Think of them as a midpoint between The Necks and another German-based jazz unit, Bohren & Der Club Of Gore. **JOHN MULVEY**



SWANS

The Glowing Man

MUTE

The current lineup's weathered swansong. By Louis Pattison



8/10

WHEN MICHAEL GIRA announced that he was reforming his '80s group Swans in 2010, it was reasonable to be sceptical. In their early life, Swans had become a byword for violent extremity in the rock'n'roll idiom: a band loud enough to make an audience

want to flee the venue, and cruel enough to bolt the doors so they couldn't. Throughout the two decades of their first incarnation, Swans underwent a mellowing, and come the turn of the millennium, Gira had transitioned into a cowboy-hatted patriarch, recording quietly intense folk music under the name Angels Of Light and playing patron to young musicians including Devendra Banhart and Akron/Family.

With Gira nearing his seventh decade, what could a reformed Swans offer to contemporary music? The answer turned out to be: plenty. A powerful cast of players – including guitarist Norman Westberg and percussionist Thor Harris – paired with Gira's insatiable, spirited performances, ensured the output of Swans Mark II turned out to be both deeper and wider than the music they made in their first incarnation. This was particularly evident in the live arena, where shows stretched out to three hours, familiar songs sprouted new improvisatory segments, and in the white heat of the stage, new ones blazed into life.

If Swans at times seemed unstoppable, the arrival of *The Glowing Man* puts paid to that. This is to be the last Swans LP under the current lineup, with the band due to dissolve at the close of the forthcoming tour (Gira will continue recording and touring as Swans, but with a revolving cast of collaborators). Clocking in at two hours, *The Glowing Man* is every bit as gigantic as the two albums preceding it, 2012's *The Seer* and 2014's *To Be Kind*. But it has a transitory feel; a half-step back from those monolithic builds and whiplash grooves, gesturing towards

something more contemplative and... well, "softer" feels the wrong word, but weathered by the journey.

The presence of country and gospel in Swans' music has long been noted, but just as key is the influence of New York downtown composers like La Monte Young and Glenn Branca, whose numinous, droning music aimed to capture feelings of transcendence or obliteration. The first two tracks, "Cloud Of Forgetting" and "Cloud Of Unknowing", clock in at 13 and 25 minutes, and are not so much songs as vast, arid landscapes – salt flats of sound. Gira calls them "prayers", and they certainly have that feel. The former drifts in on clouds of sobbing lap steel and dulcimer, Gira bellowing like a man supplicant beneath an uncaring sky: "Surrender! Surrender! Take us! Take us!" The title track, meanwhile, is bigger still. Having grown out of a live improv around *To Be Kind*'s "Bring The Sun", it stretches out to a huge 29 minutes, veering from twinkling orchestral lulls to a malevolent Neu!-meets-Stooges churn. Several moments on *The Glowing Man* feel like a reflection on Swans' past exploits. A fidgety mantra titled "The World Looks Red/The World Looks Black" finds Gira reviving some of his earliest lyrics, borrowed by Thurston Moore for Sonic Youth's "The World Is Red" on their 1983 debut, *Confusion Is Sex*. Other

SLEEVE NOTES

► **Produced by:**

Michael Gira

Recorded at: Sonic Ranch and Elmwood Studio, Texas; Studio Litho, Seattle; CandyBomber, Berlin

Personnel includes: Michael Gira (vocals, electric and acoustic guitar), Norman Westberg (electric guitar, vocals), Kristof Hahn (lap steel, guitars, vocals), Phil Puleo (drums, dulcimer, vocals), Christopher Pravdica (bass, vocals), Thor Harris (perc, vibes, bells, dulcimer), Bill Rieflin (drums, piano, synth, Mellotron)

tracks feel like farewells, or gesture to a moving on: "People Like Us" is a sea-shanty set adrift on a blasted landscape of methane-belching oceans and clouds the colour of rust; while a closing, climactic march titled "Finally, Peace" strikes an almost valedictory tone.

Speaking about Swans in recent times, Gira tends not to talk about pain and cruelty, but love and tenderness. There is compassion, of sorts, in "Frankie M". Described by Gira as "a best wish for a wounded soul", it builds from a clamour of voices and beaten cymbal into an eerie strut, over which Gira reels off a litany of banned substances – heroin, opium, MDMA – over cascading female voices. Then there is "When Will I Return?": a song penned by Gira for his wife Jennifer to

sing, its harrowing lyric deals with her attempted kidnapping some years before, and she sings it with a tremble in her voice that is clearly genuine. It is a song that leads you to reflect on Gira's unusual muse. If Swans are the sound of love, it is not a love everyone will recognise as such.

Swans now set off on an 18-month tour that will end with their own scheduled self-destruction. Where next for Michael Gira is unclear, but he's made a 35-year career out of staring down death. It seems improbable he would stop now.

Q&A

Michael Gira



The reactivation of Swans has clearly been artistically fulfilling for you. Why break up the band?

I love working with these guys – they're my friends, and we've come to know each other's scent quite well. However, it's reached its apex, and all the things we could discover in one another are played out. It's necessary for me, if I'm going to continue the name Swans, to shake things up. I don't really want a band any more, and the responsibility it entails. I don't know the future route. I have some vague colours in my mind, but I don't know what I'm going to pursue stylistically. I'm looking forward to being utterly adrift.

What is the story behind "When Will I Return"?

I wrote that for my wife to sing. Seven years ago, before I met her, she was walking down a street in New Orleans late at night. A fellow jumped out of some bushes and attempted to abduct her – his car was waiting there, the door open. Being who she is, she fought vigorously. And he beat the shit out of her. But eventually people came, and he fled, and she was hospitalised. I guess there was a person at large with an MO that matched this fellow, who was a serial killer. She had that whole thing where her life flashed in front of her eyes, and she just said: I'm not letting this happen. These things have a lasting effect – it's altered her brain chemistry, her psyche forever. So this is a tribute, a prayer, saying how much I respect and appreciate her courage and strength.



ALEXIS TAYLOR Piano

MOSHI MOSHI

Hot Chip man tinkles the ivories, strikes a chord Alexis Taylor's forays outside the Hot Chip mothership haven't always proven successful – his

experiments in improv with About Group were something of a damp squib – but on his third solo album, he's found a niche that suits him. *Piano* reduces things to the simplest of elements – voice and keys. But this turns out to be the perfect carrier for a selection of newbies and reinterpretations sung in Taylor's featherlight quaver. His parent band's "So Much Further To Go" gets a tender makeover, but it's the covers that really shine: Elvis' "Crying In The Chapel" becomes a secular gospel, while a take on Crystal Gale's "Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue" is all the more devastating for its lightness of touch.

LOUIS PATTISON

7/10



WILLIAM TYLER Modern Country

MERGE

Nashville virtuoso's journey from interstate to Autobahn

Tyler is not the first musician to spot congruencies between the motorik glide of Krautrock and the choogling momentum of country-rock. That said, few have embraced the concept so harmoniously as the sometime Lambchop mainstay, on this strong follow-up to 2013's *Impossible Truth*. His rhythm section have form in similar zones, being Darin Gray and Glenn Kotche, whose CVs intertwine Wilco, Tweedy, Loose Fur and Jim O'Rourke. *Modern Country*, though, is Tyler's vehicle, from Michael Rotherish opener "Highway Anxiety" through to the *Local Hero*-ish anthemics of "The Great Unwind". At a time when a generation of US roots guitarists are reaching creative maturity, *Modern Country* reasserts Tyler's place at their forefront.

JOHN MULVEY

8/10



TEGAN AND SARA Love You To Death

WARNERS

The Canadian duo forge smart and sensitive synth-pop on LP8

16 years after Neil Young signed them as angsty teens, the former indie duo have manifested the Cyndi Lauper love of their youth in heart-quaking synth-pop. The Canadian twins' eighth is beautifully calibrated, delving into gothic-tinged bangers ("That Girl"), robot rock ("Dying To Know"), and diamond-hardened bubblegum ("Boyfriend"). They examine how they can imperil their relationships, whether romantic (the guilty realisations of "That Girl"), with each other (harmony-laden ballad "100x") and with themselves (tender anti-anxiety salve "Hang On To The Night"). These are nuclear-grade pop hits that don't sacrifice on adult emotional complexity: a rare power.

LAURA SNAPES

9/10

REVELATIONS

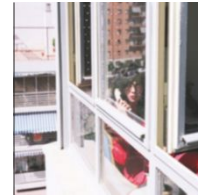
William Tyler explains Americana motorik



► "I had this realisation a couple of years ago that there's something really similar in the feel of certain Waylon Jennings songs and certain Neu! songs," William Tyler says, discussing the bizarre confluence of Americana and motorik on his new *Modern Country* LP, and especially its propulsive opening track "Highway Anxiety". "You know, country music, especially in the '70s, was totally truckdriver music, and Krautrock was also geared towards driving, but in a different way – it's *Autobahn* music."

To work on the album, and connect these two styles, Tyler headed to Oxford, Mississippi, where he set up camp in a log cabin in a friend's backyard. "My family's all from Mississippi and I have a very strong connection to that state, so I think the history of it and being around it just kind of eased into the songs and the overall vision for the record. What I've learnt is that if you're willing to go to places that aren't fashionable parts of the country like New York or San Francisco or something, then it's a lot easier to carve time out because, you know, it's cheap!"

TOM PINNOCK



MARIA USBECK Amparo

LABRADOR

New-wave singer's lilting Spanish-language debut Maria Usbeck almost made a name for

herself fronting Brooklyn art-rock minnows Celebrities, but after two albums of generic new wave she decided to change tack for an inspired solo set that finds the Ecuador-born singer reconnecting with her Hispanic heritage and exploring its folk music. Singing in her native tongue, Usbeck projects a more intimate persona on *Amparo*, and against a backdrop of marimba, *quena* flute and harp, she articulates a certain melancholy on "Llamame" and "Uno De Tus Ojos", and conveys breathless wonder on the ravishing "Moai Y Yo" and "Lapusalazul". Smart move, stepping out on her own.

PIERS MARTIN

7/10



VESSEL Patterns Of Blue

DME

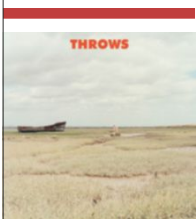
Prolific Dane puts the mellow back in melancholy

Tindersticks' Stuart Staples is a fan of Anders

Mathiasen's duo, Murder, and he'll no doubt admire this third album from Mathiasen's solo vehicle too. Prompted by a four-month Buddhist retreat, it finds him at peace on a collection that frequently prompts comparisons with Bill Callahan's masterful *Sometimes I Wish We Were An Eagle*, especially on the mellifluous "Prophecy Deciphered". There are echoes, too, of recent Lambchop on "The Clearing" and "Chasing The Wind", further underlined by Mathiasen's hushed, studied vocal delivery, which also recalls Peter Dinklage's and even, on "Vials Of Wine", Nick Drake's. A new, affecting kind of blue.

WYNDHAM WALLACE

8/10



THROWS Throws

FULL TIME HOBBY

Tunng pair's jovial Icelandic reunion

Throws is the new band formed by Tunng founders Sam Genders and Mike Lindsay, who last

worked together in 2007 on their oddball folk outfit's third album, *Arrows*. Genders quit shortly after, while Lindsay has continued Tunng with diminishing returns, so when news spread of their rekindled bromance in Reykjavik, where Lindsay lives, hopes were high. The result, *Throws*, is the sound of two talented men messing around and letting off steam in a studio. Much livelier than Tunng, the eccentric patchwork pop of "Punch Drunk" and "High Pressure Front" seems to be assembled from random components, rescued by the duo's innate musicality.

PIERS MARTIN

7/10



ADIA VICTORIA Beyond The Bloodhounds

CANVASBACK

South Carolina newcomer shows you around her own gothic South

An African-American

woman reared in a poor community in rural South Carolina, Adia Victoria plunders every Southern musical style like each one is a birthright, and her full-length debut confidently and even defiantly collides raw garage rockabilly with distorted blues and ornery old-time folk. She depicts a dirty South utterly devoid of romance: "I don't know nothing about Southern belles," she testifies mightily on "Stuck In The South", "but I can tell you something about Southern hell." With a bracing wryness in her voice, she stakes her claim to the region's ugly truths as well as its beautiful traditions.

STEPHEN DEUSNER

8/10



WE ARE SCIENTISTS Helter Seltzer

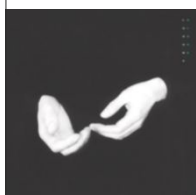
100%

Algorithmically accurate pop with no emotional crackle
Emerging from Brooklyn in 2002, WAS have since

power-popped and new-waved their way through five albums, becoming as well-known for their comic capering as their music. Their aptly titled sixth is an expansive, effervescent set, given glossier production than usual. There's no denying the pair know their way around a perky tune, but their songs are unmemorable because their sound is so heavily recycled – a characterless amalgam of chart-proven synth pop/rock tics from the last 20 years. "Forgiveness" is (ironically) the worst offender here, borrowing so brazenly from Garbage and Radiohead you can name the specific sources.

SHARON O'CONNELL

5/10



WEIRD DREAMS Luxury Alone

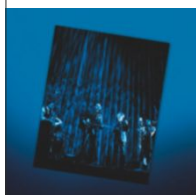
TOUGH LOVE

Exquisite vagueness from former indie hopeful
After the release of *Weird Dreams*' underrated 2012 jangle-pop debut *Choreography*, frontman

Doran Edwards fell into a long period of "derealisation, anxiety and depression" during which he found solace in autogenic therapy and the celestial excursions of Robert Ashley and Ryuichi Sakamoto. Largely self-recorded, *Luxury Alone* attempts to capture his feelings of confusion and abstraction. An abundance of heavily reverbed guitars and distant electronic FX combine with the deliberate blankness of Edwards' multi-tracked voice to convey a powerful sense of disconnect. But thankfully he still writes lovely, dreamy psych-pop songs that position *Luxury Alone* as a strange, introverted companion to Tame Impala's *Currents*.

SAM RICHARDS

8/10



JACK WHITE Acoustic In Idaho

THIRD MAN

Vinyl-only recording of White unplugged
In 2015, it occurred to Jack White that there were five US states –

Alaska, Idaho, Wyoming, the Dakotas – in which he had never performed. This double album captures the Idaho leg of the resulting tour, at Boise's Egyptian Theatre (the package includes a DVD of the show in Anchorage). White takes a militantly acoustic approach, he and his backing trio even abjuring amplifiers: they're occasionally quieter than a clearly delighted crowd. The set ranges across White's catalogue, but he's at his best on a couple of furious blues covers – Howlin' Wolf's "I Asked For Water (She Gave Me Gasoline)" and Lead Belly's "Goodnight, Irene".

ANDREW MUELLER

8/10



TONY JOE WHITE Rain Crow

YEP ROC

Existentialist swamp trilogy, Part 3: Louisiana legend's late career renaissance rolls on
Inhabiting a deft, mind-

bendingly simple musical motif – murky, muddy, dingy blues, 4/4 rhythms rolled out low and lean so that myriad moans, sighs, grunts, guitar rumbles, and harp fills run rampant – White's recent recordings have reverted to a rather intimidating if absolutely mesmerising mean. Like 2010's *The Shine* and 2013's *Hoodoo*, *Rain Crow* is thick with nervous trepidations, ominous trips into the rural mindset – particularly the fragile existence depicted in "The Bad Wind" and "Conjure Child" – wherein White vividly captures his protagonists' mental anguish and circumstantial struggles, and life-and-death drama turns on a dime.

LUKE TORN

8/10



HOW TO BUY... JACK WHITE LIVE

In fine, fun-loving fettle



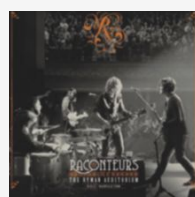
THE WHITE STRIPES Under Great White Northern Lights

WARNERS, 2009

Also the soundtrack to the doc of the same name, chronicling

Jack and Meg's 2007 tour of Canada. The set mixes cuts from The White Stripes' then-current *Icky Thump*, with older faves ("Black Math", "Seven Nation Army") and their much-loved cover of Dolly Parton's "Jolene".

9/10



THE RACONTEURS Live At The Ryman Auditorium

THIRD MAN, 2013

The Jack White/Brendan Benson gang caught in epic fettle

at Nashville's country cathedral in 2011. It would be an easy room to become intimidated by, but in common with White's career, The Raconteurs negotiate a balance between confident iconoclasm and heartfelt respect. Only out on vinyl or DVD.

8/10



THE DEAD WEATHER Live At Third Man Records West

REPRISE, 2009

A five-track EP by White's group with The Kills' Alison

Mosshart, QOTSA's Dean Fertita and The Raconteurs' Jack Lawrence. Four splendidly rumbustious originals, and a gleeful, manic slapping delivered unto Pentagram's "Forever My Queen". While it's arguable that The Dead Weather are doing little not done already by White's other incarnations, it's still great fun.

7/10

ANDREW MUELLER



WHITNEY Light Upon The Lake

SECRETLY CANADIAN

Former indie scrappers play the country-soul card

Having served time with fresh-faced garage

rockers Smith Westerns, Whitney's chief songwriters Max Kakacek and Julien Ehrlich are now hoping to reinvent themselves as country-soul troubadours. Nobody is going to mistake them for the real deal – they tentatively try on Al Green's horns and Neil Young's falsetto like a kid tries on his dad's clothes – but in their naïvety, they've hit on something arguably more special. Songs such as "Golden Days" and "No Woman" combine the fragile longing of indie-pop with the superior songwriting smarts of classic early-'70s rock, in a way that should reel in fans of Josh Rouse and Liam Hayes.

SAM RICHARDS

8/10



YOUNG MOON Colt

WESTERN VINYL

Sombre, reflective, possibly somewhat over-egged songsmithery

Young Moon is the trademark of Trevor

Montgomery, who had recorded previously with San Franciscan droners Tarentel and solo as Lazarus. *Colt*, Montgomery's second album under the name Young Moon, is an epic brood which might find favour with adherents of Mark Kozelek, Mark Lanegan or similar leadenly melodramatic consumptives. There are some icily pretty moments amid the arrangements, especially on "Compassion" and "Fell On My Face". Ironically and somewhat frustratingly, Montgomery is at his best at his most playful, on the winningly wry pop shimmy "Summer '09"; he should do more of this sort of thing.

ANDREW MUELLER

7/10



ZUCCHERO Black Cat

UNIVERSAL

Stellar guest list adds up to less than the sum of its parts

The principal selling points of this new

work by the indefatigable Italian blues bellow are the contributions of the guest list – guitar on two tracks by Mark Knopfler, a single co-written by Elvis Costello, a lyric by Bono, production by no less than T Bone Burnett, Brendan O'Brien and Don Was. The Costello collaboration ("Turn The World Down") is by far the highlight, a throaty yet poised downbeat boogie. Much of the rest, however, sounds far too much like Zucchero's oeuvre generally, ie, like an ill-advised disco diversion by Dr John.

ANDREW MUELLER

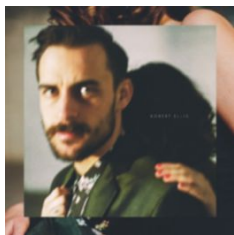
5/10

ROBERT ELLIS

Robert Ellis

NEW WEST

Scintillating fourth effort from protean Texan. *By Rob Hughes*



8/10

FOR ALL ITS offshoots and mutations, there remains the suspicion that country music has pretty strict border controls. Recent years have seen a number of artists, evidently mindful of being typecast, break out into more inclusive territory. Sturgill

Simpson is a keen example, forgoing the traditional slant of his early work for amorphous albums that embrace gospel, psychedelia and cosmology; while the likes of Justin Townes Earle, Daniel Romano and Israel Nash have all ditched their prior formalism for a more expansive type of music whose relationship to country has become increasingly tenuous.

Much the same can be said of Robert Ellis. Reared in the Southern Texas enclave of Lake Jackson, Ellis emerged from a religious community where there were just two types of music: country and bluegrass. By the time he began his recording career, both 2009's *The Great Rearranger* and follow-up *Photographs* (2011) – intuitive records that shifted back and forth between countrypolitan and folk – suggested he belonged to the lineage of George Jones or Kris Kristofferson. But 2014's wonderful *The Lights From The Chemical Plant* flipped all that on its head. This time country played a secondary role to R'n'B, white soul, a dash of jazz and a baroque form of singer-songwriterly pop. It was a vivid and unexpected transformation, Ellis tapping into such influences as Paul Simon and Randy Newman. "Because of *Photographs*, I feel like people have made certain associations with what I do and who I am," he told *Uncut*. "It's important sometimes to put things in context for them."

Robert Ellis feels like a natural extension of this approach, placing an even greater distance between its creator and his roots. Primarily a guitar player, but also extremely tidy on piano, Ellis brings a wider palette of textures. Keyboards are more prominent, as is a three-piece string section that gives a number of these songs a slightly ornate, chamber-pop feel. "The High Road", for instance, makes its presence felt with a concerted shimmy of violins and cello, before being ushered along by trebly electric guitars and limber acoustics in lovely interplay. The song's sense of rapt deliberation is in pointed contrast to "Screw", a curious instrumental in which Ellis and Kelly Doyle improvise a guitar duet over electronic ambience and the soft purr of indistinct vocal samples. This experimental tone finds fuller expression in "It's Not OK". Beginning with a stabby piano riff reminiscent of 10cc, it eventually gives way to some fabulously digressive jazz-rock, all rolling cymbals and free rhythms, punctuated by a piercing guitar solo. At its heart, though, this is essentially a great pop album. Both "Perfect Strangers" and the burnished "California" sound like the sort of bittersweet entreaties that might have come from the pen of Dwight Twilley in his '70s prime. Or, more recently, West Coast darlings Dawes (whose singer Taylor Goldsmith, incidentally, featured on Ellis' last album). Written by Delta



SLEEVE NOTES

Produced by: Robert Ellis (except for "Screw", produced by Kelly Doyle)
Recorded at: The Tree House and SugarHill Studios, Houston, Texas
Personnel includes: Robert Ellis (vocals, acoustic and elec gtr, keys, bass), Kelly Doyle (elec gtr), Geoffrey Muller (bass), Michael Lisenbe, Dennis Ryan (drums), Will Van Horn (steel gtr), Josh Moore (piano), Kaori Matsui, Hannah Watson (violins)

Spirit's Matthew Vasquez, "How I Love You" posits Ellis as the broken romantic, crying hurt over yearning guitar-pop and piano, underscored by steel. Things get beefier on "Couples Skate", though it's trounced by the twanging country-rock of "Drivin'", co-written by Angaleena Presley, formerly one-third of Pistol Annies.

Picking through the lyrics, you might be forgiven for assuming that *Robert Ellis* is a break-up album. Most of these tunes address relationships in crisis, love souring with familiarity and the passage of time, couples allowing the weeds to grow between them. What's more, given Ellis' split from his wife since *The Lights From The Chemical Plant*, and his subsequent move away from his adopted Nashville home, it's tempting to conclude that it's all autobiographical. Yet Ellis is less interested in

confession than he is in acute character studies, folding whatever experience he has into narrative songs that try to make sense of the impulses that drive us. "We can adapt or maybe we could divorce," he sings on the dizzyingly beautiful "Elephant". "We could jump ship or we could easily change course".

The open road, pop's most trusted symbol of freedom and flight, instead becomes an agent of imprisonment. "Elephant"'s protagonist is torn between staying and leaving, "The High Road" of the title has worn its

subject down, the abandoned woman in "California" can't bear to make a fresh start, for "every road leads away from the things you wanted". Souls in flux, forever undergoing some kind of transformation. In Ellis' gifted hands, these restless portraits serve as a perfect reflection of his own voyaging musical self.

Q&A

Robert Ellis

Did your recent marriage break-up play into this album in some way?

Whatever's happening in your life inevitably ends up in your narrative songwriting, but I wouldn't say it's strictly autobiographical by any means. A lot of the stuff maybe started from a feeling, then sort of evolved as the characters took shape and the stories developed. I don't necessarily find my life to be the most interesting story that one could tell.

How conscious were you of escaping the folk/country tag?

When we were writing and arranging the songs I think we were far enough down the path of our

own voice that I wasn't consciously trying to make it not country. Certain things, like "Drivin'", just came out sounding like country tunes. At one point in time, I really didn't want to be typecast, because country can be pejorative in some ways. But I really don't give a shit anymore.

The album is self-titled, often an indication of someone trying to make some sort of statement. Was that the case here?

I thought about it a lot. And seeing as I produced this one and we did it in Houston, where I began, I feel personally like I've grown into whatever I'm doing now, in a way that feels really comfortable and natural. Whereas maybe on previous records I was still kind of figuring some of that stuff out. When the record was finished I thought it sounded like us. And everyone gets to do the self-titled record thing one time, right?

INTERVIEW: ROB HUGHES

KULASHAKER

K20



STRANGE FOLK RECORDS

The NEW ALBUM on LP & CD

KULASHAKER.COM

SCORING: THE ORIGINAL ALBUM

10 Masterpiece

1 Poor!

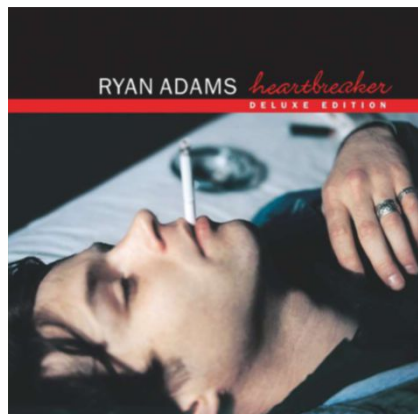
SCORING: EXTRAMATERIAL

10 Untold riches

1 Barrel-scrappings

Archive

REISSUES | COMPS | BOXSETS | LOST RECORDINGS



TRACKLIST

CD1/LP1&2 Original album remastered

CD2/LP3&4 Outtakes and demos

- 1 Hairdresser On Fire #
 - 2 To Be Young #
 - 3 Petal In A Rainstorm #
 - 4 War Horse #
 - 5 Oh My Sweet Carolina #
 - 6 Come Pick Me Up
 - 7 Punk Jam #
 - 8 When The Rope Gets Tight #
 - 9 When The Rope Gets Tight
 - 10 Goodbye Honey
 - 11 In My Time Of Need
 - 12 Bartering Lines (demo)
 - 13 Come Pick Me Up (demo)
 - 14 To Be The One (demo)
 - 15 Don't Ask For The Water (demo)
 - 16 In My Time Of Need (demo)
 - 17 Goodbye Honey (demo)
 - 18 Petal In A Rainstorm (demo)
 - 19 War Horse (demo)
 - 20 Locked Away (outtake)
- # previously unreleased

DVD Live at the Mercury Lounge, New York
October 20, 2000

- 1 Oh My Sweet Carolina
- 2 Gimme Sunshine
- 3 Banter
- 4 To Be Young (Is To Be Sad, Is To Be High)
- 5 AMY
- 6 Banter
- 7 Call Me On Your Way Back Home
- 8 Banter
- 9 Just Like A Whore
- 10 Wonderwall (Fragment)
- 11 Wonderwall (Complete Song)
- 12 Banter
- 13 Damn, Sam (I Love A Woman That Rains)
- 14 Sweet Lil' Gal (23rd/1st)
- 15 Come Pick Me Up
- 16 My Winding Wheel



DAVID MCCLISTER

RYAN ADAMS

Heartbreaker: Deluxe Edition

PAX AM

On its 16th birthday, the ex-Whiskeytown man's first and best solo LP gets a vaults-raiding reissue. *By Allan Jones*

9/10 DAVID RYAN ADAMS, as he was then called, first caught our ear in 1997, on Whiskeytown's second album, *Strangers Almanac*, a major label debut of eventually unrealised promise, record company politics and their own volatile infrastructure delaying the release of a third album until 2001. By then, the band had split and Ryan Adams, as he now was, had put out a solo album, 2000's much-revered *Heartbreaker*. Acclaimed at the time by fans as a classic of what was becoming known as Americana, it now splendidly gets a full bells and whistles reissue on Adams' PAX AM label. *Heartbreaker: Deluxe Edition* is a 2CD or 4LP boxset, plus a concert DVD from October 2000. Both formats feature the remastered

original album, outtakes, alternative versions, demos and sundry unreleased tracks of variable merit. Among the latter is a stomping, jokey version of Morrissey's "Hairdresser On Fire", followed by some jovial studio bickering over whether it appeared on *Bona Drag* or *Viva Hate*, an edited version of which banter became *Heartbreaker*'s opening track, "(Argument With David Rawlings Concerning Morrissey)".

Opening an album of delicate folk ballads and weather-beaten country tearjerkers with a conversation about the foppish Manchester entertainer may sound at least incongruous, perhaps even a little addled and possibly quite baffling to many. It's a typically clever Adams ploy, however, a cute indication of



→ the emotional topography of the album that follows, for which an even more accurately descriptive title than *Heartbreaker* might have been taken from another Morrissey tune, “Late Night, Maudlin Street”. The album, after all, is something of a hymn to self-pity, epic moping, bereft, stricken, nearly every track an exquisite example of nothing but woe. The more misery Adams pours into these songs, however, the more darkly alluring they become, thanks mostly to the crepuscular atmospheres conjured for them by producer Ethan Johns.

Whiskeytown had played a pretty straightforward kind of country rock, with appealing echoes of The Flying Burrito Brothers and The Replacements of *Pleased To Meet Me*, *Don’t Tell A Soul* and *All Shook Down* rather than the yammering punk of *Let It Be* and *Stink*, which was the kind of hardcore racket Adams had noisily essayed in the pre-Whiskeytown Patty Duke Syndrome. There were hints, too, on the glossier bits of *Strangers Almanac* of Tom Petty,

whose slick commerciality their label rather clearly wanted Whiskeytown to emulate. On *Heartbreaker*, however, Adams and Ethan Johns abandoned such toe-tapping tunefulness, stripped the music of superfluous frippery, anything that could be described as merely decorative and thus unnecessary, in the process reducing everything to little more than a murmur.

Most tracks feature just Adams, his voice and guitar, often nimbly finger-picked. There’s an occasional wheezing harmonica, here and there ghostly banjo, sepulchral organ and occasional piano from a pre-Wilco Pat Sansone, eerie harmonies from Emmylou Harris, Gillian Welch, Kim Richey and Allison Pierce. The overall mood is profoundly subdued, whispering and furtive. Some tracks

are so discreetly mixed that they’re almost subliminal, like figures in a fog, barely glimpsed, there but not there. “To Be The One”, “Don’t Ask For The Water”, “Sweet Lil Gal (23rd/1st)” and “Why Do They Leave?” all, for instance, seem to exist only as shimmer, in a trembling half-light,

Adams’ voice as gently laid upon the arrangements as a shroud. The notable exceptions to this compelling hush are “To Be Young (Is To Be Sad, Is To Be High)”, whose brash clatter joyfully recalls the Dylan of “Subterranean Homesick Blues”, the skittering “My Winding Wheel”, the raucous Bo Diddley-inspired

“Shakedown On 9th Street” with Gillian Welch whooping in the background and Adams and Dave Rawlings exchanging crunching electric guitar riffs, and the wonderfully ramshackle

The album is a hymn to self-pity – nearly every track an exquisite example of nothing but woe

HEART STOPPERS Four highlights from the *Heartbreaker* sessions

Petal In A Snowstorm

“Everybody play for your lives. Let’s just beat the shit out of this thing,” Ryan Adams exhorts whoever’s in the studio with him at the start of this ragged outtake. “Goddamn it,” he’s shouting moments later, frustrated as the thing breaks down around him almost immediately. Particularly wheezy harmonica then leads them back into the song, a half-written lyric delivered with Dylanesque insouciance over a riff unexpectedly reminiscent of The Velvet Underground’s “What Goes On” that never quite finds the intensity it’s looking for.

When The Rope Gets Tight

Some of the *Heartbreaker* outtakes – the 49-second “Punk Jam”, for instance – were clearly never under serious consideration for the album. The eerie graveyard blues of “When The Rope Gets Tight” on the other hand, may have been a little tougher to discard. There are two versions here. The first features Adams and Gillian Welch working on a vocal arrangement, eventually abandoned in the featured take, which is as desolate as “Bartering Lines” with a beautifully fragile coda.

Goodbye Honey

Originally made available alongside an acoustic version of “To Be Young (Is To Be Sad, Is To Be High)” on the *Unreleased Tracks From The Heartbreaker Sessions*, a bonus CD with the French edition of the LP, “Goodbye Honey” has the musical slouch of better-known tracks like “Damn, Sam (I Love A Woman That Rains)” and “Come Pick Me Up”. It sounds at first like a fond farewell to a departing lover, before delivering a smirking kiss-off. “Better take a good look at yourself,” Adams sings, in a Dylanesque sneer. “You better take a look and see what’s left...”

Locked Away

Not much of *Heartbreaker* was especially reminiscent of the handsome country rock tunefulness of Whiskeytown’s *Strangers Almanac*, Adams inclining more towards minimalist chiaroscuro rather than poppy brightness and expansive harmonies. Overall, it was a cloistered mood that would have been oddly broken if the comparatively brash “Locked Away” had found its way onto the album. With its Byrds guitar jangle, it has an almost flower power prettiness that is also found on the album’s “AMY”.



“Damn, Sam (I Love A Woman That Rains)”, again evocative of mid-’60s Dylan. The dreamily wistful “AMY”, meanwhile, is often compared to something by Nick Drake, but is surely more redolent of Donovan’s Elysian psychedelia, with its double-tracked vocals, glockenspiel, synthesised woodwinds and sibilant cymbal splashes.

A lot of great break-up albums – *In The Wee Small Hours*, *Blood On The Tracks*, *Shoot Out The Lights*, *Back To Black*, *Lemonade*, take your pick – usually come with at least some degree of vitriol attached. Like Beck’s *Sea Change*, however, angry retribution is largely absent from *Heartbreaker*, recrimination mostly replaced by bleak resignation, especially on the grovelling “Come Pick Me Up”, which casts the singer as craven, desperate, prepared to endure any humiliation to get his girl back. “*Come pick me up, take me out, fuck me up*,” Adams sings, wheedling and needy. “*Steal my records, screw all my friends, behind my back, with a smile on your face and then do it again...*”

Elsewhere, Adams is more dignified, poised and poignant, if no less forsaken, especially on the bleakly fatalistic “Bartering Lines”, “Call Me On Your Way Back Home” and the superlative “Oh My Sweet Carolina”, a duet with Emmylou Harris that recalls forlorn Gram Parsons ballads like “Hickory Wind”, “She” and “A Song For You”. Best of all is “In My Time Of Need”, which takes its title from the lyric to another Parsons song, “In My Hour Of Darkness”, which so sombrely closed *Grievous Angel*. A faux-Dust Bowl ballad, sung by Adams in the character of a struggling homesteader, with Gillian Welch providing a tender high harmony line over the spectral plunk of a banjo and Sansone’s wonderfully discreet piano, “In My Time Of Need” is a song of eventual solace and reconciliation, something akin to Warren Zevon’s “Don’t Let Us Get Sick”, love in the end transcendent rather than ruinous. “*I will come for you when my days are through*,” Adams sings with a quiet passion, “*and I’ll let your smile just off and carry me.*”

Heartbreaker was the first of 13 solo LPs Adams put out between 2000-2011, three of them in 2005 alone (one of them a double). 2001’s *Gold* was much-admired (and an *Uncut* Album Of The Year), then things got messy. He was accused of profligacy, self-indulgence, lacking quality control. There was much good work to come, but too often the albums that followed have tended to fade into ubiquitous static, a common noise, not hard to switch off and easier to forget. *Heartbreaker*, however, remains a singular pinnacle in a sometimes overstretched career; unforgettable, entirely wonderful.

Q&A

Ethan Johns on producing *Heartbreaker*

How did you come to produce the *Heartbreaker* album?

I first met Ryan at Ocean Way studios in Los Angeles in the mid-’90s. We were working down the hall from each other. I remember the Stones were in Studio One, which made for some memorable nights. He struck me as a wide-eyed child with more enthusiasm for songwriting and record-making than I’d come across in a while. He stank of hard liquor at any time of day and always seemed to be searching for something. Later, I produced Whiskeytown’s final record, *Pneumonia*. Then he called me up and asked me to work on *Heartbreaker*.

Do you remember the first songs from the album you actually heard?

I remember going to meet Ryan at a motel the night before we started recording and going over about 30 or more songs. As was the norm with Ryan, he had a high number of very diverse songs. You can tell from the collection of demos on the reissue. But I had a clear idea immediately which songs I wanted to record with him, which songs resonated with me. The sound, the arrangements, it was all clear in my mind.

Did you work on the demos that appear on *Heartbreaker: Deluxe Edition* or had Ryan already recorded them?

I didn’t work on the demos. I didn’t reference them, either. I just wanted to hear him play the songs on guitar so I had a clear space in my head for the ideas to materialise.

Did Ryan similarly have a clear idea of what he wanted the album to sound like?

He had a sense of abstract sadness he wanted to express. But he has a new idea every 30 seconds.

Compared to *Strangers Almanac* and *Pneumonia*, *Heartbreaker* sounds pretty stark. Who decided the album should be so stripped down?

The songs just seemed to get what they wanted.

The album was recorded in 14 days. Did it go as smoothly as that suggests or were there problems along the way?

There were no real problems. I didn’t get much sleep, though.

How was Ryan to work with?

There’s a book in the answering of that question.

How did Gillian Welch and David Rawlings and then Emmylou Harris get involved in *Heartbreaker*?

I think Ryan met Gillian and Dave at the Sessions At West 54th Street show we did for the Gram Parsons tribute album [1999’s *Return Of The Grievous Angel: A Tribute To Gram Parsons*, produced by Emmylou and featuring covers of Parsons songs by Beck, Wilco, Elvis Costello, Lucinda Williams, Steve Earle, The Pretenders, Chris Hillman, Bernie Leadon, Evan Dando and

Whiskeytown]. I know Ryan met Emmylou for the first time that night, because he was so nervous. I’d been playing with Emmylou for a while and I’d suggested Whiskeytown for a track on that record [they did a memorable cover for it of “A Song For You” from *GP*, Parsons’ first solo album]. Ry struck me as an artist who related to Gram in a way few others have. Have a look at Ry and Emmy singing on that show. There’s magic between them. It was instant. So I think Gill and Dave met Ry in New York that night. When Ryan moved to Nashville, he was hanging out at Gill and Dave’s pretty regularly, I think. So it was Ryan’s idea to invite them down. I couldn’t be a bigger fan of theirs, so I didn’t need convincing. As for Emmy’s involvement, as soon as Ryan sang “Oh My Sweet Carolina” in the motel, I heard Emmy’s voice in my head. I remember the moment. I still have my notes from that night. It’s right there. I called her up and she came down and sang. She was incredible. She always is.

Did you know when you finished the album it was something special?

Yes. I remember listening to the sequence for the first time. I was on the floor of the machine room, listening on headphones. It really knocked me out. But I’d had an underlying sense that something special was occurring. From the first night in Nashville going over the songs and before, something was floating around. But you’ve got to keep that stuff in the corner of your eye or you’ll start looking at the wrong things.

What does *Heartbreaker* sound like to you, nearly 20 years on?

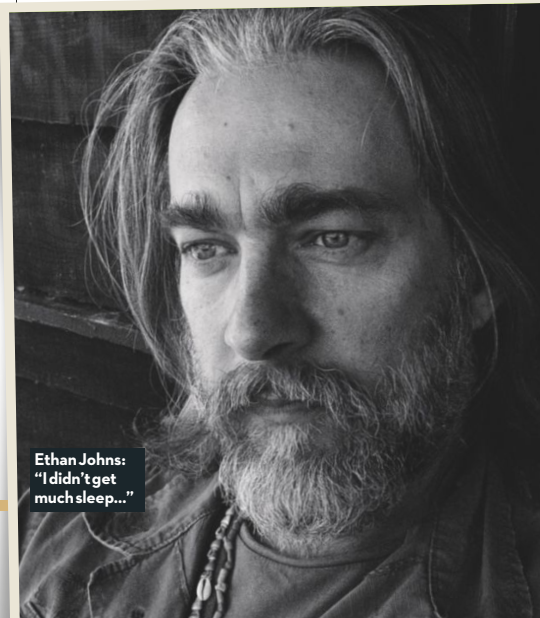
Still as fresh as the day we made it. No compromises, you see. No record company or marketing committee breathing down our necks for bullshit changes. And we weren’t getting in our own way, either. There was no-one to please but ourselves. No computers to play on your

insecurity or propagate laziness. You had to play it how you wanted it to come out. That kind of record-making either kicks your ass and sends you home or brings out the best in you. We were free to do what we felt in our hearts and didn’t have enough time to doubt it. You can still hear it. It’s real.

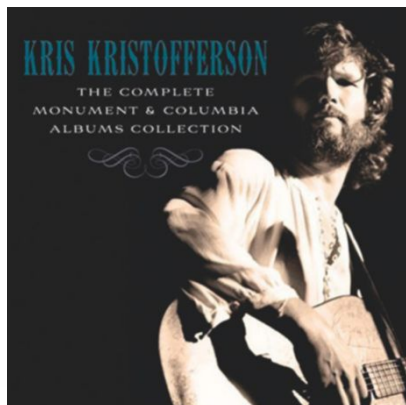
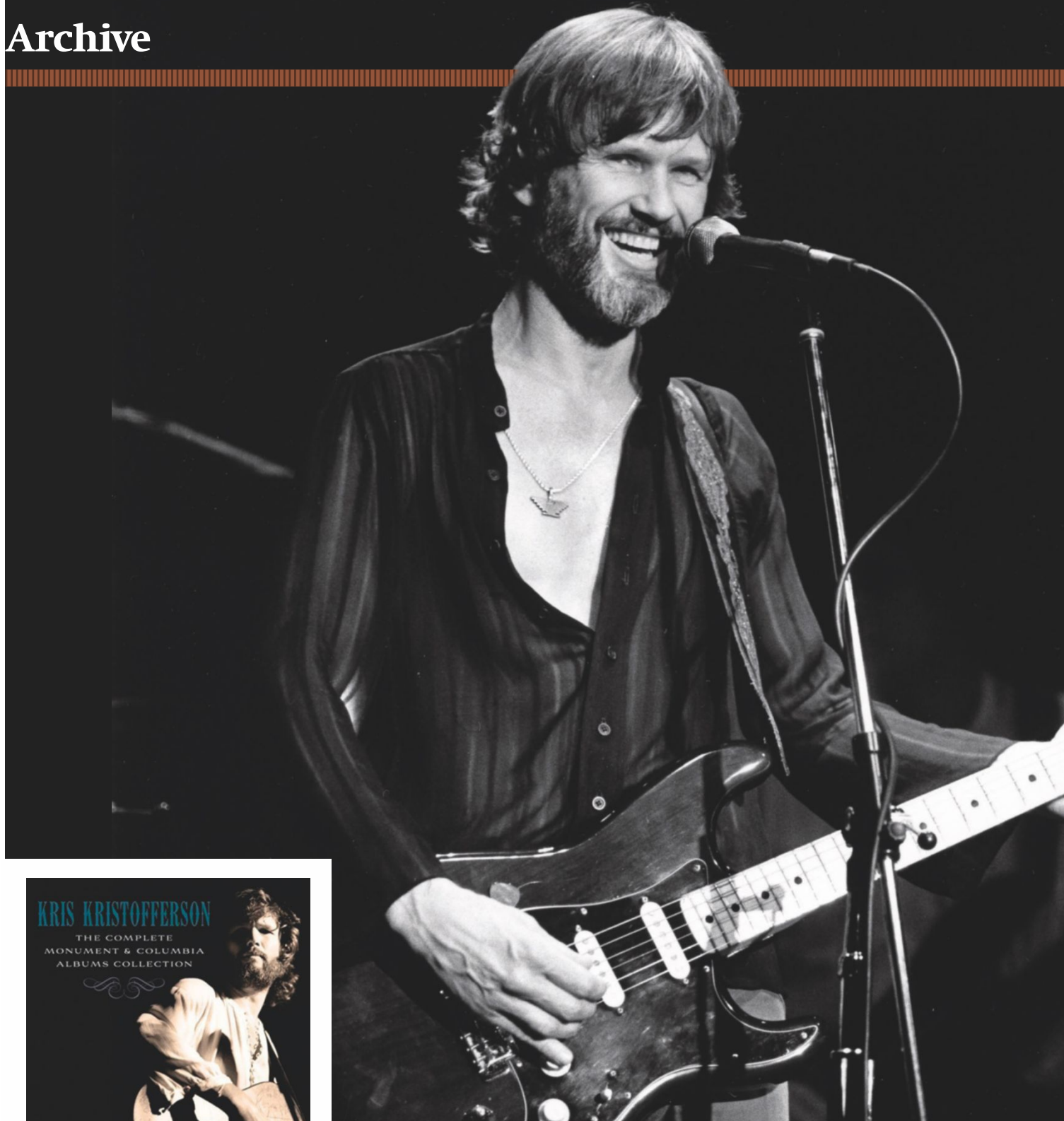
Is there anything about the album that you’d like to change?

Nope. Elton John later claimed *Heartbreaker* revived his career. I remember reading that. I glowed like the sun. **INTERVIEW: ALLAN JONES**

“Elton John claimed *Heartbreaker* revived his career. I read that and glowed like the sun”



Ethan Johns: “I didn’t get much sleep...”



TRACKLIST

DISC 1	Kristofferson
DISC 2	The Silver Tongued Devil And I
DISC 3	Border Lord
DISC 4	Jesus Was A Capricorn
DISC 5	Spooky Lady's Sideshow
DISC 6	Breakaway
DISC 7	Who's To Bless And Who's To Blame
DISC 8	Surreal Thing
DISC 9	Easter Island
DISC 10	Shake Hands With The Devil
DISC 11	To The Bone
DISC 12	Live At The Big Sur Folk Festival (1970)
DISC 13	The WPLJ-FM Broadcast (1972)
DISC 14	Live At The Philharmonic (1972)
DISC 15	Extras (non-LP singles, outtakes, etc)
DISC 16	Demos (previously unreleased)

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

The Complete Monument & Columbia Albums Collection

SONY

Country wildcat's Monumental box, including five extra discs of lives, demos and outtakes. *By Nigel Williamson*

9/10 COUNTRY MUSIC WAS never the same after the day in 1969 when Kris Kristofferson landed his helicopter in Johnny Cash's backyard and handed him a demo tape containing "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down". Cash recorded the song, and a year later Kristofferson, long-haired, leather-jacketed and

with a stoner's giveaway grin, stumbled onstage at the Grand Ole Opry to receive country music's 'song of the year' award. In the grainy footage of the event, you can see the ill-disguised contempt on the face of the tuxedoed host, Tennessee Ernie Ford, as he hands the prestigious prize to someone he evidently regards as a vision of

beatnik hell. As Bob Dylan put it, "You can look at Nashville pre-Kris and post-Kris, because he changed everything."

Dylan, of course, had made his own contribution to nudging country music out of its redneck ghetto when he recorded *Nashville Skyline*. But he was a rock interloper whose flirtation with country wasn't going to affect business as usual on Music Row. Kristofferson, on the other hand, was storming the citadel of musical conservatism from the inside and, as the writer Kurt Wolff put it, all the old-timers could do was "win in displeasure and brace themselves for the invasion". The outlaws were about to hit town.

At the time, Kristofferson was a self-styled "songwriting bum" who was working as a janitor at Columbia's studios until Cash recorded his song. For a 'bum' he had an impressive alpha male CV: Rhodes scholar, college football player, military officer and – as Cash discovered – a qualified helicopter pilot. Everything to which Kristofferson turned his hand seemed to come easy and that included writing evocative songs packed with vivid detail, heartbreaking vernacular poetry and resonant emotional truths which changed the argot of country music.

He was also, as Dylan put it, a "wildcat" and one of the few failures in his life was his attempt to join the dead rock stars club, although he made a valiant effort. "Nothing could kill me," he said of his rip-roaring, rambunctious early days as a Nashville outlaw. "I was rolling cars and wrecking motorcycles, drinking and doing everything I could to die early. But it didn't work."

Instead, he went on to create a startlingly original songbook on the 10 studio albums (plus a collection of duets with Rita Coolidge) which he recorded between 1970-81 for Monument Records, the label he shared with Roy Orbison, Dolly Parton and Willie Nelson, and which was subsequently bought out by Columbia, whose studio floor

he had swept. The entire run of Monument albums is collected here in a mammoth boxset to celebrate his upcoming 80th birthday, augmented with five additional discs of live recordings, demos and outtakes, the bulk of them seeing the light of day for the first time. In total, we get exactly 200 tracks across 16 discs and you couldn't describe any of them as filler. The hits are universally known, whether in Kristofferson's versions or the hundreds of covers. "Me And Bobby McGee", "For The Good Times", "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down" and "Help Me Make It Through The Night" all appeared on his 1970 debut, sung in a voice marinated in Jack Daniel's and sandblasted in grit.

When Monument first offered him a recording contract, he told them that he couldn't sing. "Maybe," they told him. "But you communicate."

The follow-up, 1971's *The Silver-Tongued Devil And I*, contained the title track, "Jody And The Kid" and "Lovin' Her Was Easier (Than Anything I'll Ever Do Again)". 1972's *Border Lord* included "Josie" and "Kiss The World Goodbye". By his fourth album, 1972's *Jesus Was A Capricorn* – which included "Why Me", his biggest hit as a solo recording artist – he was married to Rita Coolidge, whose sultry tones were soon intertwining sensuously with his craggy, pock-marked voice like beauty and the beast on duets such as "It Sure Was (Love)" and "I've Got To Have You".

The story of their marriage was straight out of a classic Kristofferson song. They met on a flight from LA to Memphis and by the time the plane had landed, he had decided not to take his connecting flight to Nashville but to go home with Coolidge. She claimed that before they went to sleep that night, they had agreed to marry and had already picked out a name for their first child.

The later Monument albums contained fewer hits as drinking, depression and his movie career increasingly crowded his life. But they're still packed with searingly honest gems, such as the extraordinary "Star-Spangled Bummer (Whores Die Hard)" from 1974's *Spooky Lady's Sideshow*, "The Fighter" and "Risky Bizness" from 1978's *Easter Island*, and "The Devil To Pay", "Daddy's Song" and "Nobody Loves Anybody Anymore", all of which appeared on 1981's *To The Bone*, a stunning, cathartic album recorded in the wake of his divorce from Coolidge and which ranks as his *Blood On The Tracks*.

The bonus material is generous – an entire disc of unreleased demos of little-known songs; three in-concert discs recorded between 1970-72; and a collection of 'extras' that includes four fabulous outtakes from his 1970 debut (among them "The Junkie And The Juicehead Minus Me", which Cash recorded) plus duets with Joan Baez, Brenda Lee, Dolly Parton and Willie Nelson.

The undated early demos are particularly revealing as the work of a commercial songwriter trying to sell his tunes rather than an artist who intends to record them. They're expertly crafted to a tried-and-tested Nashville formula: Hank Mills recorded "A Stitch In The Hand", and it would be easy to imagine Ray Price, Don Williams, Bobby Bare and Kenny Rogers singing "Gypsy Rose And I Don't Give A Curse", "I Believe That I Believe", "The Table, The Glass, The Wine" and "The Hurricane And The Helicopter". Yet even when commerce rather than art is in the driving seat, the voice of the true poet still shines through.

Given that he never intended to be a performer, the live discs are extraordinary, too: barely a year after he'd been sweeping the studio floor, he's onstage oozing charisma and firing off irresistible, smart-ass one-liners with virtuosic timing during a masterful set

at the 1970 Big Sur Festival.

In an insightful essay in the accompanying booklet, Mikal Gilmore argues that Kris Kristofferson did for country music what Dylan did for the folk tradition. The proof is here in bountiful supply.

We get exactly
200 tracks across
16 discs and you
couldn't describe
any of them as filler



ADAM AND THE ANTS Kings Of The Wild Frontier (reissue, 1980) CBS/SONY MUSIC

8/10
Adam and co's
1980 Burundi beat
breakthrough

He was a pirate, and a Native American, and a Burundi warrior, and an outlaw cowboy, and, of course, an ant. But, most of all, Stuart Goddard was a canny art student, taking all the most thrilling sonic and stylistic possibilities unleashed by punk rock out from the monochrome pages of the inkiest into the brash, gaudy, full-colour new pop world of the 1980s. The brittle post-punk sensibility of the Ants' first album survives on tracks like "Feed Me To The Lions" and "Ant Invasion" but, in retrospect, we can hear so much else. The punk-funk of "Don't Be Square (Be There)" prefigures Blur's "Girls And Boys", "Los Rancheros" is like a mini Morricone soundtrack, while "Antmusic" and the title track sound like a heavy metal band getting lost on a Loyalist marching-band parade. There's also a surprising amount of yodelling here.

EXTRAS: Quite distinct from the 2006 8/10 reissue, this package unearths new extras, including early demos, a bonkers cover of "YMCA" (reworked as "ANTS"), a rough'n'ready 1981 live show from Chicago (which shows they were every bit as wild and weird live), and a DVD of those iconic videos that were re-enacted in school playgrounds around early-'80s Britain.

JOHN LEWIS



AIR Twentyyears PARLOPHONE

Welcome retrospective
of underrated duo

Everyone has a favourite Air song – and it's usually from the first album. The colossal success of 1998's

8/10

Moon Safari, Jean-Benoît Dunckel and Nicolas Godin's easy-listening masterpiece, cast such a shadow over their subsequent career that you tend to forget how rich and weird their catalogue is. Air arrived fully formed as the preppy sophisticates of the French touch movement in the mid-'90s alongside Daft Punk, and were soon championed by Mo'Wax and the Beastie Boys. Early single "Le Soleil Est Pres Du Moi" is a blend of Erik Satie, '60s exotica and Pink Floyd prog shows how they minted a distinctive sound that would define them, and yet within their limited range they've covered a lot of ground.

Twentyyears selects 17 songs from their nine albums, taking in the lava-lamp funk of "Kelly Watch The Stars" and "Sexy Boy" to the sublime 10cc space-pop of "Run" and a few instrumentals – the Rhodes caress "Talisman", *Lost In Translation*'s "Alone In Kyoto". As they've refined their technique, they've almost erased the need for lyrics, while their twin obsessions – romance and the celestial – remain constants.

EXTRAS: CD2's rarities highlight overlooked 7/10 collaborations with Jarvis Cocker, Charlotte Gainsbourg and Françoise Hardy, plus a live version of "J'ai Dormi Sous L'eau". Of the unreleased ones, "Roger's Song" could be the *Countryfile* theme, and "Adis Abebah" is an evocative nocturnal reverie. **PIERS MARTIN**

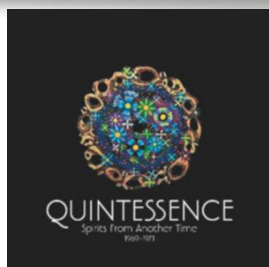
Rediscovered!

Uncovering the underrated and overlooked



Circle present
IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL
Quintessence
Friday, 7th April, 7.30 p.m.
with QUINTESSENCE, ASH RAM SINGERS and
GENTLE SOUND OF LIGHT
Tickets 50p from Bristows or Head in the Clouds or 60p at the door

LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
May 1st, 8 - 1 a.m.
MATTHEW'S SOUTHERN COMFORT
+ STEAMHAMMER 8/-
May 15th, 8 - 2 a.m.
THE WHO
+ QUINTESSENCE + HAMMER
Tickets 20/- At the door 25/-
Advanced tickets send s.o.e. to: Gas Taylor, c/o Bowland College, Lancaster.



QUINTESSENCE

Spirits From Another Time 1969-1971 HUX

7/10

Time to reappraise the international cosmic explorers

When Meredith Hunter was stabbed to death at Altamont Speedway on December 6, 1969, the story goes that the '60s died too, the hippy dream dissolving into a less idealistic, more individualistic era. The echoes of the decade, however, could be felt long after the six had been replaced by the seven, and it's the frame of this 'long '60s' – a period which historian

Arthur Marwick defines as lasting until 1974 – that Quintessence fit within. Formed in fashionable Ladbroke Grove in 1969, this international six-piece played extended, improvisatory compositions highlighted by lengthy guitar solos, flute, sitar and communal, Indian-inspired chanting. They took on Eastern names to match their philosophies, with Oz flautist and founder Ronald Rothfield becoming Raja Ram, for example, and American bassist Richard Vaughan known as Shambhu Babaji. Far from a niche, underground concern, however, Quintessence quickly signed to Island after a major-label bidding war, and soon appeared frequently in the music weeklies, and even live on BBC2 and in Nic Roeg's *Glastonbury Fayre*. Across five studio albums, ranging from 1969's *In Blissful Company* to 1972's *Indweller*, they journeyed into their own groovy mysticism, lyrically paying as much heed to St Pancras and Ladbroke Grove as to Mount Kailash and various deities.

Despite their popularity at the time, they have since slipped under the radar in recent years, being denied the resurgence of, say, The Incredible String Band, or even the credibility of weirder Eastern-inspired acts like the Third Ear Band. *Spirits From Another Time* attempts to rectify this, with two CDs of outtakes and alternative recordings from the vaults, many forgotten by their creators and in need of reconstruction; two cuts here even feature new guitar and vocals from Dave 'Maha Dev' Codling and Phil 'Shiva' Jones.

The results are impressive, though Quintessence were clearly at their best when they abandoned their scenester pretensions and Jones' slightly hammy vocals, and instead launched into relaxed improvisation. Disc One's 12-minute take of "Epitaph For Tomorrow" is stunning, a steady, subtle groove over which lead guitarist Allan Mostert is free to slowly unwind his subtle soloing, his instrument increasingly affected by echo and wah-wah effects; "Body" similarly embarks on some swinging guitar improv, while opener "Notting Hill Gate" moves from exhortations of meditation and "getting it straight" into peals of echoed flute and buzzing sitar. What's most striking is the restrained, almost ambient manner of their sound, presumably aimed straight at enlightenment rather than hedonism. If Quintessence's music is at times too time-stamped, and lyrics like "celestial wine filling you with divinity" too gauche for the cynical decades that came after, perhaps now, with the continuing resurgence of new age music and renewed appreciation for the likes of the Grateful Dead, is the right time again to appreciate these overlooked cosmic adventurers. **TOM PINNOCK**



THE BEACH BOYS

Pet Sounds: 50th Anniversary Edition

CAPITOL

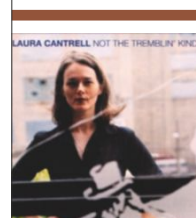
10/10

Another generous box chronicling one of pop's greatest achievements

Wouldn't it be nice if we could get a definitive edition of The Beach Boys' magnum opus? *Pet Sounds* still rewards every listen, retaining the vibrancy of Brian Wilson's intricate arrangements and the bittersweet romanticism of Tony Asher's lyrics. A flop upon its 1966 release, the LP has grown in stature to become a true American rhapsody, which Wilson himself deconstructed on its 30th anniversary. A highly influential '90s CD, *The Pet Sounds Sessions*, set the template for every subsequent anniversary reissue, collecting the first stereo version as well as instrumentals, vocal tracks and studio puzzle-pieces. Subsequent repackagings simply revisit that idea, turning listeners into armchair producers but failing to replicate the sense of discovery. This new 50th anniversary edition does add a new twist: a handful of live tracks chronicle the band's history and take the studio-bound album onto the stage and, ultimately, out of Wilson's hands, showing how these songs took on a life of their own.

EXTRAS: Previously available studio 6/10 outtakes make up the bulk of the set, complemented by 11 new live tracks and a Blu-ray audio disc, but the real draw is the mono version of the album taken from the '72 Brother/Reprise vinyl reissue.

STEPHEN DEUSNER



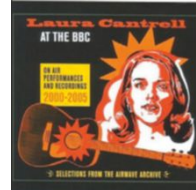
LAURA CANTRELL

Not The Tremblin' Kind (reissue, 2000) At The BBC

SPIT & POLISH

Classic debut reissued alongside compilation of Beeb sessions

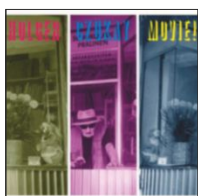
9/10



7/10

aspiring country singers. Far from being able to boast a picturesquely hardscrabble upbringing, she was working by day on Wall Street. Her debut LP, however, was no arch alt.country artifice: it was (and is) a crisp, guileless and disarming masterpiece of economical writing and pristine singing. As the second LP issued alongside this reissue confirms, it won several fans at the BBC, most notably John Peel, who commissioned five sessions. These are all represented here, along with sessions for Bob Harris, Gideon Coe and Rob Da Bank, and while the songs and performances are exemplary, the recording quality is buzzy and scratchy in parts, especially the tracks cut at Peel's house. The versions of *The Blood Oranges* "All Blue" and Hoagy Carmichael's "Hong Kong Blues" are nevertheless especially worth hearing, and having.

EXTRAS: None. **ANDREW MUELLER**



HOLGER CZUKAY Movie! GRONLAND

Second solo album
from Krautrock
mischief-maker

Can were a band more than
the sum of their parts, four
master musicians pulling

6/10

together to create something of simmering tension and sublime artistry. Even working separately, they've produced some great music, although as the solo albums of Holger Czukay confirm, greater latitude lends plenty of space for eccentricities to flourish. *Movies* – here renamed *Movie!* for reasons not entirely clear – was made shortly after Czukay's departure from Can following 1977's *Saw Delight*, an album which found the bassist laying down his main instrument in favour of tinkering with a short wave radio dial. With its choppy musicianship and spry sense of mischief, *Movie!* often veers closer to the fussy trickery of '70s prog than the more stoic, elemental Krautrock sound. It doesn't all stand up: "Persian Love", a somewhat dated Afro-reggae shot through with rudimentary samples of Middle Eastern singers, for example. But there's a fully-fledged Can reunion on the broiling, groovy "Oh Lord, Give Us More Money", Czukay and drummer Jaki Liebezweit joined by guitarist Michael Karoli and Irmin Schmidt on grand piano. And there's a gem of a pop song in the shape of "Cool In The Pool", a friskily silly disco strut you might almost mistake for a Flight Of The Conchords record.

EXTRAS: "Cool Pool", an instrumental take on "Cool In The Pool".

5/10 LOUIS PATTISON



DEEP PURPLE Long Beach 1976 EAGLE ROCK

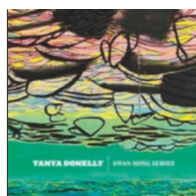
Deep trouble: short-lived
'Mark IV' approach
the final curtain

A warhorse of a band,
Deep Purple has lost and
replaced members along its

5/10

career, while playing essentially the same set. Gillan or Coverdale, Glover or Hughes, Bolin or Blackmore, a DP show from a given year would be more likely to include new members than new numbers. Even so, the Purple that played Long Beach, CA in January '76 wasn't a universally popular one. Replacing Ritchie Blackmore (tremolo acrobatics; wild temperament) hadn't been easy. David Coverdale's choice, Tommy Bolin (a jazzwise cross between Hendrix and Lowell George), delivered on virtuosity, but his funk heaviness didn't suggest a band of enduring core values. Purple, who once performed a concerto, now cravenly pursued commercial funky rock. Ian Paice and Jon Lord perform valiantly, and Bolin gels nicely with the band on "Gettin' Tighter" from '75's *Come Taste The Band*, but his urge to showboat at the expense of time can drag. Particularly hard to love is Coverdale, whose sub-Robert Plant wailing is interrupted only by sexist remarks and setlist updates. A particularly unpromising omen for the future occurs in "Going Down", during which bassist Glenn Hughes reveals that the band urgently require cocaine. He would get his wish, consuming a quantity of it later that year in rather more interesting company, namely with his pal David Bowie.

EXTRAS: None. JOHN ROBINSON



TANYA DONELLY Swan Song Series AMERICAN LAUNDROMAT

Timely, collaborative
reissues across
three discs

Given current enthusiasm
for the '90s revival, it's
odd that Tanya Donelly's

7/10

contribution hasn't had more attention. Best known as the co-founder (with her stepsister Kristin Hersh) of the artfully complex Throwing Muses and leader of the sensual Belly, she was also a member of The Breeders – hardly a bit player, then. But with a reunited Belly recording a new LP and gearing up for live shows in summer, Donelly's extra-curricular collaborations get a re-airing with this 31-track compilation. It consists of the five self-released, digital-only EPs in her *Swan Song Series*, launched in 2013, plus seven new, previously unreleased songs, and features contributions from authors such as Mary Gaitskill and Rick Moody, as well as a sizeable list of guest musicians, Damon & Naomi included. The set shows Donelly's talent for cutting narrative honesty with poetic inventiveness and provides a great overview of her musical interests: her love of country and folk shines on the slow-swinging "Christopher Street" and intense, acoustic "Salt"; "Let Fall The Sky" is a piano-led number acknowledging the Great American Songbook; "Hidalgo Street" kicks up some grunge-pop dust; and (non-series song) "Mr Swan" is a reminder that Donelly could always do sleek, commercial pop, if she chose to.

EXTRAS: None.

SHARON O'CONNELL



THE FAMILY OF APOSTOLIC The Family Of Apostolic LIGHT IN THE ATTIC

Not that kind of
family, happily

When his mid-'60s garage
band The Magicians (whose

7/10

1965 waltz-time fuzzfest "Invitation To Cry" featured on *Nuggets*) failed to set the world on fire, guitarist John Townley decided to take control of his situation. He built a downtown studio in NYC, long on rugs, murals and psalter, which became beloved of Frank Zappa. With the assistance of a core band including David and Genie Ames (Midwestern associates of Michael Bloomfield), he also recorded this – as cult and cult-appearing a record as it seems to have been possible to make in 1968. It's all more innocent than that, though, the sun-bleached domestic scenes on the sleeve matched by the eccentric fusion rock which takes place inside. You can imagine Joanna Newsom liking it. Jesus, to no-one's great surprise, makes an appearance early on, in great opener "Redeemer" but this is not solely a happy-clappy trip. Townley loved his wife Gilma and his kid, and knew how to write a tune, but clearly retained a strong affection for fuzz and noise, and it's the Family's blend of psych sibilance, Appalachian music and offbeat medieval folk, that makes this a record to sit happily alongside The Byrds, the ISB and their labelmates on the deranged Vanguard Records (who originally issued this album), Country Joe And The Fish.

EXTRAS: None.

JOHN ROBINSON

REVELATIONS

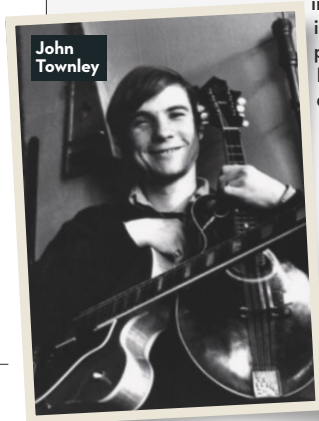
How John Townley's Apostolic
studio led the way in rock recording

► "I had recorded at Columbia with The Magicians," remembers Apostolic studio founder/musician John Townley. "We recorded with Roy Halee, who did Dylan, but you couldn't touch the board. It was like being in a submarine!" When Townley inherited money at 21, he decided to fund his own studio vision: top-flight recording facility in sociable Greenwich Village, more like a hip pad than submersible. "Columbia had eight tracks," says John, "but it wasn't enough. People wanted to use the studio as an improvisational instrument. The idea you were composing with a machine was brand new. Frank Zappa liked it and did *Uncle Meat* there."

Family Of Apostolic also recorded there, though, says John, "it's been called something that never was – called 'psychedelic folk.'" Although Apostolic, and its psychedelically painted lift shaft, didn't prosper for long, its

influence endured in recording practice. "Gary Kellgren [engineer, died 1977] came in, then built the Record Plant just like it, down the street," says Townley. "Then Hendrix did his Electric Lady studio, a bit further down."

JOHN ROBINSON



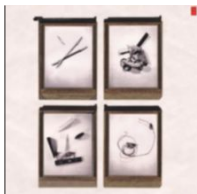
ALLEN GINSBERG The Last Word On First Blues OMNIVORE

Brain-roasting social
commentary by US
Poet Laureate, finally
collected – Dylan guests

8/10

Allen Ginsberg as raconteur, heart, soul and conscience of the Beats, needs no introduction, but Ginsberg the musician – even though a collaborator with everyone from Philip Glass to The Clash – just may. With John Hammond's blessing and sometime production, Ginsberg cut a spate of underground folk/blues in the '70s and '80s – Dylan often pitching in – but, given their incendiary sentiments, even Hammond couldn't secure their contemporary release. The subject matter – political and social observation-turned-activism, spiritualism, and provocative views on homosexuality and sex, lots and lots of freeform sex – scared off the corporatists mightily. Decades on, though, from piqued critiques of capitalism ("Capitol Air"), societal wake-up calls ("NY Youth Call Annunciation"), and open-hearted LGBT views ("Everybody Sing") – played across musical tropes from rockabilly to free jazz – Ginsberg the singer exudes an air of prophecy and prescience. The teary "Father Death Blues", written for his dad, is the most affecting; "CIA Dope Calypso" its most politically scathing. 1971's "Vomit Express", an oddball, Dylanesque "Twist And Shout" stream of consciousness, sets the stage for a fascinating trip.

EXTRAS: Extra disc of 11 unreleased studio cuts, live tracks, rehearsals, original manuscripts, booklet and photos. LUKE TORN



HAUSCHKA Room To Expand (Expanded)

130701

**Prepared piano
maestro's third, revisited**

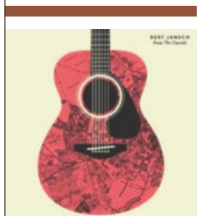
If John Cage is the inventor of the prepared piano, then Volker Bertelmann

8/10

is surely his most committed disciple. Over the last decade and a half as Hauschka, the German pianist has stretched the limits of his chosen field, manipulating piano strings with foil, rubbers, wooden sticks, super magnets, vibrators and more, across countless performances, solo albums and collaborations with the likes of classical violinist Hilary Hahn, Calexico and Múm. 2007's *Room To Expand*, his first album to be released in the UK, remains his purest, most distilled statement, however, with Bertelmann's piano keys – variously muted, jangling and percussive – lightly dusted with sparse string parts. “Kleine Dinge” and “Fjorde” are dreamlike and meditative, and wouldn't shock those accustomed to Richter and Frahm, yet elsewhere Hauschka moves beyond the reveries of neo-classical haze: on “Paddington” and “Sweet Spring Come”, the piano is turned into a drum machine, the loose rhythms harking back to Bertelmann's youth in hip-hop duo God's Favorite Dog, while “Le Dilettante” jerkily unfolds like a Heath Robinson machine creaking into motion.

EXTRAS: Six strong, previously unreleased

8/10 tracks. “Run Run” is one of Hauschka's finest moments, its rippling arpeggios and melancholic chord swells beautifully strange. **TOM PINNOCK**



BERT JANSCH From The Outside

FIRE

**A curate's egg
from the folk god's
wilderness years**

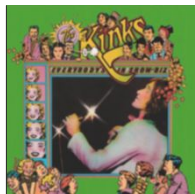
Released as it was in an edition of only 500

7/10

copies, and these in Belgium, even the ongoing Bert Jansch revival has so far failed to shed much light on *From The Outside*. A raw work assembled from sessions in Denmark and Surrey, the album found the singer 20 years from rediscovery, and 20 years away from his spectacular debut, in becalmed, post-Pentangle, rather boozy career waters. It was 1985, not an auspicious year for acoustic guitarists in middle age. Nor does it sound like a record by a man enjoying the good times. The voice can be inflexible and the playing lacking in finesse (particularly the angry and slightly pissed “Get Out Of My Life”), as if Jansch is doggedly holding ground, rather than going idiosyncratically forward, as was his custom. Still, it's a poor Jansch album that comes with no redeeming features, and these are found here in the gentler moments, like the opening “Sweet Rose” or “Time Is An Old Friend”, where some tidy playing and wry couplet-making (“Tired and lonely,” he sighs in the latter, “Tickets only”), serve to rehabilitate the work somewhat. If it's not one of his own best, then it at least sounds like a fair effort by Richard Thompson.

EXTRAS: None.

JOHN ROBINSON



THE KINKS Everybody's In Show-Biz: Legacy Edition (reissue, 1972)

SONY MUSIC

**Horn-assisted 10th
outing proper, with
variable live disc**

Ray Davies initially

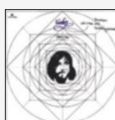
8/10

envisaged this as a film documentary following The Kinks' 1972 US tour. Instead, that ambitious project was downsized to a double album – with an 11-track live document of the band's March 1972 gig at New York's Carnegie Hall bolstered by 10 new studio songs. Ray's wonderfully Beatlesque piano ballad “Sitting In My Hotel” is a bit of a gem, as is Dave's Rod Stewart-ish “You Don't Know My Name”. Elsewhere, Dave's guitars are largely eclipsed by the Mike Cotton Sound, a trumpet/tuba/clarinet trio who lurch between N'Awlins funeral chorus, Stax-style horn section, colliery band and vaudeville troupe. They add a real depth to the deep-fried Southern rock tracks that make up most of the album.

EXTRAS: The live album was always the weaker of the two discs, with all those baffling showtunes (“Babyface”, “Banana Boat Song”, “Mr Wonderful”) interrupting tracks from 1971's companion album, *Muswell Hillbillies*. This package features a much better selection of tracks from that Carnegie Hall residency (including rocking live versions of “Till The End Of The Day” and “Sunny Afternoon” and a rare psychedelic voyage through 1966's “You're Looking Fine”), alongside a few pointless alternative takes.

JOHN LEWIS

HOW TO BUY... '70s KINKS



Lola Versus Powerman And The Moneygoround, Part One

PYE/REPRISE, 1970

The wealthy rock star whining about the music biz is rarely an edifying spectacle, but The Kinks' first LP of the '70s turns these gripes into a wonderfully splenetic concept album. From the “Louie Louie” parody “Top Of The Pops” to the vaudevillian parody “Denmark Street”, Ray is bang on target.

8/10

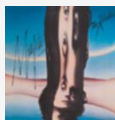


Muswell Hillbillies

RCA, 1971

With help from a Dixie-style trumpet/trombone/reeds trio, The Kinks mutate into a country-rock act who are rather more hillbilly than N10. With tracks like “Have A Cuppa Tea”, Ray describes this as “a comedy album”, but the funky, Southern-fried blues of “Complicated Life”, “Mountain Woman” and “Holloway Jail” all give the Stones and The Band a run for their money.

8/10



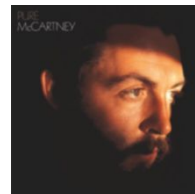
Misfits

ARISTA, 1978

Ray finally ditched the concept album with this low-key set of discrete confessionals. From his new home in New York, he still whines about the Old Country, but there's also room for the endearingly clunky reggae of “Black Messiah” and the lovely “Rock And Roll Fantasy”.

7/10

JOHN LEWIS



PAUL McCartney Pure McCartney

VIRGIN EMI

**Macca curates his own
post-Beatles playlist**

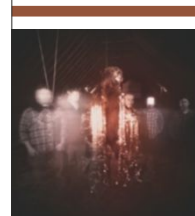
Pure McCartney has already provoked outrage among Maccalytes for its

8/10

controversial tracklist which swerves the familiar greatest-hits narrative already covered by 2001's *Wingspan* in favour of a slightly more unorthodox selection, chosen, McCartney says, “with nothing else in mind other than having something fun to listen to”. Across 39 tracks on the standard 2CD version and 67 on the 4CD edition, McCartney shuffles his catalogue of the past 46 years not quite at random, but so that certain songs complement one another stylistically or in sentiment: on the 2CD release, for example, 1980's “Coming Up” crashes into “Only Mama Knows” from 2007's “Starbucks album” *Memory Almost Full*. Beyond the classics, this is also a chance to update the canon with post-'90s cuts from *Chaos And Creation In The Backyard* (“Jenny Wren”), *New* (“Save Us”), *Flaming Pie* (“The World Tonight”) and even *Kisses On The Bottom* (“My Valentine”), while The Fireman's euphoric 2008 hoedown “Sing The Changes” follows Wings' “Another Day”. In the age of streaming, anyone can make a Paul McCartney playlist. Macca, simply, has saved you the hassle.

EXTRAS: Technically none, although the 4CD edition finds room for “Press” and “Temporary Secretary”.

PIERS MARTIN



MY MORNING JACKET

**It Still Moves:
Deluxe Edition
(reissue, 2003)** ATO

**Jim James
recontextualises
his 2003 masterpiece**

8/10

It's hard to remember, at this remove, how *My Morning Jacket* were once perceived as just a mildly cosmic Southern rock band. And, for all Jim James' adventurous and commercially potent music of the past decade, it's this early iteration of his band that some of us still admire most; hair-flinging young masters of the multi-guitar epiphany. *It Still Moves* stands as the highpoint of that first critical phase, and the last stand of a band that featured James' cousin Johnny Quaid on duelling guitar and Danny Cash on keys. “Mahgeetah”, “Dancefloors” and the lunging Crazy Horse powerplay of “Run Thru” remain ecstatic displays of a lineup at the height of its powers. In this revamped and expanded package, though, it feels as if James is asserting a kind of continuous vision, implying there was no radical career rethink between *It Still Moves* and 2005 breakthrough *Z*. Hence a tweaked remaster (by behemoth Bob Ludwig) points up the original songs' anthemic rather than their downhome eeriness; for that, the set of James' solo home demos may act as recompense. On three previously unreleased tracks, meanwhile, James displays a rather Jaggerish disregard for the sanctity of his archives, reupholstering the jazzy prevarications of “En La Ceremonia” with his current MMJ cohorts.

EXTRAS: Bonus CD of 10 demos and three unreleased tracks. **JOHN MULVEY**



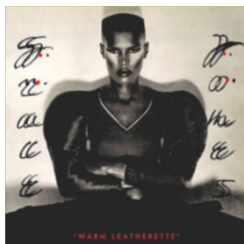
GRACE JONES

Warm Leatherette

Deluxe Edition

UNIVERSAL

Disco icon's new wave reinvention reissued. *By Piers Martin*



8/10

DISCO HAD SASHAYED well past its sell-by date by the time Grace Jones' third LP *Muse* arrived in September 1979. The final instalment in her high-gloss New York trilogy, *Muse*, like *Portfolio* and *Fame* before it, portrayed Jones as the decadent diva still

swanning around Studio 54, but no amount of sumptuous Tom Moulton production could disguise the fact that disco had already faded from fashion. Punk and its mutant offspring had wiped off the glitter and a backlash was underway, its mooted US flashpoint the infamous 'disco demolition night' at Comiskey Park, the home of the Chicago White Sox, in July '79. There, thousands of disenfranchised rock fans turned up to a baseball game and stormed the pitch to smash and burn Village People and Bee-Gees records – an isolated, brainless event that quickly made headlines.

Record sales also fell with disco's decline in the States, down 11 per cent year-on-year from 1978. "I thought we were in a bit of trouble after the third LP. It didn't sell very well," notes Chris Blackwell, Jones' Island Records boss, in the singer's memoirs, published last year. His solution was to invite Jones – pregnant with her son Paolo – to his Compass Point studio complex on the tiny island of Nassau in the Bahamas in a bid to push her in a new direction that would draw attention to her irresistible force and gender-bending qualities, an idea that seemed quite natural at the time but with hindsight proved both prescient and radical. On the cusp of the 1980s, this new decade needed a striking star with a modern, uncompromising sound. Jones, familiar yet unknowable, might fit the bill.

As part of his plan, he and fellow producer Alex Sadkin, who manned the mixing desk, had assembled a crack squad of session musicians who, under Blackwell's guidance, would interpret recent

cult hits and compose new material for Jones. Factory Records' funk outfit A Certain Ratio were in the running to be the backing band, but it soon became clear that Blackwell's team of players, dubbed the Compass Point All Stars, had developed huge chemistry when the tape began to roll. Impressed by recent Island signings Black Uhuru, Blackwell recruited bassist Sly Dunbar and drummer Robbie Shakespeare, the backbone of countless dub and reggae grooves, who could claim to be the world's finest rhythm section. Beside percussionist Uzziah 'Sticky' Thompson and guitarists Mikey Chung and long-time Marianne Faithfull cohort Barry Reynolds, suave Parisian keyboardist Wally Badarou brought European flair to the mix. The

group had never played together, but gelled almost instantly, producing in these sessions enough material for *Warm Leatherette* and its more admired successor *Nightclubbing*. The former is often considered a rehearsal for *Nightclubbing*, but in some ways it's the most radical of the pair, because it unveiled to a shocked audience the new-look Jones, presented on the sleeve in stark black and white as a kind of sinister Pierrot by her partner Jean-Paul

Goude. Shaded from the Caribbean sunshine, the projected mood is cold, hard and cynical after the gaiety of the disco years. This post-punk menace is all over the music, too, epitomised by Blackwell's calculated choice of "Warm Leatherette" by The Normal as the first song to be covered. The grubby DIY electro of Mute boss Daniel Miller's fetishised hymn to JG Ballard's *Crash* is a world away from the designer luxe Jones was used to, yet out of this collision between neurotic European new wave and unflappable Jamaican groove she emerges a changed woman: the diva as Terminator.

She dominates The Pretenders' "Private Life" and Roxy Music's "Love Is The Drug", dubbing-out the former to make it her own. "When I first heard Grace's version I thought, 'Now that's how it's supposed to sound,'" Chrissie Hynde said, no doubt pleased this also became Jones' first UK hit. Renditions of The Marvelettes' "The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game", written by Smokey Robinson, and Tom Petty's "Breakdown" illustrate the breadth of the material covered, while of the original songs, Barry Reynolds' "Bullshit" has a certain insouciance. Having waded through the many 12-inch mixes and alternative versions on CD2 – all previously released – a dub mix of this synth-heavy cut would be a treat. The key tracks on this disc

are the three echo-chamber dub versions of her freaky cover of Joy Division's "She's Lost Control", which should have been on the LP in the first place. Nor should the irony of that title go amiss as, after *Warm Leatherette*, Jones was very much in charge.

EXTRAS A second disc of alternate versions 7/10 and remixes.

TRACKLIST

CD1

- 1 Warm Leatherette
- 2 Private Life
- 3 A Rolling Stone
- 4 Love Is The Drug
- 5 The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game
- 6 Bullshit
- 7 Breakdown
- 8 Pars

Long Versions:

- 9 Warm Leatherette
- 10 Private Life
- 11 A Rolling Stone
- 12 Love Is The Drug
- 13 The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game
- 14 Pars

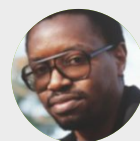
CD2

Long Versions, Single Versions And Remixes:

- 1 Private Life (long version 2)
- 2 Private Life (dub version)
- 3 She's Lost Control (long)
- 4 She's Lost Control (dub)
- 5 Love Is The Drug (single)
- 6 Private Life (single)
- 7 She's Lost Control (single)
- 8 The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game (single)
- 9 Breakdown (US single edit)
- 10 Pars 4.22 (single)
- 11 Pars (dub version)
- 12 Love Is The Drug (12" remix)
- 13 Private Life (12" remix)

Q&A

Wally Badarou, *Compass Point All Stars* keyboard player



How easily did you all gel as a band for *Warm Leatherette*?

When we all realised we were not in for the regular assignment – ie, reggae musicians doing reggae, and pop/rock musicians doing pop/rock – we felt there was a challenge to be won, to gain mutual respect and not to disappoint those who had faith in our ability. Chris Blackwell's huge charisma was key. He dreamed of the project, got us together, and let us go with no verbal explanation of what he was looking for. I guess he was as surprised as we were because he wouldn't tire of telling us how the end results far exceeded his expectations.

Had you met Grace before embarking on these sessions? No, we met in Nassau. She came down to the studio with Chris and it was the first time I saw those two. I was busy setting up keyboards, so I don't recall having been formally introduced either to Chris or Grace. By the time Sly's drums were ready, Chris played the "Warm Leatherette" cassette and we started working out arrangements – no further conversation.

What made the *Compass Point All Stars* special? Chris Blackwell's spirit, period. Without much explanation, he managed to get the best out of each of us. Then the bass and drums' fantastic drive could meet the rock guitars and the sophisticated keys in a special way: powerful and sober, thanks to Alex Sadkin's philosophy of making everything sound pristine from the word go. Things never got overproduced, because it all sounded like it was mixed before we ever finished the overdubs. *INTERVIEW: PIERS MARTIN*

The Specialist

'Two compilations of '80s indie show hidden depths



The pristine Sea Urchins in 1987



7/10



8/10

VARIOUS ARTISTS

C87
CHERRY RED

Sharon Signs To Cherry Red - Independent Women 1979-1985
RPM

The eternal return of '80s indie, compiled

The *NME*'s *C86* cassette, reflecting the shift from post-punk to indie that happened in UK underground music culture in the early to mid-'80s, was a strange beast: only partially representative of everything going on, much of the music on the compilation was misread as wilful amateurism, or anaemically twee. Listening back, an indulgence afforded by Cherry Red's expanded *C86* set from 2014, it's clear that things were a good deal more complex, and that plenty of this music was as sturdy and sure in its politics of refusal as that which came before.

C87 is the retrospectively imagined follow-up, compiled by John Reed and *NME* alumnus Neil Taylor. Part of the reason *C86* worked was that it felt like an outlier, a one-stop shot: one can't help but feel that *C87* would have felt superfluous or unnecessary at the time.

The cutesy artwork of this boxset also risks reinforcing the very caricature of this music that many have spent decades trying to debunk. Also, by nudging the gnarlier, grumpier music onto the third disc of the set – great groups like Dog Faced Hermans and Bogshed – the first two discs of *C87* have their moments of longueurs, such that you begin to wonder whether the detractors might have got it right, after all.

Thankfully, there are enough great songs on here to dissuade anyone of that notion. It's easy to forget that Sarah Records, currently having a much-deserved moment in the sun thanks to Michael White's *Popkiss* book, started out in 1987, with their first, and possibly finest single, The Sea Urchins' breathtaking "Pristine Christine" – wisely, it kicks off *C87*. For much of the rest of the set, Scotland comes across as the secret heart of UK indie, from The Vaselines' roughhousing "Son Of A Gun" through great, gentle pop from The Clouds and The Boy Hairdressers, and anxious beat-noise from Baby Lemonade and The Bachelor Pad.

There's strong representation from Creation Records (see Biff Bang Pow! and David Westlake) and some secret gems unearthed from *el* – the psych-folk of Rosemary's Children, and the Gol Gappas' shimmering jangle pop. If anything, *C87* feels a bit hamstrung by its relatively tight focus, something you couldn't say about *Sharon Signs To Cherry Red*, though like *C87*, initial appearances may seem deceptive – it'd be easy to write this one off as another act of indie mythology.

But *Sharon...* wins on charm and spirit, with an early run of perfect pop from The Marine Girls, Grab Grab The Haddock and the wonderful Avocados – whose "I Never Knew" is perhaps the hidden gem of UK DIY – through reggae pop from Jaqui & Jeanette, kaleidoscopic dubbed-out post-punk from Vivien Goldman, and sweet minimal wave from Remy. It's wonderful to hear a set of all-female voices, too, a welcome corrective to the masculinist narratives often spun around early '80s post-punk and DIY histories.

JON DALE



QUASI
Featuring "Birds"
(reissue, 1998)
DOMINO

Portland, 1998: the Elliott Smith/Sleater-Kinney interface makes a garage pop classic

Like Elliott Smith, his old

bandmate in Heatmiser, Sam Coomes is a McCartney-ish pop nerd, his songs classically sweet in construction. But while Smith articulated that craftsmanship with a folkish orthodoxy, Coomes has spent 20 years attacking his own perfect tunes with a screeching electric harpsichord – a Rocksichord! – and the brilliantly combative drumming of Janet Weiss, from Sleater-Kinney. *Featuring "Birds"* is the pick of three early reissues (alongside 1997's *R&B Transmogrification* and 1999's *Field Studies*), dating from a time when Quasi doubled as Smith's nimble, compact backing band. Cute melodies and demented, inventive garage rock proliferate, while Coomes' song titles – "You Fucked Yourself" (a balmy waltz), "Ape Self Prevails In Me Still", "I Give Up" – and lyrics suggest a character as unforgiving of himself as he is of ex-lovers. That Coomes and Weiss were once a couple themselves adds extra heated frisson: Weiss' own showcase, "Tomorrow You'll Hide", proves she should sing more often. Great tunes, fraught chemistry, one minute and 20 seconds of birdsong as Track 14: nearly two decades on, the pair have yet to better it.

EXTRAS: None.

JOHN MULVEY



DOUG SAHM & THE SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET
Hell Of A Spell/ Nuevo Wave Live/ Texas Hero
FLOATING WORLD

7/10

Two '80s reissues on a single disc, plus a comp of Sahm heroes

Bit of a ragbag, this. The first dozen tracks are from Sahm's 1980 album *Hell Of A Spell*, a rambunctious set of Texan roadhouse rock, blues shuffles and gritty R&B with just a trace of western swing. The familiar sound of Augie Meyers' wonderfully trashy Vox Continental organ is noticeable by its absence, but otherwise this is classic Sir Doug on a set of mostly original songs, augmented by a couple of top-drawer Brook Benton and Guitar Slim covers. *Nuevo Wave Live* was first released as *Live Texas Tornado* in 1983 with a reformed Quintet and Meyers restored to his rightful place. There's nothing remotely "new wave" about faithful versions of their 1960s hits "She's About A Mover" and "Mendocino", but they're augmented by the delicious Tex-Mex two-step of "(Is Anybody Going To) San Antonio" and covers of songs by such favourite sons of the Lone Star State as Buddy Holly and T-Bone Walker.

EXTRAS: A bonus disc of 21 disparate tracks by Doug's fave artists, ranging from Freddy Fender to Ernest Tubb. As a set of signposts to the raw ingredients that flavoured Sahm's unique country/blues/R'n'B/Tex-Mex gumbo, it's a tasty enough selection, but somewhat gratuitous.

NIGEL WILLIAMSON



SUNBURST

Ave Africa

STRUT

Groovy soul-rock-reggae from 1970s Tanzania
Tanzania's Sunburst played a loose, funky afro-jazz influenced by Santana and James Brown, releasing

7/10

one album and a handful of singles between 1973 and 1976, collected here alongside some unreleased radio sessions on Strut's complete round-up of their recorded output. The band's sole LP, *Ave Africa*, makes up the first disc, a pleasingly hazy feast of Afro-pop ("Alhamdulillah", "Kitoto Sound"), gospel tear-jerkers (the incredible "Ani Uni"), political toe-tappers ("We Need Each Other"), with the odd burst of reggae – the superb "Your Day Will Come" – thrown in for good measure. Recorded in 1976, the band at this time were drawn from six different countries and their music is difficult to pigeonhole, drawing on African, Caribbean and Western influences, taking in pop, rock, jazz, funk and reggae. The second disc is a non-chronological collection of singles, including early political singles "Black Is Beautiful" and "Enzi Za Utumwani" – the band played a concert in 1973 to welcome Angela Davis' visit to Tanzania – as well as terrific late single, the chantalong "Banchikicha". Several of these songs are repeated on the 1973 radio sessions that conclude the collection, closing with the soulful "Get A Little Older" and blissful, gorgeous "Kosa Langu Mpenzi".

EXTRAS: Original LP, plus all the singles and **7/10** unreleased radio sessions.

PETER WATTS



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Cosmic Machine: The Sequel

BECAUSE MUSIC

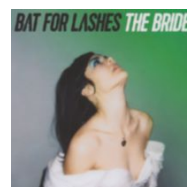
Second fruitful raid of France's cosmic disco vaults

Across the channel, it

appears there was never any conflict between prog and disco – the synth-rockers just kept on noodling, albeit to a crisper 4/4 beat. In this crucible of late-'70s thought, where Roland Barthes hung out at Le Palace (Paris' equivalent of Studio 54), genre snobbery was clearly passé. Olivier Carrière's second comp of French space disco brings together seemingly disparate characters such as prolific film composer Francis Lai (whose CV includes both the soundtrack to *Emmanuelle 2* and the theme tune to *Panorama*) and Richard Pinhas, an avant-garde musician who studied under Mille Plateaux philosopher Gilles Deleuze. Appearing both solo and with his group Heldon, Pinhas' material is the most revelatory here, appearing to prefigure the modern-day synth phantasms of Emeralds and Oneohtrix Point Never. Yet as Britain's New Romantics grasped the synth-pop nettle in the early '80s, their French counterparts were left looking a little naff (save for postmodern pranksters Video Liszt – another Pinhas-related project). Tracks by Araxis, The Peppers and Joel Fajerman may sound like theme tunes to baffling *Jeux Sans Frontières*-style gameshows, but in them you can hear the seeds of the French touch sound popularised 15 years later by Cassius, Alan Braxe and Daft Punk.

EXTRAS: None. SAM RICHARDS

COMING NEXT MONTH...



➤ With so many surprise releases these days, it's hard to predict what we'll be listening to tomorrow, let alone next month. Still, here are some of the decidedly old-fashioned artists who've

let us know about their albums in advance.

Bat For Lashes unveils her fourth full-length, concept album *The Bride*, next month, while **Band Of Horses** return with their fifth LP, *Why Are You OK*. Tom Petty's **Mudcrutch** are back with their second album, the aptly titled *2*, **Jeff Beck** releases a new album, title as yet unknown, Kathleen Hanna's **The Julie Ruin** unleash *Hit Reset*, and **The Chris Robinson Brotherhood** promise their fourth record, *Anyway You Love, We Know How You Feel*.

Elsewhere, staunch Nick Cave and PJ Harvey collaborator **Mick Harvey** completes his trilogy of Serge Gainsbourg covers albums with *Delirium Tremens*, and reunited space-jazz group **Idris Ackamoor & The Pyramids** release *We Be All Africans*.

In the world of reissues, **Van Morrison** revisits the live recordings that spawned one of his finest albums, with *It's Too Late To Stop Now... Volumes II, III, IV & DVD*, while **Peter Gabriel**'s mature *So, Us* and *Up* get the deluxe vinyl treatment.

Finally, the **Ramones**' seismic debut gets the deluxe reissue treatment in celebration of its 40th birthday. 1-2-3-4!

TOM.PINNOCK@TIMEINC.COM

SUBSCRIBE AND SAVE UP TO 35%

Subscribe online at www.uncutsubs.co.uk/25D

Or call 0330 333 1113, quoting code 25D
For more information, visit page 96



HOW TO BUY... DOUG SAHM

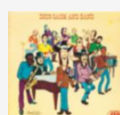
Tex-Mex and more



SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET
The Prime Of Sir Douglas Quintet WESTSIDE, 2004

The SDQ's back catalogue is hopelessly messy – their 1966 debut was jokingly titled *Best Of...* and was soon competing with similarly titled sets of dubious provenance. This two-disc is as reliable a guide to their Tex-Mex mangling of British Invasion influences as you'll find and includes early hits "She's About A Mover" and "The Rains Came".

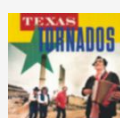
7/10



DOUG SAHM
Doug Sahm And Band ATLANTIC, 1973

Sahm's solo debut featured Bob Dylan on four tracks – including shared lead vocals on his own composition, "Wallflower". Dr John adds keyboards, and cracking covers of Texan heroes Bob Wills and T-Bone Walker round out an Americana classic.

9/10



TEXAS TORNADOS
Texas Tornados REPRISE, 1990

Together with Sir Douglas Quintet keyboardist Augie Meyer, Sahm joins Tejano crooner Freddy Fender and accordion legend Flaco Jiménez in a Tex-Mex equivalent of the Traveling Wilburys. Their debut was an utter delight and won them a Grammy.

8/10

NIGEL WILLIAMSON



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Loma: A Soul Music Affair, Volumes 1-4

FUTURE DAYS

Unearthed mid-'60s soul gems

9/10

Formed in August

1964 as a Warner Brothers

subsidiary, Bob Krasnow's Loma imprint started almost as a clearing-house, a label for the singles market, with Krasnow's fondness for R&B and soul the driving force behind Loma's aesthetic. Perhaps most notable as an early home for Ike & Tina Turner, the Loma archives are ripe for rediscovery within a broader orbit than hard-nosed soul obsessives, or Northern Soul DJs – the Loma mythos may have served collectors well, but it's about time these exhilarating, often heartbroken 45s circulated more widely. The strongest moments across the four volumes of *A Soul Music Affair* are those where the songs either point toward a powerful moment of cathexis, or grapple with the emotional violence of rejection in very real terms. For the latter, there's little stronger than The Enchanters' "I Paid For The Party", the first Loma production by Jerry Ragovoy, which spills the heart of the protagonist across a wounded dancefloor; Carl Hall's "He'll Never Love You" is its flipside, the plea of a lover spurned. Between these, and the glorious romances of Vickie Baines' "Sweeter Than Sweet Things" and The Apollas' "Pretty Red Balloons", these Loma compilations get the balance just right.

EXTRAS: None.

JON DALE

YES! I WOULD LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO UNCUT

Please tick your preferred payment method

- ☐ UK 6 monthly Direct Debit, pay only £20.49 every 6 months, saving 35% (full price £31.85)
- ☐ UK 2 years cheque/cash/credit or debit card (24 issues), pay only £82.49, saving 35% (full price £127.40)
- ☐ UK 1 year cheque/cash/credit or debit card (12 issues), pay only £44.49, saving 30% (full price £63.70)

Your details

Mr/Mrs/Ms/Miss: Forename:

Surname:

If you would like to receive emails from Uncut and Time Inc. (UK) Ltd containing news, special offers, product and service information and, occasionally, take part in our magazine research via email, please include your email below.

Email:

Address:

Postcode:

Home tel: (inc.area code)

If you would like to receive messages from Uncut and Time Inc. (UK) Ltd containing news, special offers, product and service information and, occasionally, take part in our magazine research via your mobile, please include your mobile phone number below.

Mobile:

Date of Birth: DD/MM/YYYY

Choose from 3 ways to pay

1. I enclose a cheque/money order for £ payable to Time Inc. (UK) Ltd.

2. Debit my: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex

Card No:

Expiry date: DD/MM

3. Pay only £20.49 every 6 months by Direct Debit (UK only)

Direct Debit instructions (UK only) For office use only.

Originator's reference - 764 221



Name of Bank:

Address:

Postcode:

Account name:

Account no.: Sort code:

Please pay Time Inc. (UK) Ltd. Direct Debits from the account detailed on this instruction subject to the safeguards assured by the Direct Debit Guarantee. I understand that this instruction may remain with Time Inc. (UK) Ltd. and if so, details will be passed electronically to my Bank or Building Society.

Signature: (I am over 18)

Date:

Please send coupon to:

UK: FREEPOST Time Inc (No stamp needed - UK only)

Overseas: Uncut Subscriptions. PO Box 20501, 1001 NM
Amsterdam, The Netherlands (Affix correct postage)

*We regret that the free CD is not available to subscribers in the EU (Outside the UK) due to licensing Laws. Offer open to new subscribers only. Direct Debit offer is available to UK subscribers only. Please allow up to six weeks for delivery of your first subscription issue (up to eight weeks overseas). The full subscription rate is for (1 year) (12 issues) and includes postage and packaging. If the magazine ordered changes frequency per annum, we will honour the number of issues paid for, not the term of the subscription. Offer closes 31st July 2016. **The digital version comes free with the print edition of your subscription and is available strictly on a trial basis. Time Inc. UK Ltd reserve the right to withdraw free access to the digital version at any time. For full terms and conditions, visit www.magazinesdirect.com/terms. For enquiries from the UK please call: 0330 333 4333, for overseas please call: +44 330 333 4333 (Lines are open Monday - Friday GMT, 8:30am - 5:30pm ex. Bank Holidays) or e-mail: help@magazinesdirect.com. Uncut, published by Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, will collect your personal information to process your order. Uncut and Time Inc. (UK) Ltd would like to contact you by post or telephone to promote and ask your opinion on our magazines and services. Please tick here if you prefer not to hear from Time Inc. (UK) Ltd. Time Inc. (UK) Ltd may occasionally pass your details to carefully selected organisations so that they can contact you by telephone or post with regards to promoting and researching their products and services. Please tick here if you prefer not to be contacted. Time Inc. (UK) Ltd who publish Uncut would like to send messages to your mobile with offers from carefully selected organisations and brands, promoting and researching their products and services. If you want to receive messages please tick here. Time Inc. (UK) Ltd would like to email you with offers from carefully selected organisations and brands, promoting and researching their products and services. If you want to receive these messages please tick here.

XUC CODE 25B



UNCUT

SAVE ^{UP TO} 35% WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

JOIN US! AS AN UNCUT SUBSCRIBER, YOU'LL RECEIVE:

12 issues of *Uncut* a year, delivered
to your door, for a lot less money
than you'd pay at the newsagent

★★★

12 free CDs of the best new music,
handpicked by the *Uncut* team*

★★★

Immediate access to the iPad
and iPhone editions at no extra cost**

Subscribe online at
www.uncutsubs.co.uk/25B
Or call 0330 333 1113 and quote code 25B

Lines are open 7 days a week, 8am-9pm Calls to 0330 numbers will be charged at no more than a national landline call, and may be included in your phone providers call bundle.

For overseas orders call +44 330 333 1113 Lines are open 7 days a week, 8am-9pm (UK time)

Or complete the coupon opposite

THE DIRECT DEBIT GUARANTEE - This Guarantee is offered by all banks and building societies that accept instructions to pay Direct Debits. If there are any changes to the amount, date or frequency of your Direct Debit Time Inc. (UK) Ltd will notify you 10 working days in advance of your account being debited or as otherwise agreed. If you request Time Inc. (UK) Ltd to collect a payment, confirmation of the amount and date will be given to you at the time of the request. If an error is made in the payment of your Direct Debit, by Time Inc. (UK) Ltd or your bank or building society you are entitled to a full and immediate refund of the amount paid from your bank or building society. If you receive a refund you are not entitled to, you must pay it back when Time Inc. (UK) Ltd asks you to. You can cancel a Direct Debit at any time by simply contacting your bank or building society. Written confirmation may be required. Please also notify us.

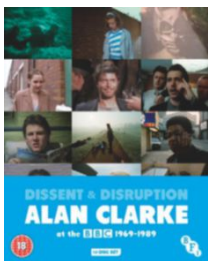
Bowie in the BBC adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Baal*, 1982



DISSENT & DISRUPTION: ALAN CLARKE AT THE BBC

BFI

Staggering box devoted to the maverick British TV colossus, with a starring role for Bowie. By Damien Love



10/10

Bowie..." If it's difficult to believe there was once a time when Bowie could turn up on BBC One at 9.25pm on a Tuesday night in a bleak, abrasive adaptation of a difficult 1918 play by Brecht, well, get used to the feeling – or, at least, get used to it if you're planning going anywhere near *Dissent* &

Disruption, a 13-disc Blu-ray box (also available as two 6-disc DVD sets) gathering the surviving BBC productions of director Alan Clarke, who died in 1990. These 23 dramas range widely in style and subject, but all leave you wondering that there was ever TV being made like this. Or, perhaps, wondering why it isn't any more. *Baal*, Clarke's collaboration with Bowie, is admittedly not the greatest piece here. But it is extraordinary, and, although relegated to a footnote in Bowie's work, marks a pivotal moment – his last art-for-art's-sake *aufwiedersehen* to Berlin and all that.

Baal was Brecht's first full-length play, and rages with strange, provocative adolescent glee and anger, all angst, spite and bitter humour, while foreshadowing both the fascination with outcasts and the experimental techniques for which he would become famous, not least the use of song and heightened dialogue. The eponymous anti-hero is a

filthy, dissolute artist running on schnapps, sex and his all-encompassing loathing of polite Weimar society and its hypocrisies. Blessed with a divine gift for poetry and performance, he's a user, a manipulator, a self-aggrandising, self-pitying narcissist and all-round bastard – a prototype rock star, you could argue. We follow him down, from elite salons through sodden bar-rooms and fetid garrets, through debasement, abuse and abandonment, rape and murder, finally out into the wild uncaring heart of the Black Forest.

When Clarke first conceived of filming the play, in collaboration with Brecht scholar John Willett, he considered Steven Berkoff for the role. It was Willett who suggested Bowie, who, when the programme was recorded in summer 1981, had not long completed his run as *The Elephant Man* on the American stage. He brings lessons learned there, as well with Lindsay Kemp and, of course, stalking stages as Ziggy and the Duke (plus, it should be

Everything on this boxset is united by attitude, anger and irreverence, a jabbing intensity of style and an explosion of ideas

said, the beautiful enunciation he brought to his *Peter And The Wolf* narration).

Clarke mounts the piece with a degree of stylisation that terrifies current British TV. Intercut with abstract split-screen monologues and songs, the cast perform as though in a live performance against huge, detailed sets erected as frieze-like tableaux, the camera usually at a distance – as if, indeed, you were in the stalls viewing a theatre stage. A filthy, snaggletoothed scum-seer, Bowie himself suggests an expressionist woodcut come to life, yet exudes a fitting naturalism the cast around him avoids. He clearly responded to the project. To mark its broadcast, Bowie decided to cut a 7-inch EP of the five Brecht songs he performs in the drama, acting as his own Greek chorus.

In the TV version, he accompanies himself with bare plucks at the banjo he perpetually clutches. For the *Baal* EP, however, Bowie returned to Germany's Hansa studio with Tony Visconti and 15 Berlin players, the last time he would record beside the Wall. The record has become a semi-obscure curio, but two songs, "The Drowned Girl" and "Remembering Marie A", rank among Bowie's most affecting 1980s recordings. Listening to these and watching his rank, ragged TV characters, it's astonishing to remember that the next time the world saw him would be "Let's Dance".

Deceptively stagebound, *Baal* may seem uncharacteristic of Clarke, who's best known for the visceral, prowling "realism" of *Scum*, *Made In Britain* (which, made for ITV, is sadly not included) and *The Firm*. But everything here is united by attitude, anger and irreverence, by an unflinching gaze, a jabbing intensity of style and an explosion of ideas. Next time someone tells you we're currently living in the Golden Age Of TV, think of Clarke, and spit.

EXTRAS: A mouth-dropping array, including 10/10 hours of Clarke shorts, documentaries, and archive footage, and new contributions from collaborators and fans, including Gary Oldman and Danny Boyle.



THE DICKS

The Dicks From Texas

MVD

Hardcore's 'commie faggot' Texans' sketchy story

In Cindy Marabito's biopic, Minor Threat's Ian MacKaye recalls Dicks' flabby singer Gary Floyd in his early-'80s prime: "He was terrifying." Austin scenesters and

band members join MacKaye, Henry Rollins and Jesus Lizard's David Yow in celebrating the Dicks' fearsome legacy, Floyd looking improbably dignified for a man who spent his peak years crammed into ill-fitting drag like a deadbeat Divine. Cheapo, passionate, occasionally incoherent – *The Dicks From Texas* is the memorial they probably deserve.

EXTRAS: A bonus 30 minutes of live footage.

7/10 Also available: a 27-track tribute CD.

JIM WIRTH



THE HIGHWAYMEN

The Highwaymen Live: American Outlaws

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

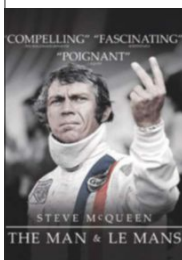
Fabled country super-group in imperious form

Issued as part of a boxset commemorating the same gig, this full-length concert film finds Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson, Waylon

Jennings and Kris Kristofferson at the peak of their powers at New York's Nassau Coliseum in 1990. Cue a cartload of signature hits spread four ways ("Ring Of Fire", "Always On My Mind", "Trouble Man" and "Me And Bobby McGee" included). Special mention goes to Jennings for a thoroughly riveting guitar solo during "Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way".

EXTRAS: Informal, sometimes illuminating interviews with all four members.

8/10 ROBB HUGHES



STEVE McQUEEN: THE MAN & LE MANS

CONTENT MEDIA

Absorbing documentary on the great actor's grand (prix) folly

In 1971, Steve McQueen was Hollywood's most powerful star, and set out to make the kind of film he really wanted to make: *Le Mans*, about the famed

24-hour auto race. Gabriel Clarke and John McKenna's evocative documentary details how the film – simultaneously a big-budget vehicle and a weird, hard, roaring thing, which was a disaster on release – became a dangerously all-consuming obsession for McQueen, although never quite captures the full madness of its making. For that, we'd need David Cronenberg directing, with a script by JG Ballard.

EXTRAS: Additional interviews.

6/10 DAMIEN LOVE



THE ROLLING STONES

Totally Stripped

EAGLE ROCK

Still rocking – revised 90-minute documentary, available in multiple formats



7/10

Academy. These bonus dates had been jemmied into the *Voodoo Lounge* itinerary, at venues several thousand-seats down from the enormodomes the Stones usually called home. The setlists were a surprise, too, focusing on dimmer corners of the catalogue. In '95, less, it seems, could be more.

Totally Stripped is available in multiple formats, but the centrepiece of this 21st-anniversary reissue is its revised 90-min doc. You follow them through summer, via previously unreleased archive footage, including sessions in Tokyo, full-song highlights from each of the secret gigs, punctuated by shaky hand-cam musings and backstage browsing. To add context, there are a series of on-point band interviews, and some fawning vox pops with fresh-faced Europeans lucky enough to get wristbands. The band themselves, including Chuck Leavell and Bobby Keys, are on message throughout: stadiums are great, but nothing beats the intimacy of an old-school show. "We're a club band..." hisses Keith. "We just got bigger gigs." Mick, so lean, so intense, is initially less convinced

about this exercise in nostalgia: "It's like being on some terrible Stones gameshow, where you have to perform ancient songs without the chance to refer back." He's gets busted, too – you can see him reading off a cheat-sheet in sessions for "The Spider And The Fly". By Brixton, he's revelling in the caustic cabaret of "Far Away Eyes".

The gigs are terrific: intense, powerful hits to the body, with some perilous interplay from Keith and Ronnie Wood. Visually, you can see how these shows are the sourcebook for Scorsese's *Shine A Light*, and much of the best insights revolve around the reduced stagecraft required at smaller venues.

(Mick: "I have to tone down everything.") Keith: "We get to keep God out of the band."). Onstage, Jagger eats the audience. Off it, he's the band's clear-eyed chronicler. It's Mick who gleefully explains the choice of L'Olympia: the last time they'd played there was in '64, as a matinee warm-up for Petula Clark. Don't expect fly-on-wall intensity. There's a lot of backslapping bonhomie, typified by a pre-show knees up of "Tumbling Dice" 'round Leavell's Old Joanna (actually a Yamaha Clavinova). The closest we get to tension is when Keith rolls in late for the Brixton soundcheck (limo plate: 906 HRH). Here's where today's Stones were rebaptised – the oldest guys in the room, helming the heritage juggernaut, more comfortable exploring their history than having the next hit.

Totally Stripped is a musical postcard a time when everybody smoked, no-one had a smartphone, and the Stones, inevitably, still got you rocking.

EXTRAS: Available in one, two or five-disc deluxe editions with audio, 60-page book and complete sets from the three gigs.

MARK BENTLEY



U2 INNOCENCE + EXPERIENCE Live In Paris

ISLAND

Stirring film of U2's audacious 2015 tour HBO filmed this special at one of the shows rescheduled after last November's terror attacks on Paris. The inevitable, emotional highlight is the

encore appearance by Eagles Of Death Metal, whose fans had been among the victims a few weeks earlier. For all the eye-popping trickery of the LED video walkway, the best moments are early on: U2 on a bare stage, reconnecting with their inner teenage punks on "The Miracle (Of Joey Ramone)" and "I Will Follow".

EXTRAS: Deluxe edition includes interviews, videos, clips from elsewhere on the tour. *Super-Deluxe* also includes 64-page book and sundry souvenirs.

ANDREW MUELLER



RAMS

SODA

Warming tale of feuding sheep farmers, set in the frozen North

Director Grímur Hákonarson's austere, funny tale of warring sheep farmers in the north of Iceland captures the bleak twilight of encroaching

winter, and manages to be both a darkly humorous meditation on life and death, and a gentle parable of human resilience. The director is influenced by the Romanian new wave (Aki Kaurismäki is another reference point) and uses silence and landscape to illuminate a fable in which two alienated brothers reconsider a lifelong feud as degenerative disease scrapie threatens the survival of their flocks.

EXTRAS: Director interview, short, trailer.

6/10 ALASTAIR MCKAY

Films

BY MICHAEL BONNER

This month: Tom Hanks plays a salesman in Saudi, Elvis colludes with Tricky Dicky, Tina Fey gets (half) serious, and Laurie Anderson remembers her dog

A **Hologram For The King** Tom Hanks got his big break in *Splash!*, in 1984. His contemporaries have not been so durable. Aside from Tom Cruise and Sandra Bullock, it's hard to think of an actor from his era who continues to enjoy box office success. Steve Guttenberg? Jeff Daniels? Hanks' reputation was built on a remarkable string of back-to-back hits – *A League Of Their Own*, *Philadelphia*, *Sleepless In Seattle*, *Forrest Gump*, *Apollo 13*, *Toy Story*, *Saving Private Ryan* and *You've Got Mail* – which demonstrated his ease playing in romantic comedies, war pictures, socially conscious dramas, action films or more whimsical feelgood fare. This run has continued, largely unbroken, up to the present day. Part of Hanks' success is his ability to adapt. Just as he has moved smoothly between genres – more successfully than either Cruise or Bullock – he has enjoyed strong relationships with directors including Steven Spielberg, Sam Mendes and Paul Greengrass. With *A Hologram For The King*, he re-teams with German filmmaker Tom Tykwer, whose previous collaboration was an adaptation of David Mitchell's novel, *Cloud Atlas*. *A Hologram...* is another adaptation; this time by Dave Eggers. Hanks plays Alan, a struggling American salesman of holographic software who travels to Saudi Arabia to broker a deal with the King. The film opens with an exhilarating dream sequence based on Talking Heads' "Once In A Lifetime" before presenting itself as a *Lost In Translation*-style piece about jet lag in empty chain hotels. Alan waits for his audience with the King in a ghostly, half-built city in the desert, where cleaners sweep sand from freshly tarmaced roads that carry no traffic. A lump on his shoulder grows larger. Tykwer and Hanks slyly, slowly concoct Alan's mid-life crisis. There is a decadent party sequence at the Danish ambassador's residence. "I have lost direction," Alan admits finally. Only a dignified Saudi doctor Zahra (played by *Homeland*'s Sarita Choudhury) offers him hope.

► **Elvis & Nixon** On December 21, 1970, an unexpected meeting took place in the Oval Office



Suspicious minds: The King (Michael Shannon) meets the President (Kevin Spacey) in *Elvis & Nixon*

of the White House. At Elvis Presley's request, he was granted an audience with Richard Nixon where he asked the President for a badge from the Bureau Of Narcotics And Dangerous Drugs. This fabled summit is the subject of director Liza Johnson's slight, but delightful, film. The truth is so remarkable that Johnson – and the screenwriters, who include Cary Elwes – have to resort to very little fictionalisation. No longer the megastar he once was, threatened by The Beatles and the Woodstock generation, Presley wants to volunteer as an undercover agent. The Beatles, he says, are "anti-American, possibly with Communist leanings". As he explains to the President, "If I can have a narcotics badge, I could protect this nation from sliding into anarchy." His plan is to infiltrate the immoral arbiters of the Age Of Aquarius: "The Rolling Stones, the Grateful Dead or possibly the Black Panthers." After all, he says, "I have a military background and I have a deep, abiding interest in law enforcement."

To bring this momentous meeting to life, Johnson is blessed with two strong performances from Michael Shannon as Presley and Kevin Spacey as Nixon. Shannon underplays Presley – it works well. Despite the film being very funny, Shannon brings an understated pathos to the part. "When I walk into a room, everyone

remembers their first kiss watching one of my movies, but they never see me," he says. "He's buried under gold and money. I don't know if I know who he is anymore."

Spacey similarly pushes Nixon away from sketch parody into something more nuanced. Around them orbit a strong supporting cast – Alex Pettyfer as Jerry Schilling and Johnny Knoxville as Sonny West, members of Presley's Memphis Mafia, and Colin Hanks as White House staffer Egil Krogh. But the main event between Shannon and Spacey sparkles.

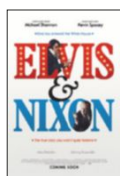
► **All Things Must Pass** In the early Noughties, Tower Records was considered a sign of the vitality of the American music market. There were over 200 Tower stores around the world generating \$1 billion a year in revenue. In 2004, however, the chain filed for bankruptcy. It is perhaps reductive to simply blame the internet for Tower's decline, although that was certainly a key factor. But perhaps Tower was culpable of many of the same corporate mistakes made elsewhere during that period – chiefly, technological hubris and myopic greed.

Colin Hanks' inquisitive documentary charts the rise and fall of Tower, as seen through the eyes of its amiable founder Russ Solomon, and many of its

Reviewed this month...



A HOLOGRAM FOR THE KING
Director Tom Tykwer
Starring Tom Hanks, Sarita Choudhury
Opened May 20
Cert 12A
7/10



ELVIS & NIXON
Director Liza Johnson
Starring Michael Shannon, Kevin Spacey
Opens June 24
Cert 15
7/10



ALL THINGS MUST PASS
Director Colin Hanks
Starring Russ Solomon, Bruce Springsteen
Opened May 9
Cert 15
6/10



WHISKEY TANGO FOXTROT
Directors Glenn Ficarra/John Requa
Starring Tina Fey, Martin Freeman
Opened May 13
Cert 15
6/10



HEART OF A DOG
Director Laurie Anderson
Starring Lolabelle
Opened May 20
Cert PG
8/10



former staff. There are tales of good times with good friends, where the next party was never too far away: "That's not cocktail flu," says one. "That's a lifestyle." Solomon opened his first store in Sacramento in 1960, in the back of his father's drug store. He describes the release of *The Beach Boys' Surfin' Safari* as a turning point, where the business shifted away from singles towards a more lucrative album revenues. As Tower expanded, Solomon envisaged a chain of megastores with huge inventories and warehouse-sized stores. The scale was appealing: Elton John, Bruce Springsteen and Dave Grohl testify to the power of Tower.

But one critical factor in Tower's decline is never satisfactorily addressed. For all the claims made here that Solomon and his staff were passionate music lovers, Tower never catered for the specialist market, leading fans to seek out other, more reasonably priced outlets. Tower were the first chain to usher in compact discs and it seems fitting that its Japanese outlets are still going strong, supplying a market still predicated around CDs.

► **Whiskey Tango Foxtrot** Tina Fey would not be first television star who has found it hard to make the successful transition to the big screen. *Date Night? Admission? Sisters?* *Whiskey Tango Foxtrot* has failed to make much impact at the American box office – it opened to \$7.6 million – but much of that has to do with subject matter, and perceptions of Fey stepping away from comedy, her natural environment, to take on a more serious

role. Loosely based on Kim Barker's memoir, *The Taliban Shuffle: Strange Days In Afghanistan And Pakistan*, *Whiskey Tango Foxtrot* finds Fey cast as a cable television journalist who takes an assignment as a war correspondent in Afghanistan during Operation Enduring Freedom. Once in Kabul, she is assigned a bodyguard, Nic (Stephen Peacocke), and a local "fixer", Fahim (Christopher Abbott) and finds herself bunking down in "the Kabubble" with a contingent of hard-drinking, adrenaline-junkie journalists (are there any other kind?). Kim is embedded with the marines, allowing for some truly terrifying shouting from crusty commanding officer Billy Bob Thornton. Elsewhere, there is a romantic subplot involving Martin Freeman's freelance photographer. Directed by Glenn Ficarra and John Requa (*Bad Santa*'s writers), *Whiskey Tango Foxtrot* occasionally resembles *MASH*, or perhaps *Catch-22*, in the way it mines absurdity and black humour from what are ostensibly grim situations. There are also echoes of *Private Benjamin* in its depiction of Kim's fish-out-of-water rookie errors. Fey is excellent, incidentally, a resourceful woman exasperated by circumstance and incompetence.

► **Heart Of A Dog** Loss has played a significant part in Laurie Anderson's life these past few years. In 2011, her beloved rat terrier named Lolabelle died; two years later, she lost her husband, Lou Reed. Ostensibly a memorial to Lolabelle, *Heart Of A Dog* is touching cinematic tone-poem that also – perhaps more obliquely – pays tribute to her late husband. The film's final shot, in fact, is a close up of a photograph of Reed lying down with his eyes closed and Lolabelle snuggled in his arms. In handheld footage we see the enterprising terrier playing an electric keyboard – evidently, life in a musicians' household rubbed off on her.

Around Lolabelle, Anderson has constructed an abstract, atmospheric film. There are vignettes from Anderson's own childhood – narrated in soothing voiceover – accompanied by footage shot by herself and her family, and from other sources, including a camera attached to Lolabelle herself. Here, we can see the streets of Anderson's West Village from the terrier's point of view. "Terriers are really adaptable and very sociable," we learn.

"Lolabelle immediately fit right in... She had a tab in several stores."

Anderson's last project was an installation, *Habeas Corpus*, examining the story of Mohammed el Gharani, one of the youngest detainees at Guantánamo Bay. Anderson's work has frequently mingled the personal and the political and, accordingly, *Heart Of A Dog* reflects a post-9/11 New York, where "groups of soldiers with machine guns and riot gear" are "everywhere, like ghosts". Homeland Security, it seems, began to breed dogs, drafting the smartest canines to work with police and bomb-sniffing squads. "We had passed through a door," Anderson notes. "And we would never be going back."

The Beatles, Elvis says, are "anti-American, possibly with Communist leanings"

Also out...

TOP CAT BEGINS

OPENS MAY 27

Orphaned kitten swears an oath to rid his city of evil in this brooding cartoon reboot directed by Christopher Nolan, we wish...

WARCRAFT: THE BEGINNING

OPENS MAY 30

Duncan Jones' adapts fantasy video game, pitting puny humans against the mighty Orcish Horde. *Vikings* star Travis Fimmel has a big hammer.

THE NICE GUYS

OPENS JUNE 3

LA, 1977. Ryan Gosling and Russell Crowe team up to investigate a missing girl in Shane Black's latest. Sweary bants and killings follow.

VERSUS: THE LIFE AND FILMS OF KEN LOACH

OPENS JUNE 3

Coinciding with the director's 80th birthday, this career-spanning doc follows Loach as he preps his final major film, *I, Daniel Blake*.



I, Daniel Blake

BLOOD ORANGE

OPENS JUNE 7

Iggy Pop plays – what else? – an ageing rock star who lives with a beautiful young wife. All is good 'til Mrs P's ex arrives, looking for revenge.

WHEN MARNIE WAS THERE

OPENS JUNE 10

The latest from Studio Ghibli. A tomboy (Sara Takatsuki) explores a long-abandoned villa and meets a mysterious blonde girl only she can see.

WHERE TO INVADE NEXT

OPENS JUNE 10

Brexiteers be warned: Michael Moore travels to Europe to see how things are done in progressive Continental countries.

THE GODS OF EGYPT

OPENS JUNE 17

Hollywood turns its CGI gaze to the Egyptian pantheon. Filmed on location in Australia. Gerard Butler is Set.

INDEPENDENCE DAY: RESURGENCE

OPENS JUNE 23

Those pesky aliens are back to blow up more famous landmarks in this belated follow-up to the successful sci-fi film.

MA MA

OPENS JUNE 24

Diagnosed with breast cancer, a woman (Penélope Cruz) forms a strong bond with a man (Luis Tosar) who lost his wife and daughter in a car accident.

Live

ROCKING IN THE FREE WORLD

Iggy live:
turningshit
into chocolate
drops



IGGY POP/BILL CALLAHAN

THE GREEK THEATER, LOS ANGELES, CA, APRIL 28, 2016

A renewed lust for life? Josh Homme and friends get Iggy to the Greek

IUSED TO be shit in this town, and now I'm Shinola," Iggy Pop crows near the end of his seven-song encore. Just over 40 years ago, the Stooges had split for the second time, and Pop was an in-patient at the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Hospital, recording *Kill City* on day release; a friendless, homeless addict at the end of his wits in Los Angeles. Tonight, though, in front of 5,870 witnesses, he's a man not only redeemed, but canonised – and he sincerely wants you to know the same thing can happen to you.

"I know there's some people here who are feeling a little down," Pop says, his glittering hyperthyroid blue eyes scanning the sold-out crowd on this chilly April night. "But my advice is never give up! Don't ever fucking give up!"

Wildly stabbing the air with a crooked forefinger for emphasis, he rips into "Chocolate Drops" from this year's *Post Pop Depression*, a song that borrows as much from The Beatles' "Helter Skelter" as it does from spiritual author Eckhart Tolle, reflecting on a place where "shit turns into chocolate drops". If you wait long enough, carbon turns into diamonds,

a grain of sand into a pearl, and a seething bundle of venom, piss and sex can transform himself into an object of veneration, esteem and, well, worship.

Earlier, that same Iggy Pop arrives onstage in a four-button, black suit jacket and dress pants, flailing like a hyperactive spiritual leader. Even his current bandmembers – *Post Pop Depression*'s co-creator Josh Homme, Arctic Monkeys drummer Matt Helders, Queens Of The Stone Age/Dead Weather multi-instrumentalist Dean Fertita, bassist Matt Sweeney and guitarist-keyboardist Troy Van Leeuwen (also from the



Queens), rakish in matching burgundy Rat Pack dinner jackets – are agog at Pop’s entrance, as if they still don’t actually believe that they’re in a band with such a legend.

According to the current story, after having spent the last 10 years reasserting the Stooges’ punk hegemony, Pop seemed ready to leave his past behind. Then, though, he texted Homme – who he’d only briefly met at an awards show – and asked to work with his band. There were spaces in Homme’s music, claimed Pop, that he could express himself through.

Tonight, you can see his point. Hollow-sounding, alien and dark, this souped-up version of Queens Of The Stone Age makes the song cycle of *Post Pop Depression* not only seem inspired by *The Idiot* and *Lust For Life*, but like a belated third part of Iggy’s own Berlin Trilogy. They start with a faster than usual “Lust For Life”, Pop bounding from side to side of the stage, waving wildly with both hands and shadowboxing. Punctuating the song with the occasional “C’mon,

motherfuckers,” he slips the expensive jacket first off one shoulder, mimicking the William Burrough-inspired lyrics about Johnny Yen’s striptease, before abandoning the garment altogether during the set’s second song, a droning and shadowy “Sister Midnight”. How could it be a proper Iggy Pop show if he were to remain fully clothed?

On this go-round (and maybe forever more), Pop has all but abandoned his animalistic war whoops and primal screaming for a dark, moody baritone croon. It doesn’t feel like pastiche or affectation; his singing is strong, focused, controlled, and emotional, in the way Johnny Cash was when he sang “Hurt”. Perhaps more surprising than the time he stabbed himself with a steak knife, it feels like Pop is showing genuine sentiment, finally revealing a convincing vulnerability after four decades of ennui, corrosive anger and crowd abuse.

“There’s some nice people here. I feel like there should be a fucking nice place where fucking nice people can go,” he says. He is introducing “American Valhalla”, the first of the night’s *Post Pop* songs, in which he oddly confesses: “I’m not the man with everything/I’ve nothing but my name.” The night, however, is not just about regrets and misgivings. There’s the seedy but sad “Sweet Sixteen”, making one remember when Pop used to date *Star* magazine cover teens, and the campy “Gardenia”, recalling a night when he and beat poet Allen Ginsberg were entranced with the same stripper: “A black goddess in a shabby raincoat” and a “powerful back”.

A vestige of the old Iggy also emerges during “In the Lobby”, a song that could have been lifted from Depeche Mode’s mighty canon, when he sticks his mic into the waist of his low-slung trousers, brandishing it like an erect penis as he shimmies across the stage. “Yes, they’re red,” he admits, as his black trousers snake down around his hips. Two songs later, they slip a little further. “Do you want to see my undies?” he asks, unzipping his pants far enough to show us a pair of scarlet briefs. It is, in historical terms something of a compromise: the Iggy of yore always went commando.

But old Iggy rarely constructed such elaborate edifices of sound and mood as he and Homme do on “German Days”, the most Queens-sounding song of the set. As much a slow dirge as a zombie’s waltz, it pairs high culture and low values, cataloguing the German word for fast food as well as Pope Benedict, the only pontiff who ever resigned. And fittingly, the show concludes with “Success”; a song of uncanny prescience, it was

SET LIST

- 1 Lust For Life
- 2 Sister Midnight
- 3 American Valhalla
- 4 Sixteen
- 5 In The Lobby
- 6 Some Weird Sin
- 7 Funtime
- 8 Tonight
- 9 Sunday
- 10 German Days
- 11 Mass Production
- 12 Nightclubbing
- 13 Gardenia
- 14 The Passenger
- 15 China Girl
- ENCORE
- 16 Break Into Your Heart
- 17 Fall In Love With Me
- 18 Repo Man
- 19 Baby
- 20 Chocolate Drops
- 21 Paraguay
- 22 Success

and images that belong only to the most hallucinatory and restless of dreams, and then arranges them into daisy chains of songs that

written when Pop was at one of his lowest points, and illustrates – like “Chocolate Drops”, 40 years later – how you can apparently think your way to the top, all the way up to a place where shit really does turn into chocolate drops.

Bill Callahan, one of the most deceptively understated singer-songwriters working, opens the show at Iggy’s request. The Austin-based Callahan shares with Pop a brooding baritone and an outsider ethos, but that’s not where the similarity ends. While Callahan – who performs with guitarist Matt Kinsey – may look utterly normal in his straight shirt and loafers, his imagination is anything but. As eccentric on the inside as Pop is on the outside, Callahan sees things invisible to the naked eye, drawing out patterns, colours

you can’t get out of your head.

Starting off his half-hour set with “Spring”, from 2013’s *Dream River*, he compares the invisible power of the wind to a widow neurotically fingering her rosary.

“America!” is incantatory in its repetition of words, an anthem of longing for a country left behind on a long tour. “Dress Sexy At My Funeral”, written during Callahan’s formative Smog

era, is an erotically charged yet hilarious declaration of love. Always obscuring as much as he reveals in his songs, Callahan writes in perpetual shadow, creating music for endings, epiphanies and revolutions. JAAN UHELSZKI

Iggy finally reveals a convincing vulnerability after four decades of ennui, anger and crowd abuse

Pop fan
Josh Homme



Live

ROCKING IN THE FREE WORLD

Lush live once more: (l-r) Emma Anderson, Miki Berenyi, Justin Welch, and, out of shot, Uncut's own Phil King

LUSH

OSLO, LONDON, APRIL 11, 2016

A Gala return, after 20 years...

"FUCKING HELL, this is exhausting," says Miki Berenyi, four songs into Lush's first gig for almost 20 years. It is, perhaps, not the most auspicious way to celebrate her band's comeback. But then, there was always something a little self-deprecating about Lush. During the band's heyday in the late '80s/early '90s, Berenyi – along with her co-conspirators, Emma Anderson, drummer Chris Acland and bassist Phil King – carried themselves in a larkish manner which often seemed at odds with the opulent records that they made. There was an ineffable, held-together-with-gaffa-tape charm to Lush which, it seems, still remains two decades since they last played together.

That Lush have returned at all seems partly a pragmatic decision, partly an emotional one. They can't help but have noticed the recent success enjoyed by contemporaries Slowdive and Ride, who reformed in 2014 and 2015. But it also seems likely they are keen to honour the memory of Acland, who committed

suicide in October 1996. You suspect there is some trepidation in playing this material for the first time without him, even though former Elastica drummer Justin Welch is an excellent substitute.

In the years since Lush split, some of them have retained a nuanced involvement in music. Guitarist/vocalist Anderson played in Sing Sing for 10 years, while King has juggled his commitments as picture researcher for *Uncut* with guitar and bass duties in The Jesus And Mary Chain. His predecessor, Steve Rippon, appears to have entirely retired from music. Berenyi, meanwhile, also worked in magazines – although she made a fleeting return to the stage in November 2014, singing "Just Like Honey" with the Mary Chain.

Considering such circumstances, they are in commendably excellent shape musically. Tonight, they're gathered before a supportive audience at Oslo – a 300-capacity bar/restaurant/venue in Hackney – for a warm-up show ahead of a run of US dates (although due to an issue

over Berenyi's visa, they were forced to miss their intended first show at Coachella's opening weekend).

The show acts as a welcome reminder of Lush's many charms. The band occupied a hazy middle-ground that was neither straightforward pop nor anything as experimental as some of their fellow 4AD signings. The sheets of feedback that dominated their early sound – and that are evident tonight on "De-Luxe", "Breeze" and "Scarlet" – always complemented Berenyi and Anderson's serene vocal harmonies. They were never as harsh or idiosyncratic as, say, the Cocteau Twins, or as billowy and amorphous as Slowdive. Instead, many of their best songs – "Thoughtforms" and "Sweetness And Light", both of which are standouts at Oslo – were built around tumbling melody lines that served to gently motor the songs forward. It's easy to forget how strong their forays into 'proper' pop are, too. Tonight's tremendous, propulsive version of "Ladykillers" presents a tantalising 'what if?' scenario, where it is possible to speculate how successful they might have been had Britpop not swaggered along and spoilt the party for Lush and many of their peers. A new song, "Out Of Control", meanwhile, sounds satisfyingly like the band picking up from where they left off.

Berenyi is still a confident stage presence, whether mock-apologising for no longer having trademark red

SET LIST

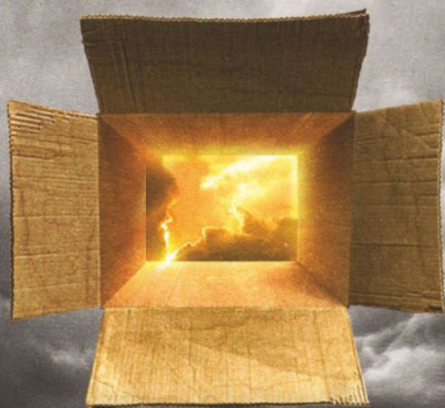
- 1 De-Luxe
- 2 Breeze
- 3 Kiss Chase
- 4 Hypocrite
- 5 Lovelife
- 6 Thoughtforms
- 7 Light From A Dead Star
- 8 Untogether
- 9 Lit Up
- 10 Etheriel
- 11 Scarlet
- 12 For Love
- 13 Out Of Control
- 14 Ladykillers
- 15 Downer
- 16 Sweetness And Light
- ENCORE
- 17 Stray
- 18 Desire Lines
- 19 Leaves Me Cold
- 20 Monochrome (Encore 2)

hair or responding to audience banter. Anderson, meanwhile, is a more stoical presence, silent save for singing harmonies. Contrarily, they don't play "Single Girl" – their joint-biggest chart hit – but instead, their encore climaxes with the shivery squall of "Leaves Me Cold" and the dreamy "Monochrome". Both represent the dual qualities of Lush: a fine return.

MICHAEL BONNER

S.J.M. CONCERTS PRESENTS

GOO GOO DOLLS



OCTOBER 2016

SATURDAY	08	NORWICH UEA
SUNDAY	09	LEEDS O2 ACADEMY
MONDAY	10	GLASGOW O2 ACADEMY
WEDNESDAY	12	MANCHESTER ALBERT HALL
THURSDAY	13	BIRMINGHAM O2 INSTITUTE
FRIDAY	14	LONDON EVENTIM APOLLO



GIGSANDTOURS.COM | TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

GOOGOODOLLS.COM

BOXES
OUT NOW

Presented by S.J.M. Concerts & DF by arrangement with X-ray

THE KILLS



THU	29	SEP	MANCHESTER	ALBERT HALL
FRI	30	SEP	GLASGOW	O2 ABC
SAT	01	OCT	LEEDS BECKETT	STUDENTS' UNION
SUN	02	OCT	NOTTINGHAM	ROCK CITY
TUE	04	OCT	OXFORD	O2 ACADEMY
WED	05	OCT	BRISTOL	ANSON ROOMS
THU	06	OCT	BIRMINGHAM	O2 INSTITUTE
FRI	07	OCT	LONDON	ROUNDHOUSE



ASH & ICE
OUT 3 JUNE

GIGSANDTOURS.COM | TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

THEKILLS.TV | /THEKILLS | @THEKILLS | @THEKILLS

An S.J.M. Concerts & PCL presentation by arrangement with WME

JEAN-MICHEL JARRE

SJM CONCERTS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH WME ENTERTAINMENT PRESENT



ELECTRONICA WORLD TOUR

SATURDAY 23 JULY 2016 JODRELL BANK CHESHIRE	SATURDAY 08 OCTOBER 2016 BIRMINGHAM BARCLAYCARD ARENA
TUESDAY 04 OCTOBER 2016 CARDIFF MOTORPOINT ARENA	MONDAY 10 OCTOBER 2016 DUBLIN 3 ARENA
THURSDAY 06 OCTOBER 2016 BRIGHTON CENTRE	THURSDAY 13 OCTOBER 2016 LEEDS FIRST DIRECT ARENA
FRIDAY 07 OCTOBER 2016 LONDON THE O2	FRIDAY 14 OCTOBER 2016 GLASGOW THE SSE HYDRO



TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM
GIGSANDTOURS.COM | TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

CODEx
PRODUCTIONS LTD



ELECTRONICA 1 AVAILABLE | JEANMICHELJARRE.COM | ELECTRONICA OUT NOW



The Last Shadow Puppets

PLUS GAZ COOMBS' YAK

24 JUNE/10/13/15/16 JULY ONLY

10/12/13/15/16 JULY ONLY

FRIDAY 24TH JUNE
THE HARBOURSIDE,
BRISTOL SUMMER SERIES

SUNDAY 12TH JULY
CASTLEFIELD BOWL, MANCHESTER

TUESDAY 12TH JULY
THE SPA, BRIDLINGTON

WEDNESDAY 13TH JULY
BIC, BOURNEMOUTH

- EXTRA TICKETS RELEASED -

FRIDAY 15TH JULY
ALEXANDRA PALACE, LONDON
SATURDAY 16TH JULY
ALEXANDRA PALACE, LONDON

GIGSANDTOURS.COM - TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

'EVERYTHING YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT' ALBUM OUT NOW THELASTSHADOWPUPPETS.COM

An S.J.M. Concerts & Metropolis Music presentation by arrangement with 13 Artists

KILIMANJARO PRESENTS

AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM

OCTOBER
26 BURY ST EDMUNDS The Apex
27 NORWICH Open
28 BRISTOL Colston Hall
29 OXFORD O2 Academy2
30 LONDON Barbican

NOVEMBER
01 MANCHESTER RNCM
02 NEWCASTLE Riverside
03 EDINBURGH Queens Hall

04 SHREWSBURY Walker Theatre
05 SHEFFIELD Leadmill
07 BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
08 COLCHESTER Arts Centre
09 YEOVIL Octagon
10 PORTSMOUTH Wedgewood Rooms
11 BUXTON Opera House
12 EXETER Phoenix
13 BRIGHTON Concorde 2

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM



New album THE SOURCE out now
Featuring: Simon Emmerson, N'Faly Kouyate, Johnny Kalsi, Griogair and many more
afroceltsoundsystem.org.uk | officialafroceltsoundsystem

A Kilimanjaro and friends presentation by arrangement with DMF Music

NAHKO THE MEDICINE FOR THE PEOPLE

AUGUST
WED 10 • LONDON KOKO
THUR 11 • FROME CHEESE & GRAIN

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM



A KILIMANJARO PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DMF MUSIC

THE TRIFFIDS

PLAYING
'BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL'
IN FULL AND MORE
ONLY UK SHOW
- IN REMEMBRANCE OF DAVID MCCOMB -

FRIDAY 21ST OCTOBER
LONDON ISLINGTON ASSEMBLY HALL

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM

THE TRIFFIDS.COM | @THETRIFFIDS

A KILIMANJARO PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ARTIST AGENCY

JONATHAN WILSON

SOLO ACOUSTIC
with very special guest
OMAR VELASCO
EUROPE 2016

THURSDAY 09 JUNE
LONDON
UNION CHAPEL

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM



THE DEVIL MAKES THREE

FRIDAY 15 JULY
LONDON THE GARAGE
SATURDAY 16 JULY
MANCHESTER THE DEAF INSTITUTE
SUNDAY 17 JULY
GLASGOW KING TUTS

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM



A KILIMANJARO & FRIENDS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DEAF TOURING

EDGE ST LIVE PRESENTS

Edge Street Live, in association with Satellite Agency presents

HEAVEN 17

PENTHOUSE AND PAVEMENT

35th ANNIVERSARY TOUR

VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
British Electric Foundation
FEATURING: GLEN MATLOCK, MARI WILSON, PETER HOOTON, GLENN GREGORY
THE FIRST EVER TOUR



OCTOBER
20 LIVERPOOL - O2 ACADEMY
21 BIRMINGHAM - TOWN HALL
23 GLASGOW - O2 ABC
24 GATESHEAD - THE SAGE
25 SHEFFIELD - CITY HALL
26 MANCHESTER - O2 RITZ
28 BURY ST EDMUNDS - APEX
29 BASINGSTOKE - THE ANVIL
30 LONDON - O2 SHEPHERD'S BUSH EMPIRE

DR JOHN COOPER CLARKE

WITH VERY SPECIAL GUEST SIMON DAY AS GEOFFREY ALLERTON*

JUNE
1 Bakewell Town Hall
2 Kendal **SOLD OUT**
3 Glasgow* ABC
4 Edinburgh* Queens Hall
9 Gateshead* Sage 2
10 Manchester* **SOLD OUT**
11 Liverpool* Guild of Students
16 Milton Keynes* Stables
17 Birmingham* Town Hall
18 Bath* Forum
23 Portsmouth* New Royal Theatre
29 Margate* Theatre Royal
30 Southend* Palace Theatre

JULY
1 London* Shepherds Bush Empire

OCTOBER
20 Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion

Dr. John Cooper Clarke
3xCD & 1xDVD
BOOK SET
'ANTHOLOGIA'
OUT NOW

www.johncooperclarke.com
Presented By SJM & ESL



Mary Chapin Carpenter

THURS 21st JULY
SALISBURY
CITY HALL

With Guests
APPLEWOOD ROAD

WED 27th JULY
LIVERPOOL
PHILHARMONIC HALL

With Guest
ROSE COUSINS

NEW ALBUM
"THE THINGS THAT WE ARE MADE OF"
OUT NOW

www.marychapincarpenter.com



THE WHO'S TOMMY

A BLUEGRASS OPRY
TUESDAY 19th JULY

www.hillbenders.com

The Ruby Lounge, Manchester
TICKETS FROM TICKETLINE & SEETICKETS



GOING TO A GIG? Our manifesto is simple - we recommend great places to eat & drink in Manchester, Brighton & Leeds



TASTE OF MANCHESTER



TASTE OF BRIGHTON



TASTE OF LEEDS

KILIMANJARO PRESENTS

FOY VANCE

THE WILD SWAN WORLD TOUR



NOVEMBER

- 07 BRISTOL FLEECE
- 08 NOTTINGHAM BODEGA
- 09 NEWCASTLE CLUNY
- 11 GLASGOW ORAN MOR
- 12 LEEDS BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB
- 13 MANCHESTER RUBY LOUNGE
- 15 NORWICH ARTS CENTRE
- 16 PORTSMOUTH WEDGEWOOD ROOMS
- 18 LONDON O2 SHEPHERD'S BUSH EMPIRE
- NEW DATE ADDED DUE TO DEMAND
- 19 LONDON O2 SHEPHERD'S BUSH EMPIRE

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK | COMMUNIONMUSIC.CO.UK

THE WILD SWAN
MAY 13



FOYVANCE.COM

A KILIMANJARO, COMMUNION & FRIENDS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH X-RAY

AUGUSTINES



OCTOBER 2016

- 16 BRIGHTON CONCORDE 2
- 18 LONDON O2 ACADEMY BRIXTON
- 20 BIRMINGHAM THE RAINBOW WAREHOUSE
- 21 SHEFFIELD THE PLUG
- 23 LEEDS UNIVERSITY STYLUS
- 24 NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY
- 28 BELFAST EMPIRE
- 31 LIVERPOOL O2 ACADEMY

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK | SEETICKETS.COM

f/WEAREAUGUSTINES WEAREAUGUSTINES.COM t/WEAREAUGUSTINES

NEW ALBUM 'THIS IS YOUR LIFE' OUT JUNE 10TH 2016

A KILIMANJARO, DHP FAMILY, AIKEN PROMOTIONS & LOUT PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH PRIMARY TALENT INTERNATIONAL

BAND OF SKULLS



- 20 October - LEEDS Uni Stylus
- 21 October - MANCHESTER Albert Hall
- 22 October - NEWCASTLE Northumbria Uni
- 24 October - BRISTOL SWX
- 25 October - NOTTINGHAM Rock City
- 26 October - LONDON Camden Roundhouse
- 17 November - SOUTHAMPTON Engine Rooms

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM

The new album **By Default** out 27th May
Pre-order now from bandofskulls.com

A Kilimanjaro & DHP family presentation by arrangement with 13 Artists

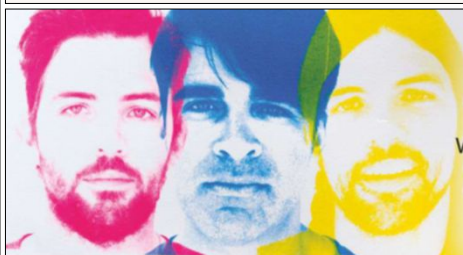


Wilco

2016 STAR WARS TOUR

- FRIDAY 18 NOVEMBER 2016
MANCHESTER ALBERT HALL
- SATURDAY 19 NOVEMBER 2016
LONDON O2 ACADEMY BRIXTON

TICKETS: MYTICKET.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM
A KILIMANJARO PRESENTATION



AN EVENING WITH

THE AVETT BROTHERS

A KILIMANJARO PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SPIDER TOURING

ONLY EUROPEAN
HEADLINE DATES IN 2016

- TUESDAY 30 &
WEDNESDAY 31 AUGUST
LONDON
O2 SHEPHERD'S
BUSH EMPIRE

TICKETS:
MYTICKET.CO.UK
SEETICKETS.COM

THEAVETTBROTHERS.COM
t/THEAVETTBROTHERS
d/THEAVETTBROS



Butlin's LIVE MUSIC WEEKENDS PRESENTS

HOUSE OF FUN 2016

MADNESS
LIGHTNING SEEDS
THE CUBAN BROTHERS

3 DAYS OF NUTTINESS!
LIVE BANDS • DJ'S
COMEDY & MORE

18-21 NOVEMBER
BUTLIN'S MINEHEAD ARENA

RODIGAN'S RAM JAM FOUNDATION SESSION
DAVID RODIGAN (HISTORY SET) • BITTY MCLEAN
RANDALL (JUNGLE CLASSICS SET) • KIKO BUN
CRAIG CHARLES FUNK AND SOUL CLUB
CRAIG CHARLES • MEN OF NORTH COUNTRY
THE INVISIBLE ORCHESTRA • THE FEDERATION OF THE DISCO PIMP

WIGAN CASINO PRESENTS
RUSS WINSTANLEY • THE FLIRTATIONS • ALAN KING
THE LEE THOMPSON SKA ORCHESTRA • THE CHURCH
RHODA DAKAR • CRINKLE CUTS • THE SUMMER TONES • HARDWICKE CIRCUS
BIG SWING SOUND • CUT CAPERS • BIG SWING SOUND
DJ'S DARREN BENNETT • MADAM SCORCHA • DJ RESBIE • WEDOFUNK • MR. HAPPY

FUN FRIVOLITY MERRIMENT & MIRTH
HIP HOP KARAOKE • MR.B • SILENT DISCO • REGGAE AEROBICS • COMEDY • POETRY
MUSICAL BINGO • SWIMMING POOL PARTY • FANCY DRESS (THEME TBA)

3 nights from only £189pp

See bigweekends.com for full break line-up

NORTH COUNTRY BOYS AND BUTLIN'S LIVE MUSIC WEEKENDS PRESENTS

SHIINE ON WEEKENDER

11-14 NOVEMBER 2016, BUTLIN'S MINEHEAD ARENA

FRIDAY
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN / THE WONDER STUFF
THE HOUSE OF LOVE / THE HIGH / THE RAILWAY CHILDREN
THE ELECTRIC SOFT PARADE / S*M*A*S*H
HAPPY MONDAYS (DJ SET)

SATURDAY
SHED SEVEN / THE BLUETONES / ECHOBELLY
MARION / JAMES ATKIN (EMF) / BENTLEY RHYTHM ACE
CUT LA ROC / WILL WHITE (PROPELLERHEADS)
THOUSAND YARD STARE / CUD / THE FRANK & WALTERS
GOLDIE LOOKIN CHAIN (POOL PARTY)

SUNDAY
CAST / BLACK GRAPE / THE FARM
JESUS JONES / SPACE MONKEYS / GREAT SCOTT
CREDIT TO THE NATION / JIMI NEEDLES
SYMPHONICA FEATURING MR SWITCH

PLUS MANY MORE

3 nights from only £179pp

See bigweekends.com for full break line-up

BUTLIN'S PROUDLY PRESENTS
FRI 07 OCTOBER MON 10 OCTOBER
THE GREAT BRITISH ALTERNATIVE MUSIC FESTIVAL 2016
SKEGNESS RESORT
WITH LIVE PERFORMANCES FROM

the stranglers
Tubes
BLOCKHEAD
SPEAR OF DESTINY
SHAM 69

PLUS MANY MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED

3 nights from only £99pp

See bigweekends.com for full break line-up

The Way Of Music presents

RB Rockaway Beach
A Boutique Indoor Music Festival

Butlin's Bognor Regis 7-9 October 2016

Suede
Saint Etienne
Killing Joke
We Are Scientists
Lee Scratch Perry
Luna / Cat's Eyes
Jah Wobble's Invaders of The Heart
CLINIC / Ringo Deathstarr
Plus many more

3 nights from only £99pp

see rockawaybeach.co.uk for full break line-up

Visit **BIGWEEKENDS.COM** and enter code **UNCUT** or call **0330 100 9750**    

3 seaside locations | Legendary artists performing live | Over 18s only | 3-nights accommodation | Deposits from only £15pp

Prices shown are per person per break based on four adults sharing a Silver self-catering apartment and include all discounts and £5 off. Prices are correct as of 10.05.2016 but are subject to availability. Act line ups are correct at time of print but are subject to change. From £15 per person deposit is only valid when using the Auto Pay feature and applies to new bookings only when booking more than 84 days before break start date. Deposits are non refundable and your final payment will be debited 12 weeks before you arrive. All offers are subject to promotional availability, may be withdrawn at any time and cannot be combined with any other offer or internet code except the 5% Premier Club loyalty discount. For full terms and conditions please visit butlins.com/terms. Butlin's Skyline Limited, 1 Park Lane, Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, HP2 4YL. Registered in England No. 04011665.

SERIOUS
PRESENTS

SERIOUS presents by arrangement with UTA

RODRIGUEZ

SEARCHING FOR SUGAR MAN

+support



Friday 22 & Saturday 23 July
London Palladium

For tickets: serious.org.uk/rodriguez
rodriguez-music.com

SERIOUS, ASGARD AND FRIENDS PRESENT

Mary Chapin Carpenter

'one of the most grounded, sentient songwriters of her generation' (Rolling Stone)

Saturday 16 July **BRISTOL** Colston Hall

Sunday 17 July LONDON Barbican
(with Applewood Road)

Monday 18 July **NOTTINGHAM** Playhouse

Wednesday 21 July **SALISBURY** City Hall

Friday 22 July **YORK** Barbican

Sunday 24 July **GATESHEAD** Sage Gateshead

Monday 25 July **SHEFFIELD** Lyceum Theatre

Tuesday 26 July **BIRMINGHAM** Town Hall

Wednesday 27 July **LIVERPOOL** Philharmonic Hall

Friday 29 July **PERTH** Concert Hall

Sunday 31 July **CAMBRIDGE** Folk Festival



The Things That We Are Made Of out now.

BOOK AT
serious.org.uk/marychapin



Supported using public funding by
ARTS COUNCIL ENGLAND

SERIOUS IN ASSOCIATION WITH CODA AGENCY PRESENTS

BEN FOLDS

WITH yMUSIC



UK TOUR JUNE 2016

Sun 12 June **CARDIFF** Wales Millennium Centre*

Mon 13 June **BIRMINGHAM** Symphony Hall*

Tue 14 June **EDINBURGH** Usher Hall*

Wed 15 June **LIVERPOOL** Philharmonic*

Fri 17 June **MANCHESTER** Bridgewater Hall**

Sat 18 June **GATESHEAD** Sage Gateshead**

Mon 20/Tue 21 June LONDON Palladium**

Wed June 22 **BRIGHTON** Dome**

Thu 23 June **CAMBRIDGE** Corn Exchange**

* Plus Lera Lynn ** Plus Olivia Chaney

Booking serious.org.uk/benfolds
BenFolds.com YMusic.com



Supported using public funding by
ARTS COUNCIL ENGLAND

SERIOUS AND ASGARD PRESENT

FRAZEY FORD

from **THE BE GOOD TANYAS**

+support

Friday 15 July **LONDON Barbican**



serious.org.uk/frazezy

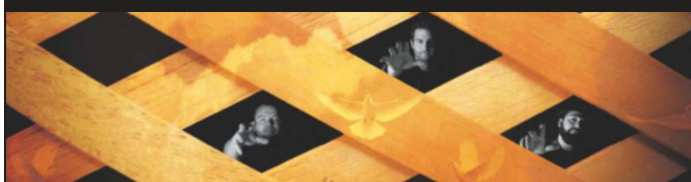
Indian Ocean out now on Netwerk

TOMMY:

A Bluegrass Opry

Thursday 21 July **LONDON** Union Chapel

serious.org.uk/tommy



Book tickets to all shows at
serious.org.uk/events



Supported using public funding by
ARTS COUNCIL ENGLAND

Academy Events present

STEVE MASON



OCTOBER 2016

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 06 LIVERPOOL Arts Club | 18 CAMBRIDGE Junction |
| 07 STOKE Sugarmill | 19 HULL Fruit |
| 08 HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club | 21 LEICESTER O2 Academy2 |
| 10 NEWCASTLE Riverside | 23 SOUTHAMPTON Engine Rooms |
| 11 ABERDEEN Lemon Tree | 25 NOTTINGHAM Rescue Rooms |
| 12 GLASGOW Art School | 26 OXFORD O2 Academy2 |
| 14 WAKEFIELD Unity Works | 27 CARDIFF Globe |
| 15 SHEFFIELD Leadmill | 28 GUILDFORD Boileroom |
| 17 BIRMINGHAM Glee Club | |

TICKETWEB.CO.UK & ALL USUAL AGENTS
An Academy Events & Friends presentation
stevemasontheartist.com

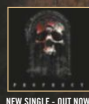
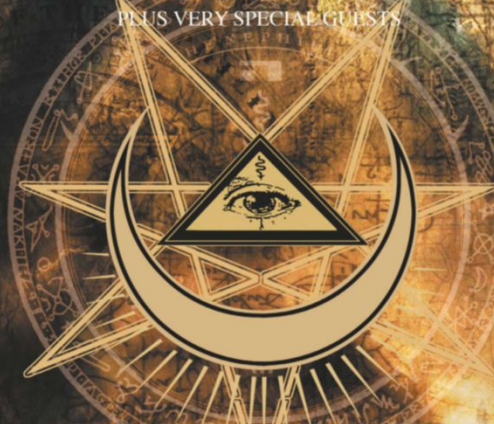


ACADEMY EVENTS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH TRANSCEND MUSIC PRESENTS

Summer Solstice & Winter Solstice

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM

PLUS VERY SPECIAL GUESTS



Summer 20th June 2016
O2 FORUM KENTISH TOWN · LONDON
Winter 21st December 2016
O2 SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE · LONDON
TICKETWEB.CO.UK · FIELDS-OF-THE-NEPHILIM.COM

academyevents presents

NINA HAGEN

45th Anniversary Show

Plus Very Special Guests

Saturday 24th September 2016
O2 Shepherds Bush Empire · London

Ticketweb.co.uk

Exclusive First UK Show in 14 Years



SONIC CATHEDRAL, C.T.M. & ACADEMY EVENTS presents

LUNA

(PLAYING PENTHOUSE IN FULL)

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST

BRITTA PHILLIPS

FRIDAY 7TH OCTOBER 2016

O2 ACADEMY ISLINGTON
LONDON



CARLENE

CARTER

academyevents presents

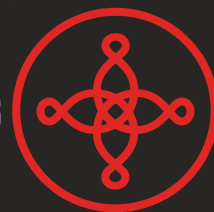
Saturday
11th June 2016
O2 Academy
Islington
London

TICKETWEB.CO.UK

THE MISSION

30TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR

1986



2016

UK & IRELAND 2016

SAT 01 OCT DUBLIN The Academy
SUN 02 OCT BELFAST Limelight
MON 03 OCT GLASGOW O2 ABC
WED 05 OCT MANCHESTER O2 Ritz
THU 06 OCT NOTTINGHAM Rock City
FRI 07 OCT BRISTOL O2 Academy
SAT 08 OCT LONDON O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
SAT 05 NOV WHITBY Goth Weekend

EXTRA SHOWS ADDED
DUE TO PHENOMENAL DEMAND

THU 03 NOV LEEDS O2 Academy
FRI 04 NOV LONDON O2 Forum Kentish Town
SUN 06 NOV BIRMINGHAM O2 Institute

Tickets available from: Ticketweb.co.uk · 0844 477 2000 and all usual agents

THE MISSIONUK.COM

An Anger Management, Academy Events & DHP presentation
by arrangement with Primary Talent International



Christopher Cross

Plus special guest JOHN PARR

Friday 22nd July
O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
London

Ticketweb.co.uk · 0844 477 2000
An Academy Events Presentation



WWW.THEGIGCARTEL.COM

24 HR BOX OFFICE 0844 478 0898

THE UNDERTONES 2016 40TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS * **SULTANS OF PING**

17.06 CHESTER - Live Rooms
29.07 HARPENDEN - Public Halls
20.10 SOUTHAMPTON - Engine Rooms
21.10 BRISTOL - O2 Academy
22.10 LEAMINGTON - Assembly
19.11 LONDON - O2 Kentish Town Forum*

27.10 GATESHEAD - Sage
28.10 HOLMFIRTH - Picturedrome
29.10 MANCHESTER - Academy
17.11 BURY ST EDMUNDS - Apex
18.11 NORWICH - Waterfront

theundertones.com
twitter.com/TheUndertones
facebook.com/OfficialTheUndertones

ADV TICKETS: www.thegigcartel.com
BOX OFFICE 0844 478 0898

Neil O'Brien Entertainments in association with The Gig Cartel presents

GRAHAM PARKER & BRINSLEY SCHWARZ + Support Stephen Wilson

7 SEP SHOREHAM-BY-SEA Ropetackle Arts Centre
9 SEP LIVERPOOL The Epstein Theatre
10 SEP NEWCASTLE The Cluny
11 SEP SALE Waterside Arts Centre
15 SEP LEEDS Brudenell
16 SEP GLASGOW Oran Mor
17 SEP KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre
22 SEP BURY ST EDMUNDS The Apex Arts Centre
23 SEP NEWBURY Arlington Arts Centre
24 SEP HARPENDEN Public Halls
27 SEP BRISTOL Colston Hall
29 SEP LONDON Union Chapel
30 SEP BROMSGROVE Artrix

24 HOUR BOX OFFICE
0844 478 0898
thegigcartel.com
grahamparker.net

The Gig Cartel in Association with ABS Agency

WILKO JOHNSON PLUS VERY SPECIAL GUEST **AARON KEYLOCK**

THU 06 OCT WARRINGTON Parr Hall
FRI 07 OCT SHEFFIELD City Hall
SAT 08 OCT EDINBURGH Queens Hall
THU 13 OCT SALISBURY City Hall
FRI 14 OCT CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
SAT 15 OCT BIRMINGHAM Town Hall

24 HOUR BOX OFFICE
0844 478 0898
thegigcartel.com
wilkojohnson.com

LLOYD COLE & THE LEOPARDS

THURS 18 AUG - HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDOME

The Tubes

THURS 20 OCT GATESHEAD SAGE
FRI 21 OCT HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDOME

BUZZCOCKS 40

FRI 7 OCT ALBERT HALL - MANCHESTER

MASSIVE ATTACK
SUPPORTING MEDECINS
SANS FRONTIERES

barclaycard presents
BRITISH SUMMER TIME
Hyde Park

FRIDAY 1 JULY 2016

xMassive Attack//
/+ YOUNG FATHERS * / -

VERY SPECIAL GUESTS

**PATTI SMITH
AND HER BAND**

TV ON THE RADIO

WARPAINT
GHOSTPOET

PLUS MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED

BST-HYDEPARK.COM
HYDE PARK LONDON



DHP PRESENTS

ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK — FACEBOOK.COM/ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK



C.W. STONEKING

GON' BOOGALOO TOUR

JUNE 2016

19 LEAMINGTON SPA ASSEMBLY
20 CARDIFF THE GLOBE
21 NOTTINGHAM RESCUE ROOMS
22 LEEDS BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB
23 NEWCASTLE THE CLUNY

24 GLASGOW CAA
25 BELFAST BLACK BOX
28 MANCHESTER THE DEAF INSTITUTE
29 BRISTOL THEKLA
30 LONDON ISLINGTON ASSEMBLY HALL

ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK • GIGANTIC.COM • SEETICKETS.COM • CWSTONEKING.COM



ALBUM: 'GON' BOOGALOO' OUT NOW ON KING HOKUM RECORDS

A DHP & FRIENDS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH CNL



DHP & FRIENDS PRESENTS

LIVE AND IN PERSON!!! ST PAUL AND THE BROKEN BONES

JUNE 2016

17 CAMBRIDGE / THE JUNCTION
18 NORWICH / THE WATERFRONT
19 NOTTINGHAM / RESCUE ROOMS
21 LONDON / KOKO
22 MANCHESTER / ACADEMY 2
23 BRISTOL / TRINITY CENTRE
26 BRIGHTON / CONCORDE 2

ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK • STPAULANDTHEBROKENBONES.COM • SEETICKETS.COM

WHITNEY



14 JUNE **SOLD OUT** LONDON

NEW SHOW ADDED DUE TO PHENOMENAL DEMAND

10 NOVEMBER
KOKO LONDON

ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK • GIGANTIC.COM
@WHITNEYCHICAGO

A DHP PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ATC LIVE

DR. DOG

ELEANOR
FRIEDBERGER
+ SPECIAL GUEST
DAWN LANDES



CO
HEADLINE
SHOW

31 AUGUST
VILLAGE
UNDERGROUND
LONDON

ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK • GIGANTIC.COM
DRDOGMUSIC.COM
ELEANORFRIEDBERGER.COM
A DHP PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT
WITH PITCH & SMITH

DHP PRESENTS

FIELD MUSIC

22 OCT
GATESHEAD
THE SAGE

26 OCT
LONDON
O₂ SHEPHERD'S
BUSH EMPIRE

29 OCT
MANCHESTER
O₂ RITZ

ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK | SEETICKETS.COM
FIELD-MUSIC.CO.UK

VMS LIVE PRESENTS

THE COPPER ROOMS

TERRORVISION 22.07.16 **THE SHERLOCKS 10.09.16**

THE BLUETONES 16.09.16 **BUZZCOCKS 18.10.16**

BIG COUNTRY 10.12.16 **THE SELECTER 18.12.16**

FOR OUR FULL LISTINGS & TO BOOK TICKETS ONLINE GO TO THECOPPERROOMS.COM

WARWICK SU • UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK • GIBBET HILL ROAD • COVENTRY • CV4 7AL

THE HUMAN LEAGUE

LIVE AFTER THE RACES
ROYAL WINDSOR RACECOURSE
SATURDAY 27TH AUGUST

WINDSOR-RACECOURSE.CO.UK
01753 498400

VMS LIVE PRESENT

SOUL II SOUL WITH FULL BAND

FEAT JAZZIE B & CARON WHEELER

PLUS VERY SPECIAL GUESTS

SATURDAY 26TH NOVEMBER 2016
 MOUNTFORD HALL, LIVERPOOL GUILD OF STUDENTS

FRIDAY 25TH NOVEMBER 2016
 FOUNDRY: SHEFFIELD STUDENTS UNION

ADV TICKETS £23, BOOK NOW:
 08444 77 2000 | WWW.TICKETWEB.CO.UK

A MANCHESTER ACADEMY PRESENTATION

LUSH

25th NOV 2016

Manchester Academy
 Oxford Road
 Manchester
 M13 9PR

www.manchesteracademy.net
 Box Office: 0161 832 1111

www.lushofficial.com

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

WEDNESDAY 7TH SEPTEMBER
 - NORWICH UEA -
UEATICKETSBOOKINGS.CO.UK

SATURDAY 10TH SEPTEMBER
 - MANCHESTER ACADEMY -
MANCHESTERACADEMY.NET

PETER HOOK & THE LIGHT

A "JOY DIVISION" CELEBRATION
 Performing Unknown Pleasures & Closer
 And featuring an opening set of New Order material

FOUNDRY: SHEFFIELD STUDENTS' UNION
 Friday 29th July 2016 | Doors 7.00pm
 Tickets: 08444 77 1000 | www.ticketweb.co.uk
www.peterhook.co.uk

UB40

11TH OCTOBER
NORWICH UEA

14TH OCTOBER
MANCHESTER ACADEMY

A MANCHESTER ACADEMY 25TH ANNIVERSARY PRESENTATION

the bluetones

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

CAST MY LIFE STORY

SATURDAY 17TH SEPTEMBER - £21.50

BOOK NOW: 0161 832 1111
MANCHESTERACADEMY.NET

MANCHESTER ACADEMY

GARY NUMAN



THURSDAY 15TH SEPT
FRIDAY 16TH SEPT
SATURDAY 17TH SEPT
SUNDAY 18TH SEPT
TUESDAY 20TH SEPT

SHEFFIELD, FOUNDRY
LIVERPOOL, OLYMPIA
COVENTRY, COPPER ROOMS
NEWCASTLE, O₂ ACADEMY
GLASGOW, O₂ ABC

WEDNESDAY 21ST SEPT
THURSDAY 22ND SEPT
FRIDAY 23RD SEPT
SATURDAY 24TH SEPT
SUNDAY 25TH SEPT

NOTTINGHAM, ROCK CITY
OXFORD, O₂ ACADEMY
NORWICH, WATERFRONT
PORTSMOUTH, PYRAMIDS
BRISTOL, MOTION

WWW.GARYNUMAN.COM | WWW.TICKETWEB.CO.UK

The LCR | UEA Norwich The Waterfront Norwich

8TH JUNE
THE HUNNA

10TH JUNE
ESCAPE THE FATE

11TH JUNE
ABSOLUTE BOWIE

15TH JUNE
NELLY

18TH JUNE
ST PAUL & THE BROKEN BONES

23RD JUNE
VINTAGE TROUBLE

26TH JUNE
PAUL YOUNG

3RD JULY
EASY STAR ALL-STARS

6TH JULY
AVERAGE WHITE BAND

9TH JULY
PETER ANDRE

18TH JULY
BELLY

27TH JULY
HOT 8 BRASS BAND

7TH SEPTEMBER
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS

26TH OCTOBER
BUZZCOCKS

20TH NOVEMBER
NATHANIEL RATECLIFFE

21ST NOVEMBER
TEENAGE FANCLUB

23RD NOVEMBER
THE DAMNED

26TH NOVEMBER
ROLLIN CLONES

28TH NOVEMBER
TERRORVISION

2ND DECEMBER
BIG COUNTRY

7TH DECEMBER
LEVELLERS

FOR FULL LISTINGS & TO BOOK TICKETS GO TO
UEATICKETBOOKINGS.CO.UK

MANCHESTER ACADEMY &
VMS LIVE BY ARRANGEMENT WITH
SPIDER TOURING PRESENTS
AN EVENING WITH



PETER HOOK & THE LIGHT
SUBSTANCE: JOY DIVISION & NEW ORDER



FRIDAY 16 SEPTEMBER 2016
02 APOLLO, MANCHESTER
TICKETS: 02APOLLOMANCHESTER.CO.UK
MANCHESTERACADEMY.NET
08444 777 677 - 0161 832 1111

PETERHOOK.CO.UK/EVENTS
FACEBOOK.COM/PETERHOOKANDTHELIGHT

MANCHESTER ACADEMY & GIGANTIC PRESENT



EMF

SCHUBERT DIP 25TH ANNIVERSARY SHOW

DUST JUNKYS

FEROCIOUS
DOG

RINGO DEATHSTARR

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST DJ Miff (EMF)



KYTV FESTIVAL

SATURDAY OCT 29TH 2016 / DOORS 5.00PM
TICKETS £26.00

MANCHESTER ACADEMY / BOX OFFICE 0161 832 1111 / MANCHESTERACADEMY.NET

REGULAR MUSIC'S
SUMMER NIGHTS
AT THE BANDSTAND
KELVINGROVE PARK GLASGOW

THURSDAY 04 AUGUST VAN MURRISON PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS	THURSDAY 11 AUGUST PRIMAL SCREAM PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
FRIDAY 05 AUGUST IDLEWILD PLUS SPECIAL GUEST C DUNCAN	FRIDAY 12 AUGUST ELECTRIC HONEY SESSIONS
SATURDAY 06 AUGUST SUPER FURRY ANIMALS PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS	SATURDAY 13 AUGUST EDDI READER & FRIENDS PLUS SPECIAL GUEST KRIS DREVER
SUNDAY 07 AUGUST LLOYD COLE & THE LEOPARDS PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS	SUNDAY 14 AUGUST WILL YOUNG PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
MONDAY 08 AUGUST THE WATERBOYS PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS	

JUST ANNOUNCED

0844 844 0444 / WWW.TICKETMASTER.CO.UK
AND FROM ALL USUAL OUTLETS GATES 6.30PM

BIRRA MORETTI

OUT
NOW

"Nine beautiful songs" (Judy Dyble)

Solo Debut Album
NEAL HOFFMANN - Untrained Heart -



available through Cargo Records

Release Concert: Tuesday 7th June
London, The Albany

www.nealhoffmann.com



SWANS

THE GLOWING MAN



**2CD • 2CD/DVD • 3LP • DIGITAL
RELEASED 17th JUNE**

ON TOUR IN OCTOBER

**8th BRIGHTON, CONCORDE 2 • 9th MANCHESTER, O2 RITZ
11th GLASGOW, ORAN MOR
12th NEWCASTLE, NORTHUMBRIA UNIVERSITY
13th & 14th LONDON, ISLINGTON ASSEMBLY HALL**

Books

BY ALLAN JONES

Biopic:
McCartney,
March 1976

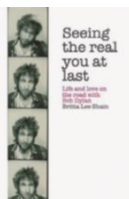
Reviewed this month...



Paul McCartney: The Biography
Philip Norman
WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON
8/10



Don't You Leave Me Here: My Life
Wilko Johnson
LITTLE, BROWN
8/10



Seeing The Real You At Last
Britta Lee Shain
JAWBONE
6/10

ACCORDING TO PHILIP Norman in **Paul McCartney: The Biography**, McCartney is “the world’s most beloved entertainer”, whose “back catalogue is pop music’s equivalent of the works of Shakespeare”. Norman hasn’t always held McCartney in such pants-wetting esteem. In his 1981 biography of The Beatles, *Shout! The True Story Of The Beatles*, it’s John Lennon he identifies as the real heavyweight in The Beatles’ songwriting partnership, the one with all the bold ideas, a love of the avant-garde, the experimental. Paul is dismissed as “a self-satisfied lightweight”, the simpering face of The Beatles, cosy, sentimental, cloying, ingratiating, images of himself that McCartney had railed against for years in almost every interview since The Beatles split, and which still rankle.

It was a surprise to Norman, therefore, when McCartney agreed to factcheck, via email passages, of Norman’s 2008 biography, *John Lennon: The Life* and a further shock when he gave Norman “tacit approval” to write this book, which meant McCartney would not be on the phone to everyone he knows telling them not to speak to Norman. Doors duly opened, Norman makes meaningful use of his access to members of Macca’s Liverpool clan, a colourful crew to whom he’s always remained close, as well as many business and musical associates,

friends, lovers, collaborators and flunkies. Previous accounts of McCartney’s life have treated everything he did post-Beatles as an afterthought, including *Many Years From Now*, the authorised biography by his friend Barry Miles, in which only 20 out of 600 pages are dedicated to his post-Beatle years and which ends before Linda died. Norman on the other hand devotes around half of this book’s 800 pages to Macca’s post-Beatle years to take in a full account of Wings, the trauma of Linda’s death and his disastrous marriage to Heather Mills. There’s still much here that will be familiar to fans. But The Beatles story is so amazing in every respect that when it’s told as well as this, it’s worth reading again.

► Wilko Johnson’s **Don’t You Leave Me Here: My Life** is a book no-one will have expected to read, including its author. When *Uncut* interviewed Johnson in May 2013, he was getting ready to die. In 2012, the mass growing in his stomach that he’d tried to ignore had been diagnosed as a cancerous tumour, already massive. His condition, he was told, was terminal. All this he recounted to *Uncut* with astonishing equanimity. By then, he’d already rejected debilitating chemotherapy treatment, which may have kept him alive a little longer. He’d decided to spend however long he had left playing music, touring, recording if the cancer didn’t get him first, which amazingly it didn’t. Experimental surgery by a doctor named Emmanuel Huguet saved his life. The tumour was removed in a 12-hour operation, along with his spleen, pancreas and a large amount of his digestive tract and all trace of cancer. Comebacks have rarely been so spectacular.

Much of *My Life* covers autobiographical ground already familiar from the many valedictory interviews he gave when he thought he was dying, but also from the Julien Temple documentaries, *Oil City Confidential* and *The Ecstasy Of Wilko Johnson* and his own previous memoir, *Looking Back At Me*, written with Zoe Howe. So we have his Canvey Island childhood, discovery of the blues, travels in India, the early glory days of Dr Feelgood and his bitter falling out with the band, the uneven solo career that followed, the death of his wife and childhood sweetheart, Irene, an eventful stint with Ian Dury’s Blockheads, his landing of a role as a

mute executioner in *Game Of Thrones*, his dreadful diagnosis, the recording of *Going Back Home* with Roger Daltrey, and his incredible recovery. No matter that we’ve heard a lot of these stories before. In the end you’re just glad he’s still around to tell them.

► What are we to make of Britta Lee Shain’s **Seeing The Real You At Last: Life And Love On The Road With Bob Dylan**, a somewhat racy, gushing and possibly delusional memoir by one of Dylan’s many mid-’80s lovers? Shain was working as an LA real estate agent after failing to kickstart careers as a writer and actress when in 1985 she started dating Gary Shafner, who had become Dylan’s right-hand man, a trusted aide and as close to a friend as Dylan had. It quickly becomes clear she was merely using Shafner – called Ernie here – to get close to Dylan, with whom she was worryingly infatuated, eventually insinuating her way into Dylan’s bed, if not his affections. By 1987 she was part of Dylan’s touring entourage, alongside Shafner, on the *Temples In Flames* Tour, which is vividly reported. When Shafner briefly quits the tour an increasingly intimate relationship with Dylan is consummated, also vividly reported. “That evening,” she writes breathlessly, “on Bob’s large, lushly appointed bed, as the two of us roll hungrily, unable to fuel fast enough the furious cravings of our desire, Dylan bursts with psychic pain. ‘It feels too good,’ he moans.” When Shafner returns to the tour, Dylan predictably dumps her, as does Shafner. To no-one’s surprise but her own, she realises Dylan has no serious feelings for her. “Don’t go telling people you fell in love with me,” he apparently tells her. “It’s no position to put yourself in. It’s weak.”

There’s a lot of sulking after she’s unceremoniously banished, much fuming in spurned exile. She remains obsessed with Dylan, though, to the point where you wonder if restraining orders are going to come into play. Most disturbing is a dream she recounts towards the book’s end. Dylan has died. She’s at his funeral, kneeling at his coffin. Its lid is open. She can see his face, wrapped in gauze. She tells him she loves him. He stirs. A gnarled hand pushes open the coffin lid. “My love for Bob Dylan has brought him back to life!” she fairly shrieks. This is some weird shit, man.

GILBERT HANEKROOT/REDFERNS

Not Fade Away

Fondly remembered this month...

Philly boy: Billy Paul, circa 1980



BILLY PAUL

Mrs Jones-seducing soul man

(1934-2016)

BILLY PAUL'S LIFE came to be defined by the hugely successful "Me And Mrs Jones", which took him to the summit of the US charts in 1972 and sold over two million copies. The Grammy-winning single, written by Kenny Gamble, Leon Huff and Vynce Gilbert, detailed an extramarital affair from the viewpoint of the male lover, with Paul's voice imbued with both sensuous rapture and confessional ache. Its lush arrangement punctuated by horns and impassioned cries, it remains one of the most durable pop-soul classics. "Billy was the perfect person to sing it," recalled Gamble. "You don't know anybody that has a voice like that."

Born Paul Williams, his soaring range and naturally high register aligned him to the female singers he cited as inspirations. Billie Holiday, Nina Simone, Dinah Washington and Ella Fitzgerald were key influences growing up in Philadelphia. "I wanted to sing silky, like butter," he explained later. After studying vocal training at West Philadelphia Music School and the Granoff School Of Music, Paul began singing on the local club scene at 16. His recording career began in 1952, when he cut smooth ballad "Why Am I" for New York's Jubilee label. By 1957 he'd been drafted into the US Army, where he served in the same German-based unit as Elvis Presley. There he formed the Jazz Blues Symphony Band with Bing

Crosby's son, Gary. Paul resumed his solo work on being discharged two years later, while also briefly featuring in Harold Melvin's Blue Notes.

His breakthrough moment came in 1967, when he was approached by aspiring label boss Gamble while singing at Philadelphia's Sahara nightclub. The result, issued on Gamble Records, was the subsequent year's *Feelin' Good At The Cadillac Club*, on which Paul fused elements of jazz and R'n'B. *Ebony Woman* landed in 1970, but it wasn't until Gamble and Huff formed Philadelphia International Records, 12 months on, that his commercial fortunes began to change. Fourth album *360 Degrees Of Billy Paul*, which housed "Me And Mrs Jones", made the *Billboard* Top 20 and seemed set to ready him for superstar status. Curiously though, and against Paul's wishes, PIR chose to follow up their first No 1 hit with the overtly political "Am I Black Enough For You?" Despite gaining traction with the Black Power movement, the single was less well-received by mainstream radio and stalled at No 79. "People weren't ready for that kind of a song after the pop success of '...Mrs Jones'," Paul remarked.

He never quite recovered momentum. 1973's "Thanks For Saving My Life" made the Top 40 on both sides of the Atlantic, but Paul proved more successful in the UK than back home as the decade progressed, scoring minor successes with "Let's Make a Baby" and a civil rights-slanted cover of Wings' "Let 'Em In". His final LP came out in 1988, though he continued to perform live until he became ill with pancreatic cancer. Gamble and Huff paid tribute by hailing him as "One of the great artists to come out of Philly and to be celebrated worldwide."

EMILE FORD

Bajan pop crooner

(1937-2016)

West Indian singer Emile Ford enjoyed half a dozen UK Top 40 hits in his pomp, though he'll forever be remembered for his version of "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?" Written over four decades earlier, it was a No 1 for Emile Ford & The Checkmates over Christmas 1959 and into the new year. After other major successes like "On A Slow Boat To China" and "Counting Teardrops", Ford gave up his recording career and became a sound engineer, operating a studio in Barbados and creating a backing-track stage system that was a forerunner of karaoke.

TOMITA

Moog-loving classical maverick

(1932-2016)

Pioneering composer Isao Tomita was the man responsible for Japan's first electronic crossover hit. 1974's tonal *Snowflakes Are Dancing*, painstakingly constructed over 16 months, saw him transmute Claude Debussy's classical work onto a Moog synthesiser, resulting in a US chart placing and four Grammy nominations. Tomita's studio experiments, which made liberal use of sequencers, phase shifting and polyphonic sound, were realised over nearly two dozen albums during a career that had a big impact on fellow countrymen such as Ryuichi Sakamoto and other members of Yellow Magic Orchestra. He was also a prolific creator of TV and film scores.

GIB GUILBEAU

Flying Burrito Brother

(1937-2016)

Fiddle player and vocalist Gib Guilbeau was an integral part of the country-rock movement. In 1967 he co-founded Nashville West, alongside future Byrds Gene Parsons and Clarence White. He then joined Swampwater, backing Linda Ronstadt, before reforming The Flying Burrito Brothers in 1974, with Parsons and original

PAPA WEMBA

African rumba icon

(1949-2016)

CONGOLESE SINGER PAPA Wemba, who has died after collapsing onstage at a music festival in the Ivory Coast city of Abidjan, played a pivotal role in the advancement of world music. Known as ‘the King Of Rumba Rock’, a vivacious strain of upbeat afro-pop, he came to international prominence via the Real World label, for whom he recorded a trio of albums in the 1990s. “He was such an extraordinary talent,” said Real World founder Peter Gabriel. “His music was full of gentle rhythms and joy, but the passion came from the power of his singing, which always carried a sadness, especially in his high voice, which I found really moving... [His was] one of the most beautiful and emotional voices I have ever heard.” Singing in both French and his native Lingala tongue, Wemba helped popularise soukous, which blended rock and soul with traditional African rhythms. He was the second Congolese artist to sign to Real World, after Tabu Ley Rochereau, and his appearance on Gabriel’s *Secret World Live* tour and attendant album helped sales of Wemba’s own *Emotion*, produced by Stephen Hague in 1995, top the 100,000 mark.

Born in what was then Belgian Congo, he began performing in the late ’60s with Kinshasa



King Of Rumba Rock: Papa Wemba in New York, July 1990

collective Zaiko Langa Langa. In 1974 he and fellow members Evoloko Lay Lay, Mavuela Somo and Bozi Boziana left to form Isife Lokole. A switch to another soukous band, Yoka Lokole, was followed by the formation in 1977 of Viva La Musica, which occupied him for much of the remainder of his working life. An extension of a musicians’ commune that Wemba had established in Kinshasa, the band served as an

outlet for his increasingly eclectic musical tastes. A six-year spell in Paris led him to effectively form two different incarnations of Viva La Musica, one in France, the other back home. The group also served as a signifier for La Sape, a fashion subculture that the ever-elegant Wemba founded in 1979. “The Sapeur cult promoted personal cleanliness, hygiene and smart dress, to a generation of youth,” he explained.

members Chris Ethridge and Sneaky Pete Kleinow.

RICHARD LYONS

Negativland founder

(1959-2016)

Richard Lyons was a core member of West Coast experimentalists Negativland, who began making sound collages in 1980. Known for coining the term “culture jamming”, the collective are perhaps best experienced on 1987’s *Escape From Noise*, a subversive media commentary assembled from snippets of dialogue, news broadcasts and other found sources.

WINSTON BLAKE

Sound system pioneer

(1940-2016)

The custodian of Jamaica’s longest-running sound system, Winston Blake was a respected producer, promoter and sometime solo artist. The Mighty Merritone, initiated by his father in 1950, became a fixture of Kingston, where he recorded The Mighty Diamonds, wife Cynthia Schloss and Hopeton Lewis. Blake also worked with Lee ‘Scratch’ Perry and I-Roy.

PETE ZORN

Richard Thompson collaborator

(1950-2016)

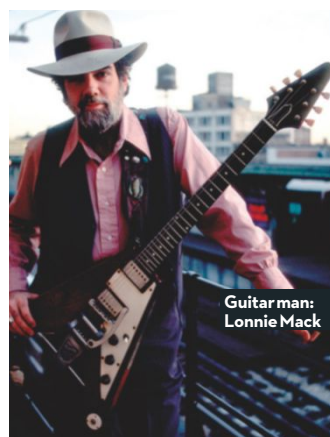
Multi-instrumentalist Pete Zorn played in The Albion Band and latterday Steeleye Span, as well as scoring a novelty hit in 1979 with “Car 67”, billed as Driver 67. But he was best known as longtime sideman to Richard Thompson, beginning with 1982’s *Shoot Out The Lights*, recorded with Thompson’s then wife Linda.

LONNIE MACK

Influential guitarist

(1941-2016)

Lonnie Mack’s virtuosic guitar style, combining brisk notes with fluid rhythm, proved hugely influential on the likes of Duane



Guitar man: Lonnie Mack

Allman, Eric Clapton and Stevie Ray Vaughan. Having absorbed country, gospel and R’n’B as a youth in Indiana, Mack forged a distinct sound, first heard to startling effect on 1963’s “Memphis” and “Wham!” The latter’s use of tremolo was so striking that it soon became known as the ‘whammy bar’. Mack issued 11 studio albums throughout a career that also included session work for Freddie King, James Brown and The Doors.

LARRY PAYTON

Funk-soul drummer

(1954-2016)

Larry Payton formed Dynamic Soul with Brooklyn schoolmate Randy Muller in the late ’60s. Morphing into Brass Construction, the band helped define the sound of East Coast funk-soul with chart successes like “Movin’” and “Ha Cha Cha (Funktion)”. They were later sampled by Gang Starr, NWA and Jill Scott.

CASTRO MASTRANGELO

Doo-wop singer

(1937-2016)

A founder member of doo-wop outfit The Belmonts, Mastrangelo sang bass during their time backing

Dion DiMucci on ’50s hits “A Teenager In Love” and “No One Knows”. He took over as lead vocalist when DiMucci left in 1960, before going solo. Mastrangelo later fronted jazz/rock ensemble Pulse during the 1970s.

EDDIE WATKINS

Polvo drummer

(1968-2016)

Eddie Watkins, who has died aged 47, was the original drummer of North Carolina math-rockers Polvo. His forceful simplicity served to anchor the band’s more unpredictable tendencies, beginning with 1992’s *Cor-Crane Secret*. He left in 1996 to focus on family life and an outside career.

PHIL RYAN

Man keyboardist

(1946-2016)

Keyboardist and arranger Phil Ryan began with The Eyes Of Blue, whose proggy 1968 debut, *Crossroads Of Time*, was a big influence on Yes. Ryan then hooked up with performance poet Pete Brown, before joining Welsh rockers Man, with whom he played, on and off, until 2009. **ROB HUGHES**

Feedback...

Email uncut_feedback@timeinc.com or write to: Uncut Feedback, 3rd Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU. Or tweet us at twitter.com/uncutmagazine

HERE COME THE NICE

It was with great sadness that I read of the untimely death of Keith Emerson in your June issue. Yes, I know ELP, perhaps more than most, came to represent all that was wrong with rock in the increasingly indulgent and pampered '70s of *Topographic Oceans*, singing King Arthurs, classical rock operas, etc. But I don't think of ELP when I think of Keith Emerson. I'm immediately transported back to the heady days of The Nice in 1968-'69, to being a 14-year-old in a lunchtime classroom in a mining town in the midlands, with "America" blasting out and with my friend Dick climbing on top of, generally manhandling and spinning around on its axis, a Hammond-shaped school desk à la Mr Emerson. It was my introduction to the sheer excitement and possibility of music.

Having long ago lost my copy of the LP, I bought The Nice reissue on CD and still get that thrill with the "most distinguished group from England" intro and then the headlong rush into the piledriving and frankly bonkers "Rondo". Great, heady stuff, even now. I was also introduced to Bach through their "Brandenburger" movement on the *Ars Longa* LP, to Tim Hardin (their jazzy version of "Hang Onto A Dream") and Tchaikovsky through their frantic romp through "Pathétique". I also learnt that Sibelius wrote the "Karelia Suite", which was the theme to *This Week* on TV. Always a great musician, to call Keith Emerson a showman is like calling Hendrix a bit of a show-off on guitar – his showmanship sometimes threatened to overshadow his skill as a musician, but his innovation and adventurous spirit always shone through in those early days. For an idea of his groundbreaking approach, listen to their mash-up of Dylan and, believe it or not, JS Bach on the still great "Country Pie" single, ably supported by the rock steady partnership of Lee Jackson on bass/vocals and 'Blinky' Davison on drums.

The eventual pomposity of latter-era ELP makes us forget that sheer excitement, that tilting-at-windmills aspect of The Nice, and what a great introduction it was to

Em's people: The Nice in Hamburg, circa 1968: (l-r) Keith Emerson, Brian 'Binky' Davison and Keith 'Lee' Jackson



the sheer excitement of a rock band playing live at full tilt and to the endless possibilities of genuinely new music. For that, RIP Mr Emerson and thanks!

Gazzy P, Nottingham

ALWAYS IN HIS HAIR...

So many magic moments in my life connected to Prince. My first gig in the UK. My greatest ever album: *Sign O' The Times*. My love song: "Purple Rain". My Mercedes (wife) pick-up song: "Kiss". My wedding song: "Adore". My screaming each and every time he played my favourite B-side: "She's Always In My Hair". Magic moments when I've touched him, when he acknowledged me and played "Housequake" on piano at Hammersmith Apollo, when he jumped on us and, shortly after, his bodyguards too. The Ronnie Scott's gig when he mesmerised all the celebrities. When I got chucked out from Brixton, because I photographed him. My vinyl copy of the original *Black Album* from 1987. I simply don't wanna believe that he passed away. It's impossible that I will not see him live again, or that my kids will not experience what I did.

On the bright side, I really hope that all the magic from the vaults will slowly surface, and that all of us will have a chance to listen to some more fantastic music.

Andreja Kmetovic, via email

BEGIN THE BERGEN

I enjoyed "The Making of "Polk Salad Annie"" in the June issue and was surprised and delighted to note Bergen White as the arranger. Bergen was well known in the recording industry in the '60s and his clients included Elvis, Duane Eddy, Glen Campbell and a host of other legends. In 1970, he released an incredibly eloquent and darkly beautiful soft pop masterpiece called *For Women Only*, with gorgeous vocals and lush string arrangements evocative of The Beach Boys, Harry Nilsson and Bread. This album certainly falls into the great lost albums category and, for anyone wanting to experience it for themselves, it is available on Rev-Ola. You won't be disappointed.

Mark Roberts, via email

"I'M WORKIN' WITH THE RAIN FALLIN' DOWN"

Stuart Groves' letter [*Uncut, June 2016*] about the life-changing effects of a Springsteen show reminds me of my story from the original *River* tour back in 1981. Having been to my first Boss show that spring at the then Empire Pool Arena at Wembley and been totally bowled over, I found myself that summer travelling around the US with a schoolfriend.

By mid-August we were in Denver, by coincidence just when Bruce was

due to play two nights at Red Rocks. We got two tickets for the first night and arrived mid-afternoon at this amazing natural open-air amphitheatre, the sun shining beautifully. By showtime, however, the heavens had opened on the 8,000 fans and the band, but it was not going to dampen our spirits – Bruce hit the spot by altering the set list and opening with Creedence Clearwater's "Who'll Stop The Rain". Very appropriate!

At half-time (in those days Bruce used to play two sets), with the rain still coming down, the Boss came out and spoke to us. Did we want to carry on? If not he would gladly call a halt to proceedings, and the indoor arena in the city centre would be booked for the following week with our Red Rocks tickets reusable. He asked for a show of hands. 8,000 hands went up suggesting we weren't for going home just yet... start the second set!

Out they came, Bruce in sailor's hat found somewhere backstage, and straight into "Sea Cruise", with him at one point aquaplaning right across the stage on his knees, to the delight of the crowd. Incredible stuff. By the time the three-and-a-half-hour epic of a show had ended with a rousing Detroit medley and "Twist & Shout", our lives I think had been forever changed. He remains for me the greatest live rock performer of them all and, 35 years on, I await more of the same this



One of three copies of Allen Toussaint's American Tunes on CD

summer in Madrid, Coventry, Wembley and Paris during the Euro leg of his current tour.

Paul Doughty, via email

AUGMENTED REALITY

Your obit of the marvellous Dennis Davis [*Uncut*, June 2016] incorrectly states that he rejoined Bowie's band for 2003's *Reality* Tour. You are confused, and I've seen this falsity elsewhere as well. Sterling Campbell, Davis' protégé, was the drummer for the *Reality* Tour (the other being Zach Alford). Davis never went anywhere near those shows. However, he did make a brief appearance, on percussion, during one of the Glastonbury warm-up gigs, at the now sadly closed Roseland Ballroom in NYC, in June 2000. I'd hazard a guess that's the source of the confusion.

Liz Tray, London

...In your 'Raiders Of The Lost Archives' article [*Uncut*, May 2016], Jason Anderson says the Buddy Holly vinyl box was released in 1979. If so, I must have access to a time machine, because I gave that box to my brother (and sis-in-law) as a wedding present on May 13, 1975.

Martin Bobbe, The Netherlands

CENSORSHIP CORNER

Could we have a three-issue moratorium on "kosmische" and "channelling"? If absolutely necessary, "noodling" and "influenced by" will suffice.

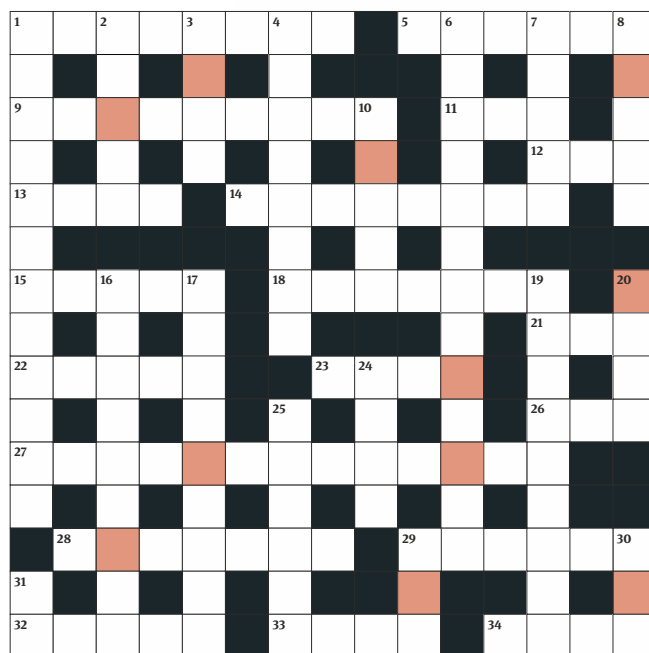
Shunya, Byron Bay

MEANWHILE, OVER AT ABBEY ROAD, AUGUST 1968...

A fitting tribute to George Martin [*Uncut*, June 2016] – without him, The Beatles would probably have been just another provincial group heading for obscurity! I was particularly interested to read his "that should be me" comment when he witnessed Brian Epstein signing autographs for fans outside Abbey Road. In August 1968, I was on holiday in London and on The Beatles' trail. Hearing that they were recording, I arrived at Abbey Road as Paul was signing autographs in the car park – the gates were open that day! George Martin then arrived in his Rolls; Paul's car was an Aston Martin, George and Ringo were in a Mercedes. As the producer got out, he signed autographs – so his dreams had come true after all.

Michael Solan, Chester-le-Street

Apology: the Phil Spector/Ronettes photo on page 14 of June *Uncut* should have been credited to Ray Avery/Getty



HOW TO ENTER

The letters in the shaded squares form an anagram of a song by Prince. When you've worked out what it is, send your answer to: *Uncut* July 2016 Xword Comp, 3rd Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU. The first correct entry picked at random will win a prize. Closing date: **Monday, June 20, 2016**. This competition is only open to European residents.

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Slowhand getting rather personal keeping hands on (1-5-2)
- 5 "Thunder only happens when it's raining," 1977 (6)
- 9 Following the light given out by Dr John and Crowded House albums (9)
- 11 Blur music featured in *Tomorrow's World* (3)
- 12 Eddy Grant's record label got partly noticed (3)
- 13+25 D No spotlights required for this Genesis performance (4-2-4)
- 14 This was just too much from Motörhead (8)
- 15 Time spent by David Bowie on recording an album (5)
- 18 (See 20 down)
- 21 Double-crossing type trapped by The Walkmen in "The ____" (3)
- 22 (See 2 down)
- 23 A bit of disco illumination for experimental electronic band formed in 1982 (4)
- 26 Fronted by Alexis Korner, their hits included instrumental cover of "Whole Lotta Love" (3)
- 27 Without quarrel, this album was by The Cranberries (2-4-2-5)
- 28 "Let all the children boogie," 1972 (7)
- 29 Wanders away with the homeless types through Jane's Addiction (6)
- 32 They came forth with their fourth album, *Forth* (5)

34+33 A Under which name the third brother of Peter and Robin Sarsted had five Top 10 hits (4-4)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 Like the in-law coming around with a Johnny Cash number (1-4-3-4)
- 2+22 A Go as far as you possibly can to get this Joan Armatrading album (2-3-5)
- 3+16 D Interpol drums somehow used on Ian Dury album (4-9)
- 4 Lied very badly about a Babyshambles' number (8)
- 6 Talking Heads album at odds with 13 across (6-2-5)
- 7+8 D "Hey honey, what you trying to say/As I stand here don't you walk away," 1987 (5-5)
- 10 "Now I found that the ____ is round, and of course it rains every day," 1967 (5)
- 16 (See 3 down)
- 17 Kinks' single that required a personal release (3-2-4)
- 19 Connection between Elvis Presley and Paul Simon (9)
- 20+18 A I'd tried song arrangement with a legendary singer (4-7)
- 24 This made it all right for Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (4)
- 25 (See 13 across)
- 29 He's gone wrong with this Elvis Costello single (3)
- 30 Record label founded by Sam Phillips (3)
- 31 "Sogive me coffee and ____" along with Blur (2)

ANSWERS: TAKE 228

ACROSS

1+5 D Post Pop Depression,
5 Direct, 8 Acme, 9+30 A Can't
Buy A Thrill, 10+14 A Purple
Haze, 12+13 A In Utero, 15 Les,
16 Hue, 17 Shoes, 20 Sun,
21+7 D Nashville Teens,

23 NWA, 26 Inside, 27 Dio,
28 OMD, 34 Vienna, 36 Erma,
38 Lips, 39 Nelly

DOWN

1+25 A Pictures Of You, 2
Sense, 3 Pablo Honey, 4+27 D
Pay The Devil, 6+37 A Rare
Bird, 11 Lies, 15 Legend, 18 In

Too Deep, 19+24 D Oh Well,
22 Sound, 26+35 D I'm A Man,
28 One, 29 Mary, 31 Tool,
32 Ruby, 33 Lady

HIDDEN ANSWER

"This Is Love"

XWORD COMPILED BY:

Trevor Hungerford

Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, 3rd Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU. Tel: 020 3148 6982 www.uncut.co.uk

EDITOR John Mulvey
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Michael Bonner
ASSOCIATE EDITOR John Robinson
ART EDITOR Marc Jones
SENIOR DESIGNER Michael Chapman
PRODUCTION EDITOR Mick Meikleham
ACTING ALBUM REVIEWS EDITOR Tom Pinnock
PICTURE RESEARCHER Phil King
EDITOR AT LARGE Allan Jones

CONTRIBUTORS Jason Anderson, Ben Beaumont-Thomas, Mark Bentley, David Cavanagh, Tom Charity, Leonie Cooper, Jon Dale, Stephen Dalton, Andy Gill, Nick Hasted, Mick Houghton, Rob Hughes, Trevor Hungerford, John Lewis, Damien Love, Alastair McKay, Geoffrey Macnab, Gavin Martin, Piers Martin, Andrew Mueller, Sharon O'Connell, Louis Pattison, Sam Richards, Jonathan Romney, Bud Scoppa, Peter Shapiro, Hazel Sheffield, Laura Snaps, Neil Spencer, Terry Staunton, Fiona Sturges, Graeme Thomson, Luke Torn, Stephen Troussé, Jaan Uhelszki, Wyndham Wallace, Peter Watts, Richard Williams, Nigel Williamson, Jim Wirth, Damon Wise, Rob Young

COVER PHOTOGRAPH: ullstein bild via Getty Images

PHOTOGRAPHERS: Joe Stevens, Jason Quigley, Pascal Leopold, Michael Putland, David McClester, Tim Knox, Jim McCrary, Gijbert Hanekroot, Richard E Aaron, Rob Verhost
THANKS THIS ISSUE: Johnny Sharp, Martin Boon (sub-editing); Jamie Moir, Corinne MacDonald, Julius Jokikokko

DISPLAY ADVERTISING

ACCOUNT MANAGER Steve Woollett 020 3148 2670
REGIONAL SALES Oliver Scull 0161 872 2152
AD PRODUCTION Barry Skinner 020 3148 2538
Email all ad copy to barry.skinner@timeinc.com
DIGITAL BUSINESS DIRECTORS Andrew Sanders, Chris Dicker 020 3148 6709
INNOVATOR - INSERT SALES Emma Young 020 3148 3704

CREATIVE MEDIA

HEAD OF MARKET, MUSIC TITLES
Andrew Minnis 020 3148 4252
BRAND MANAGER Matthew Chalkley 020 3148 6722
CREATIVE MEDIA MANAGER Benedict Ransley 020 3148 6783
HEAD OF PROJECT MANAGEMENT
Elisabeth Hemphill 020 3148 6726

GROUP ADVERTISING DIRECTOR Romano Sidoli 020 3148 2501
DIRECTOR OF INSIGHT Amanda Wigginton 020 3148 3636
SENIOR MARKETING EXECUTIVE Charlotte Treadaway 020 3148 6779
HEAD OF MARKETING Nashitha Suren
CIRCULATION MANAGER Emma Bone
SUBSCRIPTIONS MARKETING EXECUTIVES
Letitia Barry, Rachel Wallace
SYNDICATION MANAGER
Lucy Cox 020 3148 5483
GROUP PRODUCTION MANAGER Steve Twort
PRODUCTION MANAGER Lisa Clay
HEAD OF FINANCE Riccardo Balzi

GROUP EDITORIAL DIRECTOR Steve Sutherland
GENERAL MANAGER Jo Smalley
GROUP MANAGING DIRECTOR Paul Cheal

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year (12 issues) including p&p: UK £63.70; Europe €131.10; USA and Canada \$134.10; Rest of World £122.14. We regret that the free cover-mounted CD is not available to EU subscribers outside the UK. For enquiries from the UK please call: 0330 333 4333, for overseas please call: +44 330 333 4333 (Lines are open Monday-Friday GMT, 8:30am-5:30pm exc. Bank Holidays) or e-mail: help@magazinesdirect.com. New Orders line: UK: 0330 333 1113 (lines are open 7 days a week, 8am-9pm.) Back Issues enquiries: Tel: 01733 688 964. Back Orders email: www.mags-uk.com/timeinc

© 2016 Time Inc. (UK) Ltd. No Part Of This Magazine May Be Reproduced, Stored In A Retrieval System Or Transmitted In Any Form Without The Prior Permission Of The Publisher. Repro by Rhapsody (nowemagine.co.uk). Printed by Polestar Group, Uncut, 1368-0722, is published monthly by Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London, SE1 0SU, England. Airfreight and mailing in the USA by agent named Air Business Ltd, c/o Worldnet Shipping Inc, 156-15, 146th Ave, 2nd Floor, Jamaica, NY 11434, USA. Periodicals postage paid at Jamaica NY 11431. US Postmaster: send address changes to Uncut Air Business Ltd, c/o Worldnet Shipping Inc, 156-15, 146th Ave, 2nd Floor, Jamaica, NY 11434, USA. Subscription records are maintained at Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London, SE1 0SU, UK. Air Business Ltd is acting as our mailing agent.

Time Inc. recycling



MY LIFE IN MUSIC

William Tyler

His new solo album marries country with Krautrock, but the Nashville guitar hero's tastes run even wider...

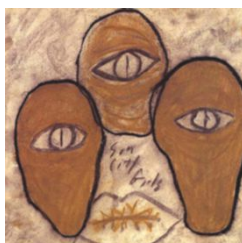


A conflicted classic

Brian Eno

Another Green World 1975

I'm a huge fan of Eno and all the worlds he went into. This LP to me is particularly interesting because it's the first that combines his more ambient instrumental stuff with his weird attempts at pop songwriting – the conflict between those worlds is fascinating. [Filmmaker] Adam Curtis uses a lot from *Another Green World* in *The Power Of Nightmares* – I knew the album already, but when I saw the films I was like, “Oh my God, I need to go check this record out again.”



An innovative gateway album

Sun City Girls

Torch Of The Mystics 1990

This is a timeless document of the way those guys were trying to distil influences from world music, psych and punk before anyone else. They invented their own genre, and no-one's followed suit convincingly. As someone who's into guitar melodies, there are so many great ones on this record. It's folk music from all these different reference points, but channelled through this early '80s hardcore punk influence.

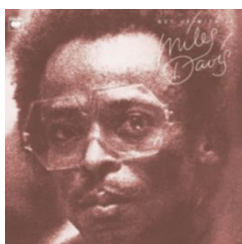


A British tour soundtrack

Fairport Convention

Full House 1970

This is like the Fairports' version of *Music From Big Pink*, 'cos they were doing it without a frontperson, and it feels like they're searching for an identity – it's the first without Sandy Denny, the last with Richard Thompson. I got obsessed with it the first time I did a solo tour of the UK and Ireland, with Hiss Golden Messenger a few years ago. *Full House* was the LP we kept talking about. It was the one I'd listen to walking around towns.

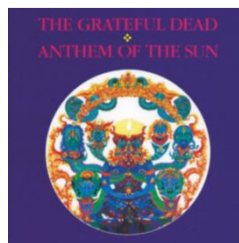


An album that goes beyond jazz

Miles Davis

Get Up With It 1974

I have more albums by Miles than any other artist, but I felt like this was the one that turned my head around. It's not a singular aesthetic statement, it's a collection of different jams edited together. An older friend of mine first played me “Rated X”, which kind of sounds like a DJ Shadow or This Heat song, and then “He Loved Him Madly”, this long, ambient piece. Miles was taking what he wanted from free jazz, funk and psych rock.



A psychedelic masterpiece

The Grateful Dead

Anthem Of The Sun 1968

A lot of people think it's heretical to favour the Dead's studio albums, but I think there was a point where they were really using the studio as a tool in a way they could never really replicate live. To me, *Anthem...* is one of the best documentations on record of psychedelia. Each piece is married to the next one with feedback and noise, and it works as one track, basically. I think that's a really interesting way to listen to it.



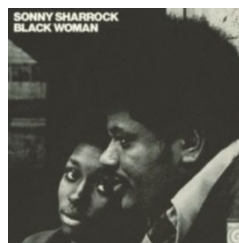
An inspirational guitar album

Pink Floyd

The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn

1967

The yin-yang of *Anthem Of The Sun* is *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn* – to me, this is the best version of that psychedelic experience from the other side of the pond. It's the first Floyd album I bought, and the very first song we tried to learn in my first high school band was “Interstellar Overdrive”, so I have a particular affection for it. Syd Barrett was a huge influence on me.



An alternative jazz classic

Sonny Sharrock

Black Woman 1969

I heard this around the same time as *Torch Of The Mystics*, and it made me re-imagine what you could do with guitar. You think of Sonny Sharrock as a jazz musician, but there's nothing to me that you can hear as a jazz element here. It sounds more like Sun City Girls, The Velvet Underground or Sonic Youth. His wife Linda sings on it, and it brings this pre-modern, spiritual folk element to it.



The peak of solo recording

Bill Evans

Conversations With Myself 1963

I was trying to think of something that really represented, to me, the peak of being a solo artist using one instrument. This was an early example of somebody using the studio as an instrument, with Evans overdubbing and playing to himself – it's lyrical and haunting in a way that few other jazz records are. He was also ahead of his time with speeding up and slowing down the tracks. It just doesn't sound like anything else.

William Tyler's *Modern Country* is released via Merge on June 3

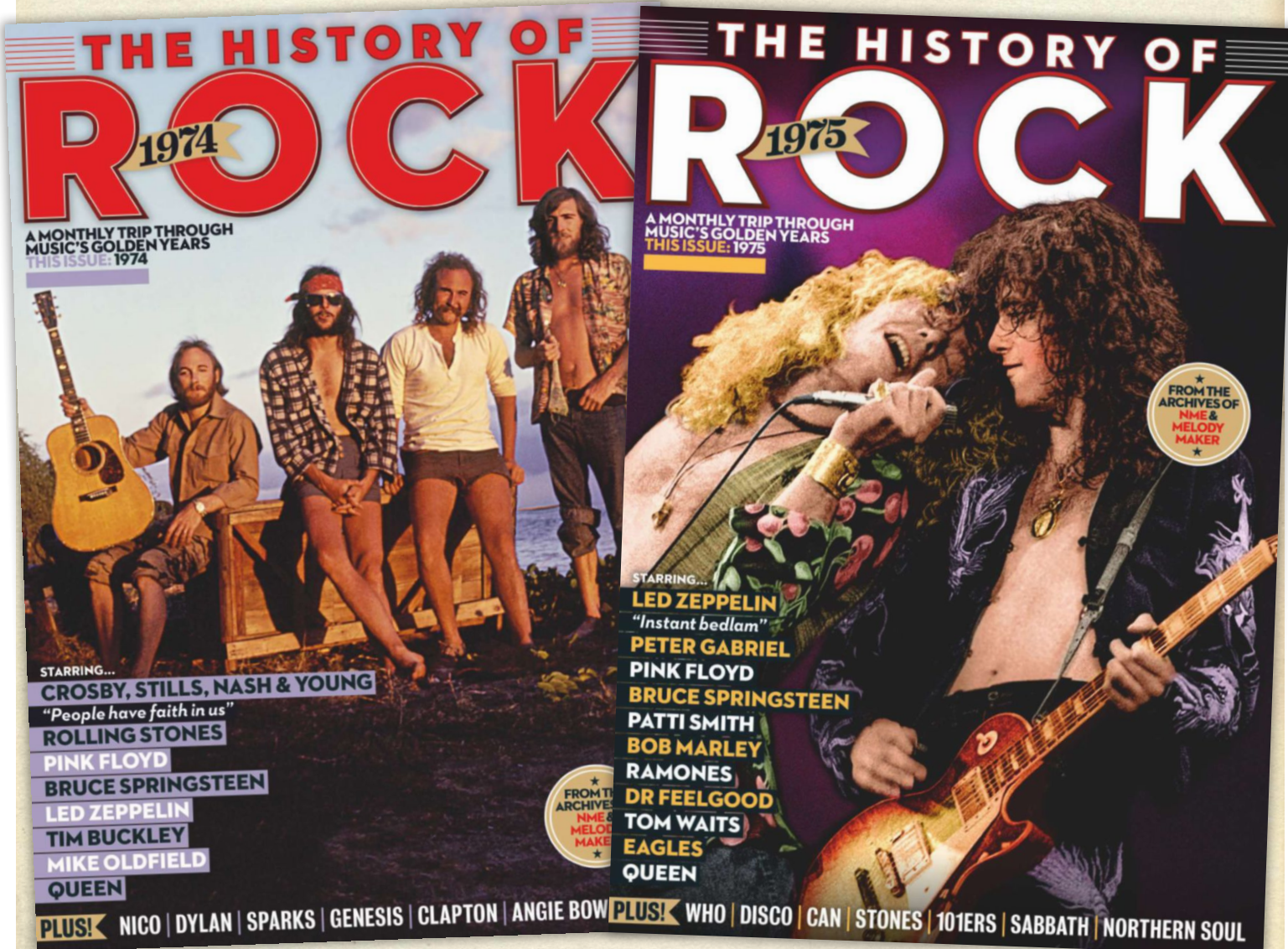
IN NEXT MONTH'S UNCUT:

“He took a 100-mile cab ride through Spain, drank a big jug of wine on the way and, y'know, took medication”

THE HISTORY OF ROCK

From the makers of *Uncut*, a monthly magazine celebrating
50 years of the music that changed the world.

Month by month, it will build up into an unprecedentedly
detailed chronicle of the music and musicians we love.



ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.UNCUT.CO.UK/STORE



BETH ORTON

KIDSTICKS

OUT MAY 27

anti.com
bethortonofficial.com

amazon.co.uk



ANTI-

FREE SUPER SAVER DELIVERY AND UNLIMITED ONE-DAY DELIVERY WITH AMAZON PRIME ARE AVAILABLE ON ELIGIBLE ORDERS. TERMS AND CONDITIONS APPLY. SEE AMAZON.CO.UK FOR DETAILS.